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RELIGION FACES A NEW WORLD

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VARIOUS notable attempts have been made during the past two thousand years and more to understand and explain man's religious life; but these have been rare and inconspicuous compared with the heated polemics of convinced factions, engaged in attacks and defense. When I was a boy, among the protagonists were Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Tyndall, Ingersoll, Gladstone, Bradlaugh, Beecher, Horace Bushnell—each after his kind. There was Emerson, and some recollection of Theodore Parker. All these did their part in keeping religious issues alive and in shifting them somewhat from their old moorings. Lecky's *History of Rationalism* and his *History of Morals* furnished hitherto neglected material for a reconsideration of the actual record of Christian leaders. But all these seem now far-off echoes of a remote past, if one happens to be reading the newer books on religion.

The intellectual climate in which religious beliefs and practices must hold their own to-day underwent a sharp and surprising alteration in the early twentieth century. New, or hitherto neglected, information about man, his origin and proclivities, his ancient ways, and his observable habits in various stages of culture promised to explain—or at least recast—the whole estimate of religious phenomena. Considerations which could not have occurred to Arnold, Huxley, and Lecky have now become fundamental. It is to this astonishing revolution, wrought by increase of knowledge rather than by theological controversy, that we propose to turn our attention. But first some general reflections on the current use of the words "religion" and "religious" are called for.

Almost everyone takes his own religion for granted, and only in rather exceptional circumstances does he bother much about its contrasts with other forms of belief. But to affirm that one has no religion would not only seem shocking but downright unintelligible to most of our fellow citizens. It is a common, but by no means novel, feature of our times for those who have lost faith in the older tenets to construct a new re-

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ligion "to put in its place." Marxism has become a religion for many who have no patience with the older foundations of faith. This has been acutely shown by Max Eastman. Langdon-Davies and C. E. Ayres even suspect that Science is being taken for a new religion.

Books on reconstruction of religion flow in an even stream from the presses. The newer varieties usually turn on how much can be retrieved from the desolation wrought in old convictions by increasing knowledge. They ask what an intelligent person can continue to cling to in the way of comforting purposefulness in this universe of ours. I have on my desk a tiny volume called *Troasm*, written by a Middlesex schoolmaster who for prudential reasons would not have his name revealed. I will quote his opening sentences as pertinent to this discussion:

"There is an ancient anecdote, almost threadbare with service, of a disputant who closed his argument with the aphorism that all sensible men professed the same religion; adding, when asked what that religion might be, that no sensible man would ever tell." This has been the attitude of a good many thoughtful people in earlier times. The writer continues, "There can have been few periods in the world's history when the need for a religion that would stabilize and comfort mankind was felt more deeply or more universally than now. Organized creeds seem to the majority of men to have had their trial, with almost everything in their favor, for so long a time that their failure to influence even the surface of the conduct of mankind places them out of court as possible foundations for the religion of the future."

So it seems agreed that religion is something fundamentally essential to human welfare and that those dissatisfied with current beliefs must find some substitute. But what *is* religion?

II

The word religion is perhaps the vaguest of all the important nouns in our language. Innumerable pathetic efforts have been made to define this most indefinite of terms. Benjamin Kidd in his *Social Evolution* busied himself collecting definitions of religion, from Seneca to Dr. Martineau. Kant says that religion consists in our recognizing all our duties as Divine commands, while Ruskin declares, "Our national religion is the performance of Church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work while we amuse ourselves." Huxley and John Stuart Mill, not reckoning any more with God, still clung to the word religion and found it to be reverence and love for ideal conduct and our efforts to pursue it during our life. Alexander Bain, following a new trail, says that "The religious sentiment is constituted by the Tender Emotion, together with Fear, and the Sentiment of the Sublime."

All these definitions are about as individual and personal as the portraits of the men who forged them. So far as Europe and the United States are concerned all religious people, and most irreligious ones, would concur fundamentally in Dr. Martineau's view that "Religion is a belief in an everlasting God; that is, a Divine mind and will, ruling the Universe, and holding moral relations with mankind." God is to be feared, praised, worshipped, beseeched, and obeyed. We do his will when we attend the ceremonies prescribed by the particular church to which we belong. Certain forms of sacrifice, fasting, and penitence are deemed pleasing to God and essential to the soul's welfare. It is the duty of Christians to follow the strait and narrow way of salvation described in the New Testament, through belief in their Saviour. They are commanded to love their neighbors as themselves—and neighbors are those who hold the true faith. All these things would be commonly accepted as salient features of religion in Christian lands.

So much for the attempts to define religion. Would it not be better in the interest of clarity to regard religion, not

as a mystic and essential entity, but as a label which we attach to one division of our beliefs, emotions, and deeds? We have many moods, fears, hopes, aspirations, scruples, loves, and abhorrences. Some of these we are wont to call religious, but not so very many. We take various and varying action every day of our lives; we make decisions and pass judgments. A part of our decisions and judgments affecting ourselves and especially others we classify as religious, and a much smaller part of our overt behavior. Secular affairs may well engage us from Monday morning to Saturday night while on the great day of the Sun a goodly portion of our population goes to church and remains there for an hour, mayhap. This is deemed a religious performance. If one goes to his office on Tuesday and writes out a check to the order of the Charity Organization Society, is that a religious performance? If so, would it be a religious act to write a check to replenish the funds of Paterson strikers? Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father has been described as visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, but does this include the widows and children of labor agitators? So even if we give up trying to define religion we are beset with difficulties when we try to distinguish between what we are inclined to call "religious" as over against things of this world, where such adjectives as holy and sinful seem inapplicable.

The word religion represents something that practically all those who have turned their thoughts to the matter regard as an essential to social and individual welfare; as the great and only barrier against moral corruption and intolerable anarchy. Nevertheless, they come to no agreement on what religion is, or even what things are religious. They agree only in thinking that those who differ from them have a false religion. St. Paul was sure that St. Peter was wrong; Luther denounced Erasmus; Calvin, Servetus; Kant could not stand for Voltaire's God; Huxley was certain that the Archbishop of Canterbury harbored fantastic superstitions. The author of *Troasm* sees no hope unless we give up the most fundamental elements of older religions and substitute recently revealed scientific discoveries in regard to human motives and their purposeful modification in the cause of righteousness.

What about false religion? It seems to abound, according to all accounts. Does its noxious falsity offset its precious religiousness? Writers often give the impression that they think religion in general essential and yet condemn pretty much everything that passes for religion among their fellow-creatures throughout the world. The Roman emperors are applauded by Gibbon for cherishing religions that suited the tastes and traditions of the various peoples of the Empire on the ground that they were all good and useful so long as they did not, like that of the Christians, preclude due respect for the imperial government and the goddess Roma. This seems a consistent recognition of the value of religion and the need of gracious toleration. It has not been the view promoted by Christians; yet something of the attitude of the Roman government seems to lurk in religious discussion today. It is urged, for instance, that religion is good for "the masses," even if their beliefs seem a quite absurd set of notions to the person who advances the argument.

In this welter of confused thinking it seems some gain to give up the idea that there is an entity or supernatural agency, religion, which can be discovered and defined. The case is at least somewhat simplified by resolving religion into thoughts, beliefs, moods, revelations, scruples, judgments, and acts which take place under auspices which would be generally pronounced "religious" by participants or on-lookers. We cannot hope for any very precise agreement even on the basis of the older conceptions of religion, much less if one takes account of the newer developments to be mentioned in due time.

What has gone on and goes on under religious auspices, seems to fall into two rather easily distinguishable divisions. Santayana, who defines religion as poetry mistaking itself for science, distinguishes between *primary* and *secondary* religion. The first takes the form of convincing personal experiences, and peace and comfort, lifting of intolerable burdens, sense of security, relief from perplexity, active fighting for God and his righteousness and, ultimately, a fine sense of merging into the eternal. On the other hand there is a mere acquiescence, an unquestioning pursuit of sanctified routine—going to church, singing the appointed hymns, listening to the lessons or sermons, repeating the creed or litany, following the prayers, and greeting one's neighbors when the service is over. In Catholic churches there is more warmth and symbolism in the ancient ceremonies—the Mass, the resonant Latin, the ringing of bells, the swinging of smoking censers, and the richly garbed officiant. And it should not be forgotten that over two-thirds of the Christians of the world are either Roman Catholics or belong to the Greek Orthodox Church. In the United States the Catholics claim about a fifth of the population.

Each one can come to terms in his own mind as to how much of his religion is primary, how much obedience to habit; in what respects he feels strongly, in how much he merely accedes and obeys. The range of varieties of religious experience, as William James names his book, is tremendous, from the light-hearted choir boy cheerfully chanting the recessional and looking forward to a Sunday dinner, to Saint John of the Cross in his cell, who sought to mortify joy, hope, fear, and grief; to deprive himself of every natural satisfaction and to imitate Jesus, as he thought, in repudiating everything agreeable.

III

We come now to the main purport of this article. What kind of new knowledge has placed the matter of religion in a setting so different from that in which it was conceived fifty years ago?

In the first place, a great deal more is known by European and American scholars of wide-ranging religious phenomena than was possible a half a century ago. Herbert of Cherbury, as early as the days of Charles I, denounced bitterly the provinciality of Christian controversies. He maintained that the belief in God and man's responsibility to him, in a future life of rewards and punishments, had existed among men everywhere and always—although fearfully disguised was this "natural" religion by priestly imposture. With the mastering of Sanskrit, of Pali, of Chinese, of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Mesopotamian cuneiform, and of Pahlavi, an incredible addition was made to the scanty stock of information upon which previous estimates of religion had been formed. Christianity took its place for the first time in a large group of still more ancient forms of belief, each with its venerable wisdom and teachings in regard to man's duties and fate.

During the period in which the comparative study of highly developed religions was progressing, travelers and missionaries were busy reporting the religious practices of wholly illiterate tribes in Africa, the Americas, Australasia, and the isles of the sea. These reports contained suggestions respecting the assumptions and myths upon which the more sophisticated religions had been built. This invited attempts to surprise primitive survivals in the early portions of the Old Testament, in the Vedas and the Homeric poems. And such attempts have proved highly successful; and disconcerting to older theories.

A second and rather unexpected contribution to the understanding of religious scruples, emotions, and aspirations has come with the recognition of the overwhelming importance of childhood; not merely the so-called childhood of races, but the childhood of each and every man and woman. It has been shown that a great part of the general im-

pressions which remain with us through life are gained in childhood and are never very seriously modified. As Mr. Trotter has pointed out, it is just those beliefs which were inculcated or absorbed in childhood which retain the most inescapable hold on us and which it seems perverse and unholy to question. This fact was not formerly recognized in dealing with religion. It is now eagerly grasped by many as the golden key for unlocking previously mysterious doors and seeing within them the forgotten survivals of earlier days.

The third and far more distasteful suspicion is that many extreme perturbations of human emotions, which have been deemed divine and holy manifestations of saintliness, suggest common enough dislocations and exaggerations which if not cloaked with religion would land one in an insane asylum.

In addition to the newer types of criticism suggested by (1) the comparison and interplay of other religions than our own; (2) the recognition of highly primitive elements in all religions; (3) the reckoning with the survival of childish impressions; and (4) with the possibly pathological nature of mystic experiences, we should take note of two more novel factors in our efforts to assess religious matters to-day. There is (5) a historic trend toward secularization, that is, the reduction of the number of the thoughts and deeds of mankind which display themselves under religious guise; (6) the weakening of the old belief that religion is essential to right conduct in a worldly sense, for this seems to decline *pari passu* with the shrinking of the dominions of religion. Here we have six fairly new and at present very conspicuous considerations in handling those aspects of experience which are commonly called religious. These will be taken up in turn.

IV

It is obvious that whether one is engaged rather dully in routine religious practices or is filled with religious fervor he consciously or unconsciously refers his acts and feelings to a remote past. That is, without a substantial historic background he could neither act nor feel as he does. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, lurks behind religious security. Accordingly, the recently developed study of comparative and, especially, of primitive religious phenomena is bound to make far clearer than ever before the heavy traditional element which is to be discovered in even the most novel formulations of religious beliefs. Veneration for the remote past, for the long-accepted assumptions, for the incomparable wisdom to be found in the sayings of ancient seers and in venerable books, are in all the more advanced religions—in India and China as well as in the Western World—primary in establishing religious faith.

Syncretism is the name given by historians of religion to the recombinations and blendings and modification of traditional elements which enter into all seemingly new religions. And, as Hatch, Reville, Legge, Harnack, Glover, Conybeare, and many others have shown, Christianity is in no way an exception. It is explicitly founded on the ancient religious beliefs of the Hebrews; but many tributaries which did not have their origin in the hills of Palestine augmented its stream during its development under the Roman Empire. The religious beliefs of the Hebrews had already been deeply affected by Mesopotamian and even Egyptian influences. Christmas and Easter, for example, far antedate, as festivals, their adoption by the churches.

It is assumed by most Christians, ignorant of history, that the teachings of Jesus were highly novel and that the prevailing of Christianity was so startling an event as alone to prove its divine character. Neither of these beliefs can be held by one familiar with scholarly books on these matters. There is a gap between the latest books contained in the Old Testament and the earliest writings in the New. This "period of silence"

has been narrowed down to somewhat less than two centuries, by the recognition that *Daniel*, for instance, and certain of the *Psalms* were written in the second century before Christ. "But recent research," according to one of the chief scholars in this field, R. H. Charles, "has shown that no such period of silence ever existed. In fact, we are now in a position to prove that these two centuries were in many respects centuries of greater spiritual progress than any two that had preceded them in Israel." A number of the religious works of this intermediate period still survive, "written probably for the most part in Galilee, the home of the religious seer and mystic. Not only was the development of a religious but also of an ethical character. In both these respects the way was prepared by this literature for the advent of Christianity." Jesus, it seems, was a son of his time so far as his views and admonitions are reported to us. Many of them can be readily duplicated or paralleled in the contemporaneous religious literature of Judea. The fatherhood of God and the kingdom not of this world had been already proclaimed. This discovery, be it observed, *in no way diminishes the value or importance* of the Gospels, it merely serves to reduce the miraculous and revelationary element in their origin hitherto claimed for them.

As for the spread of Christianity it was gradual, and turbid with the controversies between innumerable sects, calling themselves the only true followers of Christ. Harnack, one of the greatest certainly of contemporaneous church historians, shows how the revised beliefs spread to Jewish communities scattered over the Roman Empire. It will be remembered that Jesus addressed a terrible rebuke to the clergy of his time, reported in the twenty-third chapter of *Matthew*. Among his many accusations was that "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves." The Jews had far more missionary ardor than used to be supposed. If, as is now discovered, the teachings of Jesus were in accord with the advanced religious and ethical ideals of his people, his disciples, who accepted him as the long-expected Jewish Messiah, could find ready converts among the many Jewish communities throughout the Roman Empire. About three hundred years elapsed, however, between the death of Jesus and the effective acceptance of the new religion by Constantine. This was no prompt or surprising victory compared with that of the religion of Mohammed, which spread with really miraculous speed and exceeds in its adherents to-day all the Protestant Christians in the world.

V

But Christianity is itself a recent religion compared with all in the way of religious beliefs and practices which preceded it. Even the Old Testament, which in its earlier portions contains many primitive ideas, is recent compared with man's history. The belief in a soul, in the gods and their propitiation, in a life to come, are all so very much more ancient! The thoughtful Greeks and Romans were quite as "monotheistic" as the Christians through the Middle Ages. The Stoics often talked of "God"; it is true they used "the gods" too, which was equivalent to our "heavenly powers." Catholics accept a great number of beings which the Romans would have called gods—Christ, the Virgin, angels, archangels, and the saints to whom they appeal, as well as Satan and various other wicked spirits. The Protestants say less of the devil and his minions nowadays, but cling to the persons of the Trinity, and deny not the angels who surely are supernatural and godlike beings, as the classical peoples would have estimated them.

Vestiges of what modern archeologists are impelled to class as religious observances are indicated by prehistoric remains and are reported from every

known tribe of illiterate people whether in Melanesia, Polynesia, or the Americas. It would clearly be out of place to go into details in recalling the various classes of precautions which primitive people have been wont to take in dealing with the mysterious "powers" or virtues of things which they believed endangered or promised to benefit them. Animism came with the assumption of a sort of spirit or soul with its humanlike desires and purposes. Such a spirit could be lodged in animals and plants, stars and rocks.

All this, however, touches human nature so congenially that it needs hardly such lengthy disquisitions as are devoted to it. Solomon Reinach reports that as a child he had a blue shell which seemed to be a faithful protector. William James says that when the earthquake happened in California in 1906 it shook his bedroom as a terrier would shake a rat. Reinach's shell was an up-to-date fetish, and William James enjoyed the animistic dismay of a savage.

We still have our mascots and animal emblems, such as the American eagle and the two-headed, now extinct, Austrian bird. On any British consulate one can see the lion and the unicorn. These things are altogether too contemporaneous to seem very strange when we reflect that apprehensions and irrational precautions are not unlike in us all, and have been since culture began. We can detect tendencies to fetishism, totemism, animism, and the observance of taboos, with not a little lust for magic, in our feelings and sometimes in our behavior.

All these primitive elements continue to find religious sanction in one form or another although they tend to take a symbolic form. For example, savages are commonly fearful of the dead. They take elaborate precautions to prevent their return. The relatives may paint themselves black, and cautiously close all entrances to the hut so that the spirit may not recognize them or penetrate into the house. Lewis Browne finds here the traditional background of deep mourning and of closing the shutters of a house in which a dead person lies.

It is from primitive beginnings, ignorant and squalid though they may seem to us now, that modern anthropologists believe that the higher and nobler conceptions of the immortal soul, of one supreme God, maker of heaven and earth, of salvation, heaven and hell, all must inevitably have originated. The visions of the night have played a great part in the creation of ancestor worship, which is of profound religious significance in India, China, and Japan, though singularly enough it has no such significance in the West. But in dreams one not only saw and talked to the dead but he might himself leave the body and wander forth and so realize that he had a double or spirit far freer in its movements than his heavy body. As he viewed the dead he could see that their spirits had departed.

As these discoveries which have come with the study of religions of to-day and yesterday are more and more widely known, in spite of the ignorance and expostulations of those who see in them a very real menace to the perpetuation of their particular beliefs, they will inevitably influence both the older and newer religious ideas. To the earlier defenders of existing religious systems the discovery that "Religion" was a universal characteristic of the human race came as a comfortable and efficient weapon to be used against supposed "atheists." They did not suspect that the new knowledge might influence their own particular faith far more potently than the talk of any unbeliever.

VI

Along with the examination of the religious beliefs and practices of primitive and ancient peoples has appeared another approach to the subject of religion. This has to do with childhood, when religious ideas and scruples are implanted. Once it was supposed that religion was the product of the mature

and inspired thought of highly exceptional religious experts. Whatever contributions these may have made they are gravely modified by childish impressions derived from father and mother and such elementary religious instruction as reached us when children. Bryan exhibited through his life no more knowledge of religious matters than he could easily have acquired at ten years of age. Sermons of the commoner sort contain only what both preacher and audience accepted before they were grown up. Religion does not tend to mature in most cases. It is what we learned at our mother's knee. In later life we are preoccupied with business and amusement, and there is no time to keep up with the course of religious investigation, even if we had the slightest disposition to do so. Billy Sunday talks as a big husky boy to other boys and girls. Even distinguished scientific men solemnly discuss the relation of religion to science, when, if they but stopped to think, they would find that they were assuming that they knew all about religion, without having given it much thought since childhood; although they would readily admit that after a lifetime's work they knew very little about science. Paul says confidently that "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Alas, this does not take place with many of us. Religious beliefs, we are early taught, are matters of simple faith and not subject to individual modification, rectification, or rejection—doubt is sin.

The very language of the Christian religion is that of the family. We are all God's children. There is the Heavenly Father and, among the Catholics, the pure and devoted Mother whose arms are open to those who call upon her; Christ is the son and elder brother.

To all the timid and sensitive as well as to the downright "sick souls" life is beset with menace, self-reproach, perplexity, disappointment, bereavement, the sense of ill-usage, and sometimes with the keenest and most poignant suffering. We hunger for a defender and protector and one who will right our wrongs. We thirst for assured tenderness and love in a hard and fickle world. We long to rest in someone's loving arms, to return to our mother's bosom and have our tears wiped away. We become children and fall back on the child's hopes of comfort and reassurance.

But the solaces of religion are not confined to moods of apathy and suffering; it meets our requirements for glory and ultimate victory, for successful conflict and the utter undoing of those who have refused to open their eyes to the light vouchsafed to us and ours.

The faithful will join the divine cohorts, and be participants in the final conquest of evil doers, and reign forever. What heart so torpid, whether of believer or unbeliever, that he can, without heightened beat, read:

> The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain:
> His blood-red banner streams afar:
> Who follows in his train?

VII

Religious moods in rare cases take on an intense, obsessive form, in which mystic intimacies with God or the Saviour occur. There may be ecstasies which the subject does not think of as religious; but there are scattered through the history of Christianity (as well as the history of primitive religions) instances of absorbing interest in which the saint finds himself ineffably one with the divine. Special works are devoted to mysticism, of which William James's *The Varieties of Religious Experience* is one of the altogether most remarkable.

It is impossible to take up these unusual instances of saintliness. One unfamiliar with the literature will be shocked and repelled by many of the experiences reported. Modern psychiatrists will readily resort to hysteria and sex-repression to dispose of some of them. They are to be found at almost

every level of culture and are connected with artificial intoxication of various kinds — fastings, stimulants, narcotics, excessive exertion, macerations—but by no means always. In solemn ecclesiastical conclaves mystics have been canonized and beatified long after their death. We may leave this phase of religious phenomena with the suggestion of Professor Leuba, that it may be that the ideas of the "divine" were derived from what the "possessed" person did or said, as in the case of the Pythian priestess of Delphi, who wrought herself into a frenzy before she delivered her oracles. One's assessment of mysticism will always depend fundamentally on whether he is looking for divine revelations or is not. I take it Professor Leuba is not, whereas Marguerite Marie Alacoque, born in 1647, *knew* that Christ had told her most simply and directly, "I have chosen thee for my bride."

I infer that a good many persons have some kind of mystic experiences during their lives. Dreams often seem revelations. So as in almost all cases there are intimations in usual human experience of those things that appear in more grandiose fashion among the few. James's discussion of asceticism is very ingenious, but more recent psychopathological studies have gravely altered the analysis and evaluation of mystic phenomena. In general the Protestant sects are much less hospitable to reports of saintliness than the Catholics. They seem to feel that God reveals himself in less spectacular fashions.

VIII

There is a persistent claim, often finding expression even to-day, that idealism, morality, decency, and fairness depend upon and are re-enforced by religious beliefs. No one thinks that the godly are always good, but only that the godless have thrown off the restraints which hold them back from a life of heartless self-indulgence and wicked disregard for the rights of others. The relation of religion to ethics is a far more obscure and intricate question than would appear at first sight. That at least may be safely said. There has been much of a religious nature in the past which had to do merely with prudential measures in making terms with gods who were themselves no better than they should be, and with fighting off devils. Then the Christian theologians have disputed much over "good works"; and Calvin taught the Presbyterians to hold that every man and woman was predestinated before the foundation of the world to heaven or hell, without any reckoning with his earthly conduct. The number of the saved and damned is, according to the Presbyterian confession of faith "so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished." Yet Presbyterians are not conspicuous either as saints or sinners in spite of their theory of the hopeless irrelevancy of daily behavior to salvation.

There is space here available for only a few observations on the modern phases of religious faith and works. They would seem to be drifting apart. Careful observers detect an unmistakable tendency toward the secularization of human affairs. That is to say, less and less goes on under religious guise. So rich and varied and ever-changing are human preoccupations to-day that it is impossible to bring them within the ancient religious categories. The per cent that seems in accord with God's behests, or in violation of them, tends to decrease.

Modern physicians do not assume that the devil is at the bottom of disease; they do not resort to prayers and exorcisms but to serums and the knife. The provisions of the *Rituale Romanum* for dissipating an approaching storm would seem futile to most of our countrymen. Treaties between nations are no longer concluded in the name of the Holy Trinity as they were a hundred years ago. No one would longer justify negro slavery, as did the Southern clergy before the Civil War, on the ground that Noah had cursed Ham and his offspring for

making light of the old man's drunken relaxation. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely. So it is clear that not only have modern business corporations failed to assume the religious tinge of the medieval guilds, and telephones and motor cars to ask for religious sanction; but many previously heavily sanctified affairs of life have become secularized. It is this worldly tendency that has created suspicions with regard to the older claims that the supernatural directs and controls human improvement.

A Brooklyn clergyman, Richard Storrs, whose learning and eloquence would overwhelm the most wary, wrote a large book over fifty years ago on *The Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by Its Historical Effects*. Further increase of knowledge and less eloquence has produced reservations in the minds of historical students. But such reservations are easily countered if one accepts the Reverend Dr. Storrs' warning that Christianity, like the sun, may be hidden at times behind thick clouds. "It may seem grotesquely or hideously tinted, by steaming vapors rising to intercept it from forges and factories, from chemical laboratories, or from the noisome reek of slums. But these pass away, and the sunshine continues: the same to-day, when we untwist its strand into the crimson, gold, and blue, as when it fell on the earliest bowers and blooms of the earth."

Warming to his argument and the unfailing abundance of incontrovertible evidence as he comes down through the ages, Dr. Storrs closes triumphantly, "Whatever may be our just criticism of modern society . . . it seems almost impossible to doubt that the religion of Jesus is at this hour the commanding factor in whatever is best in the character and the progress of persons and states. It has not merely rectified particular abuses, removed special evils, exerted a benign and salutary influence on local institutions. It has formed and instructed a general Christian consciousness in the world, which is practically ubiquitous and commanding in Christendom: to which institutions, tendencies, persons, are more and more distinctly amenable; which judges all by an ideal standard; to which flattering concessions to wealth, to power, to genius or culture, are inherently offensive."

It was perhaps easier to write these lines in the early eighties than it would be now. The crimson, gold, and blue have been notably obscured in the years that followed. But flattering concessions to genius and culture have at least grown no more servile in the twentieth than in the nineteenth century. This seems the only striking instance of the constancy of Christian influence.

To claim, however, that the disappearance of witchcraft and slavery and the introduction of religious toleration were the effects of Christian teachings seems not to stand inspection. The leaders of the various churches have most rarely raised their voices against what seem to us now ancient and happily extinct atrocities. They were not the ones who did away with them. On the contrary they very generally supported religious intolerance, accepted slavery, blessed war, and cursed those who suspected the gloomy deceptions of witchcraft.

The clergy have not been ethical innovators. Leo XIII in 1891 summed up what until very lately has been the theory of the Protestant churches, not alone the Catholic. Labor is the painful expiation of sin, the rich and the poor are ordained by God to maintain the equilibrium of the body politic: "To suffer and endure, therefore, is the lot of humanity; let men try as they may, no strength and no artifice will ever succeed in banishing from human life the ills and troubles which beset it."

However, in preventing strife between rich and poor and making it impossible, the Pope continues, "The efficacy of Christianity is marvelous and manifold. First of all there is nothing more powerful than religion (of which the Church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing

the rich and poor together, by reminding each class of its duties to the other, and especially the duties of justice."

One sees slight evidence in the account of contemporaneous labor disputes that issues and adjustments turn often on the marvelous and manifold efficacy of Christianity. Nor have they in the past. When the German peasants in Luther's time drew up their twelve godly articles based on evangelical fairness, Luther sided not with them but with the possessing class, and urged them to use all bloody measures necessary to put down the rebels on the ground that "they deserved death of body and soul many times over."

When we come to daily observations we cannot distinguish between the believer and the unbeliever by his conduct, by his honesty, generosity, and other homely virtues. Bradstreet does not reckon with religion in establishing one's credit. The custom house official would not pass unexamined the luggage of one professing the Athanasian creed or submitting a certificate of good standing in the Brick Church. The rain continues to fall on the just and unjust alike; and Jesus asks, in a passage almost universally neglected by his followers, whether anyone supposed that those on whom the tower in Siloam fell were "offenders above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem." As late as 1897 the horrible fire in a Paris charity bazaar was attributed by a French priest to God's vengeance on those who rejected the teachings of the Catholic Church. But in general this primitive notion is on the decline. It was not widely urged when San Francisco and Yokohama were desolated by earthquakes. These horrors were generally accepted as the result of geologic faults, not as "acts of God." Scientific knowledge has spread far enough to discredit the older cosmology. As Samuel Butler says, it was not hard in his boyhood for the ordinary English clergyman to think of God's molding Adam in the rectory garden, and retiring to the greenhouse to form Eve. Those who cling to a heavily anthropocentric universe have now to alter their lines of arguments. Henry Drummond set this example late in the nineteenth century.

It has become apparent that there have been many, many elaborate systems of religious belief, of which the various Christian churches and sects afford modern instances. It is not the aim of this article to appraise these as to the truth and value of their claims. It is possible to have hopes and aspirations to which none of them have assigned a prominent place—for example, the increase of human knowledge and imagination as over against ancient dogma. The effort to engineer life in the light of already existing intelligence would in itself be perhaps as holy a task as any hitherto essayed by saint or martyr. Contrasting St. Anthony's fierce struggles against temptation in the Egyptian sands and the ideal community described by Rabelais, where desire merged into prompt fruition, Havelock Ellis wisely closes his *Dance of Life* with the suggestion, "How vast a field lies open for human activity between the Thebaid on one side and Thelema on the other."

AFTERNOON OF A BIOLOGIST

A STORY

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

FOR the first time in his fifteen years at Morrison University Professor Fanning found himself cordial to the botany department. One must credit to long dead glaciers the little hills down which the campus marched to the river, where canoes made toward the bank while a crew flashed by; but without the botany department there would have been no lilacs. He stood still, a little surprised by his sudden recognition of them. It wasn't the color, though the science quadrangle was splashed with white and lavender and cerise. No, it was the perfume. That was what had stopped him here where the walk turned downhill toward Laut Hall, had brought him to a dead stop while he remembered—while he remembered that nothing in his memory was particularly worth remembering.

He did not go on toward Laut Hall. He stood sniffing the heavy fragrance. His gaze went on down the slope to the river, across it, on to the rising ground beyond that climbed through haze to where he knew were hills. So many shadows of clouds moving across the new grass! He felt a novel reluctance to go on. He wanted to sit down here and let his eyes grow leaden with sun. He remembered having gone to sleep with the sun on him—he, Peter Fanning. But that must have been a long time ago . . . when he was a boy . . . in an orchard. Was that why he seemed to be seeing orchards in the science quadrangle?

"Peter Fanning!" he said derisively to himself, "you aren't grown too old to be a fool—you know, oh, quite accurately, that May days can do this to a man. It is an excess of water-vapor in the air, after the dry winter. You think you are being poetic, responding to sunlight and the botany department's lilacs, but the truth is—you are hydrolyzed. It is a little silly in a biologist to mistake metabolism for a poetic nature."

He went on toward Laut Hall. It was Saturday afternoon, and Morrison University's baseball team would be playing Wisconsin. Professor Fanning approved of athletic departments. Morrison's was making sure that he would have the laboratory to himself all afternoon, and that was something. Quite a good deal. After all, you might pause to savor the perfume of lilacs, but it wasn't in it with formalin. Or hæmatoxylin. Real smells, those. Or even Hussakof's dogfish, which made most noses writhe—there was something to be said for them. They weren't lilac blossoms, of course, and by no means formalin, but they were a companionable smell. At least, if you didn't want to see genius staging a tantrum, you had to tell Hussakof so.

Hussakof himself came riding toward him, away from Laut Hall. The highest bicycle in the world wasn't high enough for Hussakof. His gaunt knees bowed out from it and gyrated like something on a steam engine. A green book bag was swinging from the handlebars, and Hussakof's hair, never degraded by a

hat, was flaring in the wind. He saw Fanning, leaped off the bicycle, and rushed toward him waving both hands. If you handcuffed him he would be dumb.

"Peter, you have been my friend for fifteen years!" Hussakof was shouting, in the enormous basso profundo that, in an hour or so, would be doing its best to disconcert the Wisconsin battery. "You have been my benefactor! You have been my protector!"

Professor Fanning sighed. Why did Hussakof have to explode so? He was always unveiling a monument or dying in the fifth act. He was now about to ask, no doubt, for a new centrifuge—and there was so much money at Morrison these days that he needn't even ask; but first he must call Fanning his benefactor and speak of himself as a genius. It was true enough, but it seemed a little wasteful when the issue was only a centrifuge.

"Nowhere on earth, Peter, nowhere on the civilized earth are there so many fools as at Morrison University. Pfui! I do not object to fools. Who am I to say there is not a place for them? Let them become psychologists. But their place is not my laboratory, Peter. Ten thousand times have I told you so. Do you heed me? No, you are jealous of me and you inflict them on me by the dozen, by the score, by the hundred. I will no longer stand it. You will get rid of that Chapman fool this afternoon or I will move my dogfish to Chicago."

It was Chapman, then. He was a nice boy, but no one could hope he was ever going to be a biologist. Professor Fanning supposed he would have to tell the boy as much, sometime. Soon, if Hussakof was upset again. "What has he smashed this time?" he asked.

Hussakof's eyes blazed. "He has been among my dogfish tissue sections!"

That, if true, was reprehensible. In the laboratory of research zoölogy a man's apparatus and specimens were sacred. Still, Chapman wasn't given to meddling—only to inaccurate enthusiasm. "Are you sure you didn't invite him, John?"

He could see at once that Hussakof had invited him. "I had forgotten he was a fool!" the bellow choked with chagrin. "I give him the privilege of helping me. He can make my stains, fifty of them. To-day I come and find my fifty stains. Oh, they are well done, Peter—so well done that almost I could believe it was little Carol made them, not Chapman. But Carol, she is a biologist. She would know that I must not have eosin stains. She would know I am not concerned with the color of bulls and apples. Pfui! Fifty of them! He is a fool. I must now do them myself."

"Quite so, John." Fifty stains! It was an enormous labor, and not Chapman's business in the first place. The privilege of assisting Hussakof was not entirely an honor. "You are old enough to watch out for yourself, John. Run along, now. Mount your derrick again and get on to the game. You know you're not a scientist — you would rather see Morrison make a home run than synthesize a new dogfish of your own creation in a test-tube. Go and shout yourself hoarse, John, and neglect the duty of losing your abominable temper."

"Ho! I am not a scientist! Ho!" Hussakof roared his enormous laughter, restored to reason. "Denn are there three of us in Laut, eh, Peter, you and me and Chapman—is that it? Well, you fire for me Chapman, and you and me, we will dispute which is the worser. We will lay ourselves before the President and ask him which shall go to the Trustees and accept the new laboratory. Ho! The man that would give thanks for that, he is no scientist. It is, thank God, your job. I will telephone who wins the game. Good-by, Peter."

Hussakof bestrode the emaciated bicycle. He swooped on down the hillside, pedalling madly, one hand waving, his hair volcanic. Professor Fanning went on toward Laut Hall. Old, rickety, sodden with fifty years of stinks, it held

about all that a man could think worth laboring with. The new laboratory—they would occupy it next fall—would not quiver and creak when you climbed its stairs. In fact, you wouldn't climb stairs at all, but would have yourself hoisted up in an elevator, as if biologists felt themselves as important as bond salesmen. He disliked the new building intensely. Very nice to turn on oxygen at a tap, no doubt—but not quite indispensable to science.

The laboratory wasn't empty. Professor Fanning resented the voices he heard till he realized that one of them was Carol Emery's. You didn't resent Carol. She was too delightful—and, as Hussakof had said, too fine a scientist. Still, he wanted to be quite alone this afternoon. Not to do anything in particular. Just to dawdle, and poke some *paramecia* under a microscope, and smoke a pipe, and fiddle with apparatus, and write up the laboratory daybook, and enjoy the stinks. He hoped that Carol was going to the baseball game. She usually did. A good girl. Ridiculous to call her Dr. Emery. One wanted to call her "daughter," or "my dear child." Not "that she-Ph.D.," as they had called her five years ago, when she first came to begin her graduate work. Carol had soon changed that.

She seemed, just now, to be quarreling. Well, she did that often enough. Too much life in her, too much pugnacity. She fought with everyone from the President down at least once a year—except him, Professor Fanning. She called him "Uncle Pete," which was far from respectful, and affected to be very filial and very superior by turns. A nice child. She had humanized the laboratory.

He opened the door. It was Chapman she was quarreling with. The note he entered on was reminiscent of Hussakof. "You're a pretty rotten scientist, Jerry," she was saying, her eyes very combative and her whole slender body disdainful.

She had made Chapman mad. She knew how—that tongue of hers was as competent as the hands whose deftness made her the best in the department at delicate jobs. Chapman was sulky and wrathful both at once. He wanted, you could see, to say something crushing, but Carol was probably in the right. Being right was another outrageous habit of hers.

"Ask Uncle Pete," she hurried on as Fanning came in. She turned and shook her short-cropped, copper-colored head at him. "This insect thinks some pet hand-grown *paramecia* of his lived over night in a solution of hydrochloric acid. I can't convince him they didn't. He thinks he has upset the whole creation."

"There they are!" Chapman held a watch glass under Fanning's nose. "They still wiggle. Put 'em under a 'scope and see."

"Idiot!" Her nose, just a trifle shorter than it should have been, wrinkled contemptuously. "If they're still alive, that proves it wasn't hydrochloric."

"What was it, then?"

"Water." She slid off her high stool, stepped over to Chapman's table, and uncorked a flask. She tipped it up and drank deep of the contents. "Water, Jerry. There goes your world sensation. I tested it this morning, when you began to strut. Real scientists have a way of checking up on their reagents."

Chapman dashed the watch glass to the floor. The tinkling seemed to give him some relief. Not so much, Fanning supposed, as he would have got from slapping her face. He glared at her. She made a face at him and went back to her microscope. Chapman found a broom and swept the splintered glass into the waste bin.

"Coming to the game with me, Carol?" he asked casually, after a while.

"No, darling. I'm being a biologist this afternoon. You run along and root for Morrison quite loudly. If Hussy hears you, you can stay with us a little longer."

Chapman scowled at her and banged out through the eroded doorway. Fanning watched Carol glue her eyes to the binocular microscope, and then he went on through the laboratory to his kennel at the end, a pair of small cubicles that served him as office and library and private workroom. A breeze came sweeping through the wide-opened windows, drawing a tune from the shutters that had squeaked for fifty years. It brought him again the languorous fragrance of lilacs, and the sense of hills beyond the river, and spring flowering out across a world of orchards. "Will you stop making poetry about spring, Peter Fanning?" he demanded. "Are you an undergraduate in the literary magazine?" And, trying to surprise a hint of apple blossoms among the lilacs, he went on to the bench that held his glassware world, his population of *paramecia*. His nerves glowed with the pride that this nation of micro-organisms always roused in him. People had heard of Peter Fanning's *paramecia!* All the world had heard of them. Here, in eight feet of glass, was the cosmos that he had created. Thirteen thousand generations of *paramecia* had lived here —a history far longer than the human race had had—and of this cosmos Peter Fanning had been the god.

How warm and soft and quiet it was in these rooms! He would let the cosmos be. He would sit and smell the spring. Beyond the river, slopes rising to the distant hills, and the hills white with apple trees and plums, rose-pink with peach blossoms. Rose-pink! What a word to be in a biologist's mind, as if science sold ribbons to women. Oh, decidedly, he was hydrolyzed.

Well, then, he would let the *paramecia* alone, this afternoon, but he could at least read his mail. The head of a department should do that occasionally, even with the breeze bringing a perfume of lost and belatedly priceless childhood. There was nothing—advertisements by the dozen, applications for fellowships, a mass of scholarly reprints about organisms that were not *paramecia* and hence were hardly respectable. The last envelope bore the address of Kirtland College. Old Stephen Cross was head of zoölogy there, old Cross with his notion that sea-squirts proved, oh, such a preposterous nonsense about the human organism. Professor Fanning ripped it open and found that Cross was formally inquiring about the scientific attainments of Dr. Chapman, who had applied for a position there and who might be given charge of freshman zoölogy and a course in elementary bacteriology.

That was the trouble with small colleges—they asked a man to know everything and teach it. So Chapman was already calling himself Doctor! That was premature: his Ph.D. examination was still two weeks off, and Mr. Chapman's scientific attainments were not well thought of in the department. He would have an agony in that examination, before a dozen scientists not remarkable for charity. Fanning could hear John Hussakof's bellow assaulting the poor lad, reducing him to stuttering helplessness, as it had reduced many a candidate before him. "Is that science, Mr. Chapman; is that biology? Would a scientist so commit himself? If you are sure of that, Mr. Chapman, denn should you have made it public to an ignorant world long since. We have not your faculty for divination, Mr. Chapman—it is not something we can widely use in biology."

Well, he decided, he would control Hussakof. This was a convenient way out. He would insist on giving the boy his degree. Then Cross would hire him for Kirtland College, and no one would be hurt. Chapman was assuredly a mediocre biologist, but he was a good teacher. It was teachers you wanted at a small college, not scientists. He would not stand in Chapman's way.

Why was he so restless this afternoon? He stood at the window, looking for orchards, for orchards such as he had known too many years ago. Nothing.

Only the sun on lawns sloping down to the river, and a wind from the hills. Biology, he muttered, biology does not take account of sun and wind. Or lilacs, either. "You are not working in your specialty, Peter Fanning, and scientists who step outside of their specialties promptly become asses, as the world knows. Suppose you leave the May wind to teachers of poetry. You were not designed for the fine arts."

He went out into the long, squat laboratory with its shiny glass and steel, its corroded piping, its banked, inchoate mass of apparatus. For the first time it seemed a little unsatisfactory. The lilacs were victorious over all the stinks, and the breeze could not be ignored, even here. . . . Carol had not gone. She was talking to someone at the door, someone obviously a student. He saw her smile and shake her head. Little redhead! He had a sudden vision of her as a small girl, who had certainly been taunted about that hair. He resented those jeers. Well, growing up, she was no longer taunted about it: it was something that assailed young men and captivated them.

She dismissed the student and came down the long, wide aisle between the tables. The sun threw shadows of bars and cylinders across the gleaming white laboratory-smock she wore, and the wind twitched it about her knees. She was smiling for him. So merry and derisive, always, and so self-contained. Coming through clean sunlight and yellow shadow, speckled with the images of retorts—Carol, Ph.D.!

"Someone trying to talk an A out of you, Carol?" he asked.

"There aren't any marks when the wind is in the south, Uncle Pete. This one wanted to take your carrot-top to the Wisconsin game. I'm gratified—it's the triumph of red hair over pedagogy. Have you noticed the lilacs, Uncle Pete?"

She stood beside him, her head caught back till he must see the shadows on her throat. "So!" Fanning said, "you flirt with your pupils. You flirt with everyone, Carol. You pretend to be a biologist but I think you would rather be something sinful in the movies."

"Is red hair unscientific, Uncle Pete? Can straight legs possibly be unbiological? I suppose you want my pupils to admire my report on the differential grown potentials of *amblystoma punctatum* and *ablystoma tigrinum*. I'd rather they thought well of my eyes."

"Bah!" He grinned mildly. "I will smear you with oil or molasses and stop up a student's eyes and ears and nose, and see what it is about you that attracts the male. I have done that with ants and spiders and *drosophila*."

She laughed and let him see her gray-green, friendly eyes. "I think I'd be a very charming study for you. You're just disappointed because it's been more than a month since you caught me kissing anyone behind the brine tanks."

She did that. She was an instinctive flirt and she kissed nearly as many scientists as she quarreled with. His grin widened. "The last one was the young assistant in Steele's geology. He thought I would have him fired. Did he think, too, that he would have to marry you because your boss had seen him kiss you?"

"I don't marry an awful lot of them, Uncle Pete. . . . Hussy saw me kissing Jerry yesterday."

Oho! But what Hussakof had spoken of was the dogfish stains. "But you're always quarreling with Chapman, Carol. I'm always hearing you belaboring him with abuse. The boy will spank you properly some day. You bedevil him beyond reason."

"He's such a rotten scientist. He makes me frantic with his wild ideas and his miserable technic. I'm ten times the biologist right now that he ever will be. But he's a teacher, Uncle Pete, better than I am—I think better than you or Hussy or anyone in the department. You're going to give him more Zo A and some Zo 3 next year, aren't you?"

He most certainly was not. Carol

herself was going to have Zoölogy 3, and he was going to send Chapman to Cross at Kirtland College, where he could botch as many experiments as he pleased. He shook a finger at her. "I will not discuss my department with a flirt, nor award courses to young men because you kiss them."

"Some day I'm going to kiss you, Uncle Pete. My passion for experimental biology will lead me to, I'm sure. Days like this you might approve of the experiment."

She made a face at him and swaggered on to her table and stool. He followed her through the undulant, dust-dancing sunlight and stood at her shoulder while she peered through the binocular 'scope. She glanced up from it intermittently and made deft, quick strokes with a drawing pencil on the sketch beside its base. He studied the drawing. Like all of Carol's, it was exquisite. This one, he perceived, had to do with the ovarian transplants she had made in *amblystoma*. She added to it, observing, recording, correcting. Little circles of blue light quivered under her eyes. The sun came across the transverse bar above the table and turned her hair to living copper.

He was suddenly startled by a realization that never till now had he really seen Carol Emery. No wonder all young men were troubled by her. Her eyes were like the haze on those distant hills and her cheeks were like the blossoms of those orchards that he had missed. Trust nature! Nature had perfected Carol, had designed her out of the sum of all its mighty balances, as it had designed the dust and golden-brown flecks on a moth's wing. And young men found themselves tormented and bewildered. That was what nature had intended; that was why there was dusty gold on a moth's wing. There was no need to smear Carol with oil and pin her to a filter-paper while males with their eyes blinded gave evidence that they were aware of her.

Professor Fanning smiled gently. The laboratory of research zoölogy tried to become aware of nature's workings by looking at pieces of embalmed dogfish under microscopes, or photographing the action of cyanogen on minute cells. What fools biologists were! Students came timidly to ask Carol to a baseball game, assistants kissed Carol when she was done mocking them, and nature performed its routine while Peter Fanning counted the thirteenth thousand generation of *paramecia* and John Hussakof recorded the modifications of dogfish cells.

He would have to tell Carol sometime that a mirror would help her more than a binocular microscope to surprise the methods of nature. Still, Carol was certainly not unaware of herself. She co-operated with nature candidly. She had, for instance, sewed a belt to that shapeless smock, so that one could observe how her waist narrowed above her slender hips. It was, too, about all she had on. It merely veiled that straightly sloping figure. Carol, herself, the sum of nature's calculations, was splendidly apparent beneath the linen. Odd that he had never really observed Carol before this moment.

She glanced up at him, caught his intent gaze, and smiled. "What are you thinking about me, Uncle Pete?" she asked.

"Why," he said, "I was referring you to my experiments with spiders. And I was wondering just how much science you attribute to contemporary fashions. Your clothes, Carol. They are phenomena to be observed in the experiment, and there are so few of them. Do you mind telling me how many garments you have on?"

"Garments is such an ugly word!" She climbed down from the high stool. "Look!"

She tugged out a bit of orchid-colored silk into the open neck of the smock. "One!" she said. Then she lifted the smock above her slender knees, just tinged with the smoky chiffon of stockings. The smock climbed on. It dis-

played frivolous garters with orange-colored bows on which black kittens were stencilled. "Two stockings and two garters make five." The smock exhibited satiny skin and then, beyond it, silk still more frivolous. "One step-in makes six. And the smock is seven. I'm positively smothered with garments, Uncle Pete."

"Where," he said sadly, "where is the stern, ascetic unworldliness of science? You are a movie heroine, and there is no impersonality about you."

She tossed her head. "I'm a darned fine biologist, Uncle Pete, and you know it. But I'm not partial to hair shirts, or even homespun. I will not wrap the organism in protective coloring. I wouldn't wear clothes that weren't frivolous for any *amblystoma* in the world, or even for you. And you know you think they're dazzling. You don't want me looking like an assistant librarian."

"I will smear you with molasses," he repeated.

He started away, feeling that his face must be red, but she said, "Oh, Uncle Pete, Professor Cross has offered me an assistant professorship at Kirtland College."

As the meaning of her diffident words reached his mind, he felt himself shaken by such a blast of anger as he had not experienced in years. Was Cross trying to steal his whole department? Take Carol and bury her in that idiotic little college a thousand miles away? Hardly! He saw himself composing a letter to Cross that would pulverize him among his sea-squirts.

"Do you want to leave us, Carol?" he asked gently.

"You know I don't. There isn't any other laboratory in the world. But still, Uncle Pete, even biologists have to be worldly people sometimes. I'm only getting an assistant's pay for an instructor's work—and think of being called professor! And my abused dad wouldn't have to pay for my seven garments any more."

He put his hand on her shoulder, discovering that he was really disturbed. "We will take care of you here. We can outbid Kirtland—we have become a millionaire university. I forbid you to think of leaving, Carol. Don't be preposterous."

"You're such a darling!" Her eyes were soft, but they held a residuum of doubt. "But there are so many things to think of. I don't know. Oh!"—her hands seemed to gather up the laboratory in one maternal gesture. "I don't want to leave my brine tanks. Where could I go to be kissed at Kirtland?"

"You are not to think of it."

He marched off to his cubicle. Such rage as he felt might not be decorous in a biologist, but he was certainly going to pulverize this man Cross. That doddering old ass! He must be a hundred and fifty years old, but he would have to be born again in 1998 to catch up with biology. And as for the ethics of trying to steal a man's department—simply unspeakable! . . . He sat down at the typewriter that was used by the secretary he shared with Steele of geology. Very deliberately, with exquisite precision, he began to pick out a letter to Cross. He expressed his formal approval of Mr. Chapman's scientific attainments. They would, he was officially confident, enable Mr. Chapman to take his Ph.D. with sufficient distinction. Professor Cross might congratulate himself on securing the services of a splendid teacher.

He adjusted the carriage for a new paragraph. Now to be at once crushing, conclusive, and ironical. He paused. What would the laboratory have become without Carol? He tried to remember how it had been before she came. He couldn't. In five years she had made herself as much a part of it as he himself. She should continue to kiss her young men behind the brine tanks as long as she would. Maybe he would kiss her himself.

The sun had made flames in her hair. Preposterous to think of letting her go

to Kirtland. . . . That paragraph must certainly be written and with a most arrogant finality that would obliterate Cross, but he was reluctant to begin it. Carol had got mixed up with the strange May breeze and the lilacs. He remembered that he had played in blossoming orchards, when he was a boy, yes, and slept in them, too, drugged with sun and scent. He wondered if Carol had done that, and could see a little girl sleeping under trees with apple blossoms caught in the hair which had shone so in the laboratory sun. That was the girl who was to grow up to test-tubes and stains, who was to mock Hussakof to his face, jeer at Chapman, kiss the geology assistants, and take Peter Fanning considerably less solemnly than most did.

He decided that he had been wrong about the English department. They had always seemed inexcusably trivial. And yet—well, he had suddenly found that there was a great deal to be said for the poetry they dealt with. Something had broken his skull open and let the sun in. Yes, a great deal to be said for poetry. He felt a little proud of himself: after God knew how many years of biology, here he was realizing the lilacs and the May wind. He might drop round to call on someone in the English department and speak casually to him, one expert talking with another.

His office door banged. Turning, he saw that Hussakof had come in. The man was a giant and a genius—and an execrable temper. Life in Laut Hall was never monotonous: you could depend on Hussakof. If his face wasn't lighting up like a transparency and his great voice booming out a new, highly emotional pleasure in some new nonsense, then he was fuming about and waving his arms and asking God to destroy everyone in the laboratory. Hussakof was the greatest man in the world in his field, and they had been friends for a long time, but Professor Fanning didn't, to-day, feel very cordial toward the outburst that was obviously on its way. Hussakof was going to be a genius for an hour or two, or he wouldn't have left the game, which couldn't possibly be over. Why must he act out the role of John Hussakof, genius, on this particular afternoon? Fanning infinitely preferred the lilacs.

"Was there a home run, John?" he asked, not hoping to divert the storm.

"Maybe. I did not stay to see." Hussakof's face was worried. It always was. He had found that someone was persecuting him—asking for a record of his experiments for the President's report, or turning off the current in his bake-oven. "Peter, you are my friend. There is something on my mind and will not let me be. I tell myself, you must tell Peter. He has been, Hussakof, your friend for all these many years. He has done for you everything. He knows you, oh, so much better than anyone. Him you must now tell about this—this new thing."

He could have written down, now, the whole course of Hussakof's tantrum. It was like an act that players went through over and over. It never varied. There would be the loftily dignified recitation of his worth, the itemized account of its undervaluation at Morrison, the resolution to take himself to the University of Chicago where scientists were held to be somebody. . . . To have to submit to all this on an afternoon when a man had suddenly come alive!

"I have solved your problem, John," Fanning said, resigning himself. "You will exercise self-control and not hold up Chapman's degree. Then we will ship him off to Cross at Kirtland and be done with him. He will not be here to pollute your dogfish with eosin. But, you see, in order to do this, we must make him a Doctor. I insist on that, John: you will deny yourself the luxury of an outburst for another month."

"Chapman? Pfui! I had forgotten about him. Yes, we will get rid of him as soon as possible. But it is not Chapman on my mind."

The great hands closed into fists and swept out in vast arcs. Hussakof shook

himself, levelled a finger at Fanning's chest, and found tongue. "Peter, I am going to be married!"

After forty-six years! Laughter rose up in Fanning's breast, but he suppressed it. He was wondering what a woman would make of these outbursts. He was, himself, a person of extraordinarily sunny poise, but Hussakof had worn him paper-thin many times. Women had a short way with temperament—he enjoyed a vision of Hussakof halted in midflight by a readily extemporized, thoroughly feminine outburst much more expert than his own. . . . Then he softened. It was good for John to marry. And women did like to look after, or pretend to look after, just such strange, paradoxical, incomprehensible folk as John.

He held out his hand. Hussakof wrung it till the bones protested, holding to it with childish eagerness. His forehead wore the perspiration of confession.

"You rejoice with me, Peter? I had fear you would say, 'John, you incorrigible madman, whose life do you now undertake to make as miserable as you have made mine?' You do not reproach me that I am cantankerous and, oh, an impossible person to have about the house. Ho! I am also John Hussakof, eh? who counts for something. You will not be angry when John Hussakof marries a woman out of our laboratory."

Fanning remembered that the little blonde technician who chewed gum so violently had always made great round eyes at Hussakof. So that was it?—a romance unguessed by the laboratory, somewhat more in earnest than Carol's flirtations behind the brine tanks. Well, if the blonde technician was being promoted to the status of professor's wife, who was he to be amused? Old John needed a wife who would always be impressed by him, who would regard his temperament as evidence of his greatness, on whom he could expend his warm and human childishness.

"You do not mind, Peter, that I take Carol away from the laboratory?"

Carol! . . . The room merged into a mysterious noise and movement. He could see nothing clearly, think nothing. But he could think that it was true, then, after all, what they said about the heart. For his heart was squeezed between clamps, so that he felt his breath as a labored, impossible effort. Carol! He thought he had whispered it—or perhaps shouted it.

Hussakof had swung into an excited striding, up and down the narrow room. "I know your mind, Peter. You are asking who is John Hussakof to deserve Carol? It is my wonder that I also have asked myself that. You ask what the devil has John Hussakof to offer Carol? Well, too, I have myself wondered that . . . I will tell you. I cannot offer her youth." His hands gyrated and his voice swelled. "Dere are other things, Peter, and Carol she is not a simpleton. I can offer her John Hussakof—and that is not altogether nothing. She is a scientist, and she knows what John Hussakof is in science. I tell myself, no, Hussakof, that is not altogether nothing."

The excited face of John Hussakof seemed to fill the whole room, flushed and tremulous, enormous eyes that stared at Fanning and were distraught. Fanning could not avoid them, could not see anything else. It wasn't possible to think, to do anything but feel that tightness. But something was urgent, tenacious, in his nerveless mind. Carol—she had spoken of going to Kirtland College.

He managed to command his voice, just enough. "Do I understand that Carol has assented to your plans?"

Hussakof shook his head. "I have as yet said nothing to her. It has taken me of a great suddenness, Peter, so that I have been beyond myself. You do not know women, Peter, so you do not know that she will understand. Carol will see how things go with me. Soon I will—"

But breath, action, and clarity had come back to Peter Fanning. He was out of his chair, gulping incredible relief.

"Then you will take my advice," he said. "You will not show Carol that you are an elderly fool. You will not expose yourself to her tongue. I know you, John. You are a great biologist, and the spores of genius were blown into you. But you have sometimes been a great fool. Usually you show your folly only to me—don't make it public any farther."

"Ho!" Hussakof's bellow shook the glass cosmos of the *paramecia*. "So that is it! You call me a fool."

"Yes, but I will do my best to keep you from acting like one. You will not suggest this preposterous marriage to Carol. You will go off by yourself and meditate that you are twenty-one years older than Carol, and that she—"

"Youth I cannot offer her—I have said that. Bah! Youth is something one gets over in a great hurry, Peter, and then where are you?"

"It is something that laughs at old fools. You would make at best only a very rheumatic Cupid, John, and you would not like the giggle that Carol would greet you with."

"I am John Hussakof, the biologist, and Carol is a girl with good sense—"

"Good sense would set her telling the campus that you had gone mad. Don't blind your eyes, John—the idea is disgusting. You are a victim to your imagination. If you really think it can be done, let me tell you that you are talking about impossibilities. An old man, a young girl! You would be in a sanitarium when Carol was thirty-five. And all your life you would be a fool. It is worse than nonsensical, John. It is criminal. Why, you conceited old fool, do you suppose Carol could look at you without laughing?"

"Enough is said!" The glassware vibrated again. Hussakof was posed, now, beside the *paramecia*, one hand pointing at Fanning. He had room, for all his emotions, to understand the dramatic possibilities in the scene. He must play the role as it offered itself to him. "I go now, Peter. You have made it forever impossible that there should be friendship between us. I open to you my heart, and you return me a sneer. You shall say no more to me but reflect that you have taken our friendship in your hands and broken it and thrown it away."

The hand was accusing for a moment, then fell away, in quite the best manner. Hussakof walked out. The door closed, not loudly, and heels measured off the length of the laboratory beyond.

He supposed he had. Yes, he had had to destroy the friendship of fifteen years. The surprising thing was, he didn't care. He had learned something when that intolerable suffocation lifted at Hussakof's admission that Carol had not passed upon his plans. That moment of agony, followed by that celestial release—yes, it had taught him something.

He understood. At his age, when one awoke to a realization of lilacs and sunlight and flowering orchards, it had a meaning. He was not only Peter Fanning, scientist. There had been, all along, a man lurking in the barren pedantry of Peter Fanning.

Someone was going to marry Carol. Someone who was not John Hussakof.

He felt that it would be gratifying to smash all the glassware of the universe which held the *paramecia*. Oh, merely to signify that he had beheld the sun, after these years. Let Hussakof rejoice in the glory of being a scientist. It was contemptible: Peter Fanning preferred to be a man who had seen that there were lilacs. In a moment he would go out and tell Carol that he had found her, after the barren years. But first he would sit here and despise the poverty and shadow of the science he had lived throughout his life. He had been a little hasty, perhaps, describing to Hussakof the elderliness of years that were, really, hardly middle age.

He was aware that his senses were keener than they had ever been. His cheeks, his hands, seemed to breathe the wind—it was a little fresher, a little more odorous of lilacs and the hills. That

was what Carol could do to a man, break through the shell which shut him off from the world and make him live. He supposed that even Hussakof, mired in the sickly nonsense of biology, had somehow felt the influence of Carol. For a moment, in Hussakof's life, she had probably had almost the full importance of an embalmed dogfish. But for Peter Fanning she was the world at springtime. And he had not known it till to-day.

It could only be Carol who was tapping at his door. He wondered that he could stand, he was so nerveless when he opened it to her.

"Tea, Uncle Pete," she said.

She had been doing that for five years. He followed her to the bench where a bunsen burner hummed under a battered old kettle that she had got at a ten-cent store. He watched her take a lemon from the refrigerator where Hussakof's dogfish were kept, and slice it with a dissecting scalpel that she had sterilized. There were cups in a drawer of her bench, and sugar and wafers in a cupboard where the dry chemicals were stored. She was intent above the kettle, as deft as if she were titrating something for research.

They sat on high stools by the bench, partly facing each other, and the light was level through the western windows, drawing shadows of test-tubes on her cheek and shoulder, cylinders and pyramids of shade. Her hands played through striations of light above her cup. She was drowsy and relaxed after her afternoon's work.

He wondered that she could be so unaware of the turbulence within him. Surely he could be read like a printed page! But she was as she had always been, affectionate and detached. An almost unbearable tenderness made him tremble. She would see his hands. But her own hands—they were so fine, so sure. . . . In a moment, Peter, in a moment you shall speak to her. Then this unawareness will vanish forever. He could feel his lips, out of management, drawing back to speak her name.

"Uncle Pete," she said dreamily, "I don't want to go away from Laut Hall."

That absurd notion belonged to an old and vanished era. But it annoyed him. "I will not let you go away from me, Carol," he said. The warmth of his voice, filling the laboratory, surprised him. But, then, that was natural. There was reason for vehemence.

She touched his hand. "You're a darling, Uncle Pete. I'll bawl like a baby if I have to go away from you. But," her eyes strayed away from him, "there are so many things . . . Are you going to let Jerry Chapman stay on?"

He blinked. The question required a readjustment of his mind that annoyed him. He was holding off, by sheer will, the moment when he must speak to her. And he could hardly be asked to think of more than her throat, played over magically by shadows that were turning dull orange with the late sun. "Chapman?" the name roused a feeble enough response in his memory. "Oh, Cross wants him at Kirtland."

"I know . . . That's why I've been bargaining with Cross."

He didn't understand that. It had no meaning or suggestion. "Why?" he asked, preoccupied with the shadows on her throat.

"Well . . . I'll tell you, Uncle Pete. I've got to, I suppose. I want to be with Jerry. I'm Mrs. Chapman."

"You're Carol Emery!"

"Lucy Stone was in the world, Uncle Pete. We got married last July. Think, almost a year ago! . . . You don't pay assistants much, you know, and poor Jerry had only his fellowship. My dad is a resolute old soul with money in the bank—for a daughter, you understand, not for a wife. Oh, dear, no—a wife must look to her husband for support." Tears were apparent in her eyes, veiling the first shyness that Fanning had ever seen there. "I'm tired of being furtive.

Why shouldn't we live together openly? Kirtland College would make that possible."

In the enormous quiet of catastrophe he could hear the flywheel of Hussakof's refrigerator churning methodically. A flywheel in himself whirred on to make him say something. Anything. "But you fight with Chapman. All the time."

"I fight with everyone. Being married to me hasn't the placidity of life among your *paramecia*, Uncle Pete. But I only fight with Jerry about his fool experiments. . . . Don't think it counts when I kiss someone else. I like to kiss people. . . . Oh, Jerry won't set biology on fire, I know. I'll have to earn the family honors in research. But he'll be one darned fine teacher—much better than I can ever be. Don't you think that counts?"

It was imperative to turn away from her eagerness, her glowing eyes, the immortal wonder of Carol that had this moment become a lost wonder. He went to the window whose square panes had laid their shadows against her cheeks. The lilacs were sharp and cool in his nostrils. He wasn't seeing them. In one afternoon—the spring, a realization, a catastrophe.

But he could not let Carol go from Laut Hall. He must keep her here. There would be the knowledge that he had aspired to that great loveliness, quite uselessly, but that knowledge would be—oh, far more a pride than a sadness. He would keep her here. To know that she had been denied him was nothing, nothing at all, compared to having her gone. Suddenly, he distrusted even the May wind: was it all, merely that he wanted her about?

He turned back and found that she had been watching him, very anxiously. She was uneasy, a little pale, more disturbed than he had ever seen her.

"You shall be our new assistant professor in the fall, Carol," he said. Damn Hussakof—let him rage at Chapman. The laboratory could afford glassware for Chapman to break, and they would restrain his world sensations from getting beyond the walls. Chapman should stay. He was a good teacher, and a few dozen broken beakers a year and some spoiled reagents and ruined specimens—was not Morrison grown wealthy beyond all reason? "I had decided you should have the professorship as soon as I heard that Cross was trying to steal you from us. And I will give the vacant instructorship to Jerry. Will he like his wife's outranking him?"

"You'll promote him the next year." Her cheeks flushed deeper than the late sun. "Oh, Uncle Pete, then I don't have to go away!"

"You have to stay here. I have ordered you to."

She had flung her arms round him and was kissing him, holding him with eager strength, pressing her cheek to his. He held her—held her so that she could not see his eyes. Just below the level of them the sun was on that shining hair.

"Uncle Pete, Uncle Pete!" she was whispering. "Your little Carol a professor! And no longer Lucy Stone!"

She did not move away. . . . Carol was in his arms. Not as he had expected. Not as the afternoon had promised him. But this was the only way that ever, in his life, he was to hold Carol in his arms.

She raised her lips to his cheek again. Then, after a moment, energy flamed up in her. "Can I tell Jerry? We're having dinner in a canoe. I'll tell him we're decent married folks at last."

Ignoring her cups and kettle, she dashed away to the closet where her dress hung. Through the door floated her piercing, ecstatic whistle atrociously off-key. In no time at all she was out again, dressed, powdered, swaggering.

"Professor Emery!" she said. "No, Professor Chapman! I feel like a bride, with Jerry's name. And like a pedant, Uncle Pete, oh, like something so biological that it ought to go into a Journal."

Her young arms went round him again, and her lips pressed warmly on

his cheek. "You're the most remarkable scientist in the world, and the dearest old darling, and you know more about *paramecia* than it's decent to expose. I told you I'd be kissing you eventually. What you haven't done for Carol! Tell me you love me almost as much as Jerry does. You and I, we don't have to go behind the brine tanks, do we, Uncle Pete?"

She was gone, silly French heels clattering down the chasm of the stairs. Flight by flight he listened to them, till Laut Hall was echoless again. Then, methodically, he gathered up the cups and spoons and saucers and carried them to the fan-hood, where he held them under a tap. It seemed right that they should be clean, that he should put them away where Carol kept them.

So that had been born in an afternoon, and, in an afternoon, had died.

He was in his office again. The light was fading, but the wind was still among the lilacs, and through the twilight came knowledge of the hills. He watched the patterns of shadow fade out to even darkness.

His telephone was ringing.

"Peter, this is I, Hussakof. Wisconsin have won the game. But I telephone to say, you are right. I have been a fool, an elderly fool. A man should stand off sometimes and look at himself with a friend's eye. To make a marriage with little Carol—that would be silliness for an old codger like me. Ho! I would drive the dear child to stick a scalpel between my ribs. You were right to tell me so. . . . I tell you what, Peter, there are on this campus too many lilacs. Ho! I should be a botanist and not get swept out of my sane mind when there are flowers on them, eh? . . . You will come and eat cheese and drink beer with me to-night, Peter? We will sit and talk and thank God that when we are fools we hide it from all the world but each other, eh? You will come, Peter?"

"Yes, John," Professor Fanning said, "I'll come."

But first he would sit here and smell the lilacs in the darkness and realize the hills beyond them. And remember that Carol was not to go away from Laut Hall.

Yes, and be proud that he had proved himself something more than a biologist. He had seen the sun and known the orchards for an afternoon. For an afternoon he had been a living man. He had, if tardily, at last seen loveliness. He had discovered something unguessed, unrumored, something that would not go away. That he could know and realize. It was something to be proud of, even if you ascribed it, finally, to no more than the lilacs and a remembrance of one's boyhood. He could think about it, in the midst of science. He had, thank God, for one afternoon—he had been alive.

Professor Fanning rose, deeply satisfied, and went to the glass cosmos of the *paramecia*. It was, he discovered, possible to take an observation. He fumbled for the light-switch and began to arrange the beakers in the correct order.

INTERNATIONAL WINDOW-SMASHING

THE ROLE OF OUR NEWSPAPERS IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY SILAS BENT

FOR three years there ran intermittently through the American press a story that the British had elevated their naval guns. Despite denials from Downing Street this was reiterated until it engendered bitter ill feeling on both sides of the water, and undoubtedly contributed largely to the failure of the Geneva Conference. On December 30, last, Secretary Kellogg issued a correction of the canard; and the attitude of our newspapers toward his statement illustrates aptly, I believe, one phase of their irresponsibility in foreign affairs. The State Department "press release," as given out over Mr. Kellogg's name, follows:

> My attention has been called to a press report stating in substance that the British Government had elevated its guns after the Washington Treaty, and then had objected to the United States' doing the same. This is a mistake. The British Government informed the United States that it had not elevated its guns and this Department and the Navy Department are satisfied that this is correct. The British Government is not now objecting to the United States' gun elevation.

Now, although I read newspapers pretty carefully, my first intimation of this statement came from an editorial paragraph in the Manchester *Guardian*. Commenting on the "mischievous innings" the story had enjoyed in our press, the *Guardian* noted that this was the first official denial from Washington. Any statement about naval programs affects profoundly the whole international atmosphere; and Mr. Kellogg's brief belated denial, which was issued when a big-navy ballyhoo was at its height, was charged, it seems to me, with a considerable public importance and interest.

On inquiry I learned that the statement had been distributed through Washington correspondents and news agencies in a way to blanket all the daily papers of this country. From the Associated Press I obtained a copy of the story it had sent out. But when I began a searching and widespread examination to learn what newspapers had printed it, I could find only two, the Boston *Evening Transcript* and the Washington *Star*. Why were the others silent? One might suppose that editors in general, after repeating for years a damaging untruth about a friendly foreign government, would feel a certain moral obligation to print a correction. It is indeed difficult to reconcile the character of newspaper men with the occasional lack of character in their papers. On the basis of long acquaintance and observation, I am persuaded that as a class they are men of personal integrity; but they take to their homes a different kind of conscience from the conscience they take to their desks.

In a talk I made to the American Society of Newspaper Editors at its last meeting in Washington I reproached the members present for their failure to print the Kellogg correction. The managing editor of the Buffalo *Evening News*, in whose town a short while before I had

addressed a branch of the Foreign Policy Association, made a reply, admitting that he had "felt keenly" my criticisms there; and then read copies of my correspondence with the Washington manager of the Associated Press. The next day his paper printed a story with the headline: "Bent's Accusations False, Editors Told." The editors had been told nothing of the sort. There had been no charge of mendacity. But I suppose the bright young man who perpetrated the hoax felt he must vindicate editorial honor at any cost.

The true explanation would have been just as effective. There was no organized conspiracy to suppress the Kellogg statement. It was spiked because it was not exciting, because it dealt with a story three years old, and because editors dislike to admit that they are fallible. The canard that the British were violating the spirit of the Washington Treaty, on the other hand, was calculated to arouse the sort of emotions on which newspapers continually play, in the belief that the method increases circulation. The correction was merely informative, not emotional.

II

"Every country in the long run," said Bismarck, "is held accountable for the windows which its newspapers break. One day or another the bill will be sent in, taking the form of other countries' ill-humor." He did not hesitate himself to manipulate the press on a gigantic scale; and yet he said on another occasion that to maintain peace in Europe he need only kill half a dozen editors. His comment on window-smashing, however, was more than an indication of prankishness in the press. On analysis it goes deeper. For if we apply it to the American press to-day, we find that the formula which governs news selection and presentation makes for disturbance of the peace. The formula looks to the stimulation or satisfaction of primitive appetites and passions. It is based on tribal taboos, sex, religion, property, romance, suspense, and conflict—above all on conflict. Stories of the prize ring, the race course, the ball park, the courtroom, sex triangles, even aviation stunts —which exhibit man's struggle with the forces of nature—indicate the value which newspaper men place on the element of conflict. This is the main circulation-building attribute of news, this and not substantial information; and on circulation building is predicated fat advertising revenues.

The formula I have described applies impartially to foreign as to most domestic news. The greater volume of international news which our press has carried since the World War is less likely to act as a guarantee of friendliness than as a threat of ill-temper. Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press, taking the contrary view, says:

> Before any progress or development can be expected as between individuals, there must be acquaintance. The same is true as respects nations. The mode of living, the manners, the customs, the knowledge of incidents in their daily lives, the trends of thought on every-day affairs—in other words, the little things of life, comprise much in the way of opportunity for understanding a people in their views on matters of great import.

This theory is grounded, presumably, on the saying of Charles Lamb that he could not know a man and hate him. But what Lamb had in mind was personal acquaintance, not third-hand acquaintance based on patterns of news which put a premium on controversy and bigoted nationalism, or which trumpet the trivial and sordid. In the latter category any item about the Prince of Wales is a crown jewel. Thus I find an Associated Press story under a two-column headline: "Wales Learns New Dance in Judy O'Grady's Arms." Judy was the wife of a sergeant at a regimental ball. And again (this not an A. P. dispatch, but a copyrighted and cabled New York *Evening Post* story of another sort): "Flapper Tragedy Up in

Berlin Court; Youth in Sordid Tableau of Adolescent Love Goes on Trial for Murder." The story concerns degenerate young folk of not the slightest social consequence.

Presumably these are "the mode of living, the manners, the customs" to which Mr. Cooper refers. They are not extreme examples. The bulk of the news in our press affecting foreign affairs, when not dealing with matters of State, is trivia of this type, as any casual examination will show. I doubt whether the type is likely to promote international good feeling.

Let us look farther at news dealing with international affairs of State. In the January issue of HARPER'S, William Howard Gardiner quoted at length a statement by Burton L. French, chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on Naval Appropriations. The statement was made during a long debate, and was a reasoned, temperate, and friendly analysis of the industrial, colonial, and geographic conditions which make British naval needs different from our needs. The analysis was considered so important that it was read to Parliament and again at Geneva.

When I asked Mr. French to have his secretary look through his newspaper clippings, and give me a list of those papers which had used his statement, he was obliged to refer me to the *Congressional Record*. I had already failed to find any part of the statement in the files of the New York, Philadelphia, or Washington papers. The debate was pretty fully reported, but Mr. French's friendly remarks were not reported. No; the Representatives who said that Mr. Coolidge was making "a political football" of the navy, that our fleet was "a bad third," and that Great Britain was going to have 431 torpedo tubes to our 134—speeches such as these were fully noted and headlined, as I found on going to the files on my own account. What the newspapers wanted was not friendly argument tending to mitigate the ill-feeling which prevailed, but inflammatory, alarming, or demagogic statements. The report of that debate reveals quite clearly one of the news patterns which dominate the daily press, and illustrates also their peace-disturbing quality.

I venture to say that no person who depended solely on newspaper accounts of the Geneva Conference was left with any total impression save that "the next war" would be fought between this country and Great Britain. The stories sent to American newspapers were of such a nature as to prompt a British diplomatic protest—the first time, I believe, such a thing has happened. For the American correspondents at Geneva were as indifferent to Mr. French's statement, when it was read there, as the Washington correspondents had been. At Geneva our reporters listened to representatives of munition makers and to naval "experts." They listened to men who are no more fit to discuss limitation of naval armament than a group of chorus girls is fit to discuss limitation of musical comedy.

No naval "expert" thinks of a navy as meant to do anything but sink an enemy fleet. Actually, the main duty of these craft is to police the seas in time of peace. Now, savages wear their war paint only in time of war; but civilized nations, presumably superior to savages, keep their fleets in war paint year in and year out, even when they are engaged on missions so commonplace that a savage would scorn paint, performing them. Mr. French saw clearly that in peace time a navy occupied somewhat the same status as the Washington police; but American newspaper correspondents, at home and abroad, declined to report a view so comfortably reassuring.

Comfortably reassuring news does not sell papers. Harmony seldom makes a headline. The practices of our press militate against merely informational, unexciting news.

In the 1928 Year Book issued by *Editor and Publisher* it is noted that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh "gave to

the press the best running story concerning an heroic figure that this generation, at least, has known *in peace time*." I have italicized the significant phrase. In the very center of any picture of our newspapers as they relate to international affairs this fact must be set: that mere peace time news is always regarded by the editor as less valuable than war news. The insecurity, heroisms, and horrors of armed conflict are the best-selling story. The economic thrust on the daily press is toward militarism and junkerism. The editor always has an ear to the ground for the alarums of war.

III

Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, has made complaint that the newspapers suppressed an interview he obtained with Pope Pius in which the pontiff said that Mexico was conducting toward Catholics "the worst persecution ever known." Mr. Williams was told this was not printed because it was "propaganda." If that be so it has a comical air, for about half the stories printed in the daily press are propaganda of one sort or another. But it may be argued that this statement was ruled out, despite its international weight, on account of religious prejudice and, therefore, cannot fairly be accepted as part of our criterion. So be it. I cannot refrain, however, from quoting here part of a letter Bernard Shaw wrote to Mr. Williams when he learned of the incident.

> As to the objection that the Pope is a Roman Catholic and not a Baptist from Dayton and that his views are therefore not admissible to American newspapers, no European comment is necessary; Europe cannot make comments if its breath is taken away. . . . Are these newspapers being written for children . . . or for grown-up citizens of the greatest federation of modern States?

Even this inquiry got small attention in the non-sectarian press; but the Shavian suspicion that there might be in this country a journalism for juveniles found confirmation, of a sort, in an unexpected quarter. Karl Bickel of the United Press not only confirmed it but rationalized it. If a newspaper were made interesting to children, he said, the children would continue to read it all their lives, and would persuade others to join the audience!

Whether or not the policy of this government toward the Catholic situation in Mexico had anything to do with the suppression of the Pope's statement (we shall see presently that the press is sometimes obliging in such matters), there was another instance in which the Mexican situation caused the publication in twenty-six newspapers of statements which were wholly false. I refer to the series of forged documents, purporting to have been pilfered from the files of that Government, published by William Randolph Hearst. After a Senate investigating committee had found that Hearst editors had not taken even the precautions which an intelligent high school boy would have applied to test the authenticity of the documents, Hearst announced that "as a patriot" he felt the news behind the publications to be true, and thought the American public was entitled to know it. Hearst's patriotism is only a little more blatant than that of many other American editors. I think it a little more blatant because, during the World War, he telegraphed S. S. Carvalho of the New York *American:*

> If situation quiets down, please remove color flags from first page and little flags from inside pages, reserving them for special occasions of a warlike or patriotic kind. I think they have been good for this week, giving us a very American character and probably helping sell papers, but to continue effective they should be reserved for occasions.

There is a lot of one-hundred-per-cent newspaper flag-waving in type, but Hearst does it in pictures.

The hospitality of the press to propaganda, particularly when it has the stir

of conflict, was illustrated when a price war broke out between the Standard Oil of New York and the Royal Dutch Shell, a corporation owned in part by Englishmen. The New York company charged that its competitor was offering "secret rebates," and resorting to "desperate and destructive measures." To this the newspapers gave large headlines, and impartially gave display also to the Dutch Shell statement that the Standard was buying "stolen oil." The controversy, which concerned certain deals with the Russian Soviet Government, raged for weeks; and some of the newspapers which encouraged it unblushingly commented on the international danger their conduct involved. The Springfield *Republican*, for example:

> We doubt whether the public will be much interested in these mutual recriminations, or disposed to look for a moral issue in what is essentially a world-wide struggle for supplies and markets. Yet that struggle is one which needs to be watched carefully, because it may by degrees so link itself to international rivalries as to become disturbing to peace. . . . Oil is so tremendous a factor in modern life, and so vital to national prosperity and prestige, that a prolonged clash between rival international groups of capitalists is not without menace.

In *Back of War* Henry Kittredge Norton notes the bitterness expressed in certain parts of the British press toward this country, from 1919 to 1927, on account of our attitude toward the debts, disarmament, and oil; while in the United States, he observes, we have had a continuous campaign of propaganda telling us of European hatred for us. All who read newspapers can agree with him at least that the dailies of the United States have gone pretty strong on this. "The inflated accounts of European hatred," Mr. Norton says, "will be seized and used to evil purpose if events should take a malevolent turn"; and he reminds us that what the American press is doing now the English and German press were doing between 1908 and the outbreak of the World War: whipping up "fear, antagonism, hatred."

This tendency of the press to inflame ill will manifests itself when international conferences are held, as, for instance, at Williamstown and Honolulu. Such unofficial meetings are becoming more numerous. They present an opportunity to get acquainted in the way Charles Lamb had in mind. Differences are debated, and sometimes belligerent statements are made on both sides. It is the truculent statement which gets into the newspapers, and thus gives an impression of hostility which the whole debate does not justify. The real purpose of such gatherings should be, not to obtain publicity for the organization or institution which promotes it, but to establish contacts between thoughtful groups of nationals, who, returning to their own lands, may spread temperate reports of the issues involved. Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, who attended the last Honolulu conference, observed that publicity should be "so conducted as not to give to the man with a bitter tongue an audience he could never secure as an individual."

IV

If I have given a fair picture of the American press in its general inflation of sensationalism, how much more reprehensible is this characteristic if it is accompanied by a tendency to put the soft pedal on news likely to embarrass Washington officials whose favor correspondents curry. It may be argued that daily newspapers have reported quite frankly what was going on in Nicaragua. Not quite frankly! True, they reported that the "official seal" of Sandino's "republic" was a picture of a rebel beheading an American marine. There was no military justification for this "atrocity story," inasmuch as there was and is no occasion for arousing widespread and bloodthirsty hysteria in this country against a handful of half-starved soldiers. The story was printed

either to gratify Washington or because it was good window-smashing stuff: no other reason can be found for it. But when Corporal Hemphill of the marines was killed his father's indignant letter to the War Department, demanding to know in what cause and for whose interest his son had given his life, found a place in only a handful of dailies; as a fact, I know of only one, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

It is unnecessary to repeat here the familiar statements about those Washington conditions which stultify the efforts even of able newspaper correspondents there. I think it is pretty generally understood by now that we get only a modicum of news from the capital, mixed with propaganda. But it may be as well to see how the system affects news about foreign relations.

When the British rubber restrictions under the Stevenson Act went into effect some five years ago, Harvey Firestone was conspicuous among the big rubber consumers because, apparently, he wanted to go to war about it. The other tire manufacturers, through the Rubber Institute, entered into negotiations with British officials. They were quite willing to pay a price which would make rubber-growing profitable, and were reasonably disposed to deal with the situation on that basis. Subsequently Secretary Herbert Hoover emitted certain fulminations about alien monopolies of raw materials consumed in American industry, and Harvey Firestone announced that he would buy a rubber plantation of his own. Not even Henry Ford, that past master of personal publicity, who had similar schemes for plantations, got more space in the news columns than Mr. Firestone. He had bought vast areas of rubber lands in Liberia. He would show those Britishers whether they could gouge Americans for long. The newspapers acclaimed his initiative and sagacity, but they failed to tell on what terms he had got his Liberian concession. The conditions of the concession had been imposed with the approval of the United States Government, but the State Department has recently refused to divulge the text of the agreement.

The failure of the newspapers to tell the facts about the Liberian deal may have been due to indolence, to fear of offending Washington, or to a kindly feeling toward a big advertiser. Whatever the cause, the main facts have now been made known by Raymond Leslie Buell in his book *The Native Problem in Africa;* and they bear on our foreign policy. Mr. Firestone has not actually bought any land in Liberia; he has leased immense tracts for ninety-nine years at an annual rental of six cents an acre. Further, he has agreed to lend the African republic five million dollars for forty years at seven per cent. Part of this is to be used in retiring a Liberian loan at five per cent, which will not expire for more than twenty years. The republic, that is to say, must pay seven instead of five per cent for its money. Mr. Firestone's security is a lien on the country's customs. Both the customs and the internal revenue are to be collected under the eye of an American "Adviser," who also will supervise the budget and all disbursements. American military officers are to command the forces of the nation.

These arrangements were made without authorization by Congress, and without the knowledge of the American public. They commit this country to a situation incipiently similar to that we occupy in Haiti, where for twelve years marines have supported our virtual administration of the republic. The Haitian Constitution, originally drawn by Americans, has been amended recently at American instigation in drastic and far-reaching fashion. Under the amendments the rubber-stamp President, who occupies an office protected by our marines, may now remove any Judge of the highest court, although these Judges formerly were appointed for life. He may now suppress any newspaper, and the right of trial by jury is denied to any

editor or political offender. So it goes. What was formerly a republican form of government has been transformed, and its President has been converted into a Mussolini.

Not many newspapers maintain correspondents in Haiti. They depend on the Associated Press and the United Press. The correspondents of both these news agencies are officers of the marines, answerable to their superior officers (and therefore to Uncle Sam) for any news they transmit. If they sent news about these highly significant happenings in an American "protectorate" I cannot find that any paper printed it. An outside correspondent, assigned to Haiti to act as ghost writer for Colonel Lindbergh's "own" story during his Central American flights, looked around him, got the facts, and on his return wrote a series of articles for the *New York Times*. This newspaper, apparently, is the only one which has printed the facts about Haiti.

Whether or not one regards our occupation of Haiti as imperialism, one must agree that the American public was entitled to the facts while they were happening.

In Japan and on the continent of Europe the principal news agencies are subsidized by their governments. Their outgivings on matters of State are recognized as semi-official, and the reader knows where such stories originated. In this country our newspapers boast that neither they nor their agencies are subsidized by the government; but the agencies put out, and the newspapers accept from them and from their Washington correspondents, statements about domestic affairs affecting our foreign relations (such as army and navy matters, as well as diplomatic statements), made by anonymous officials. That is to say, our newspapers are in such matters semi-official, but the reader is not apprised of the fact. I know, for instance, that the falsehood about the elevation of British guns originated with a naval official.

Which is the safer system? Is it better to have twelve hundred of our dailies print on their own authority, for example, a story obtained from an anonymous State Department official, that Mexico is effecting a Bolshevist hegemony in Central America; or, when we read such a story, to know that it is semi-official, and that someone in Washington stands back of it?

Heaven forbid that we should have a Government-supported press. The point I am making is that in many respects our press is no better than if it were the avowed puppet of Washington, and ignobly subsidized.

It is a curious contradiction that American newspapers, acting thus at home as quasi-Administration organs, refuse toploftily to accept material from the semi-official news agencies of Europe and Japan. They depend for information from world capitals either on American news agencies or on their own correspondents. At Geneva they got into a dispute with the semi-official European agencies regarding what has been called the Open Door in news-gathering. Was there to be a recognition of "spheres of influence" in the distribution of information? Questions of censorship were involved, too. The controversy degenerated into a discussion of the sacred property right in news, which is a commodity owned and exploited, in this country, by the agency which has "mined and refined" it. But the Open Door in news is an issue which must be settled in time; and upon the answer will depend to some extent the reliability of the tidings we get from abroad. It will be an ironical commentary if American news agencies, in the process, must answer for their own dubious status at home. Or abroad, in some cases! At the Geneva Conference and in Haiti they acted as government organs.

V

Now, it may be argued that, whether in Geneva or in Haiti or in Washington,

whether inflating sensationalism on occasion or soft-pedaling American indiscretions, our press should be one-hundred-per-cent American. This assumes that if war threatens, for example, the whole press should bellow for war. I do not think it should. It is worth remembering that during the Venezuelan dispute, when conflict seemed imminent between this country and Great Britain, the *World*, to its everlasting credit, lifted its voice for peace and almost single-handed averted war. I say to its eternal credit because to adopt that course required no end of courage. To drift with popular passion, to sound the bugle and beat the drum when millions of readers want to hear them is the easy and profitable thing to do. If war comes the editor is a patriot; if war doesn't come he was no more mistaken than those millions of his fellows. If war comes he has his best-selling story, as I have reminded you. And if war doesn't come it touches his pocket-book. On many occasions the elder Pulitzer was capable of disregarding selfish considerations. My complaint is that the American press to-day presents a personnel below that caliber.

The commercialized press of to-day appears to have forgotten that the *World* was built to its peak, and an immense fortune founded, on the disposition of Joseph Pulitzer to champion unpopular causes and combat mob hysteria. It is impossible for me to fancy that an editor of that sort would do many of the things I have been criticizing here. I do not use the phrase "commercialized press" lightly or inadvisedly. Let me cite one example, touching a journal greatly admired by most newspaper publishers and owners. Well may it be admired, for it has an annual net profit of about four millions, and has boasted editorially that it spent half a million dollars in a single year on cable tolls from the Far East. Yea, verily, it spent thrice that sum in a single year on stories of stunt aviation. This same newspaper paid its Mexico City correspondent, until he was expelled by that government, sixty dollars a week. (The correspondent must have sold a side-line, for he had five children.) As a fact nearly all foreign correspondents are notoriously underpaid, perhaps because any police reporter can send most of the stuff American newspapers seem to prefer.

John Galsworthy once said that if there was to be an improvement in the character of foreign news it must come about through the efforts of editors and newspaper writers. I suspect he knows more about playwriting than about the press, at least the American press. So long as editors pay, and correspondents accept, niggardly wages, we are likely to get a niggardly showing of solid and trustworthy information about foreign relations. The niggardly showing we now get consists of an occasional verbatim report of a treaty or a speech by Poincaré, and Sunday supplement cables. By and large, it is poor pickings.

As to salaries, there is this to be said in fairness. Correspondents in many world capitals send but a small budget of news, and cable rates are high. The rate from Tokyo is thirty-seven cents a word, from Buenos Aires fourteen cents, and so on. Only seven of our newspapers, therefore, maintain any considerable foreign service. The others take what the news agencies supply, and in some cases supplement it with material from one of the seven bureaus. But it may be maintained in equal fairness, I believe, that if the press of this country were to lop one-fourth, let us say, from its outgo in the ballyhoo of murder trials, prize fights, electrocutions, and stunt flying, it could afford a less frivolous service from abroad. Perhaps it could afford also a somewhat better service concerning domestic developments affecting our international relations.

This is offered mildly as a suggestion, not as a solution. There will be no solution until the news editor takes a less irresponsible and reckless attitude toward his role in foreign affairs.

MY SON GETS SPANKED

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

MY nine-year-old son has been tried, condemned, and punished for punching a classmate's nose.

It was not, I gather from the eye-witness testimony of my outraged and retribution-demanding wife, an entirely discreditable performance. I have concluded, after divesting her report of heated imagery, that the blow was a straight right or, at worst, an uppercut with the weight of the body behind it. This is encouraging. In the past my son has shown a perverse fondness for windmill swings.

Nor was it an unprovoked punch. The classmate had taken our offspring's dearest treasure, a pair of miniature field-glasses through which by myopic squintings one may view a speckled picture of Trafalgar Square, London, had refused to return them and, when importuned, had slapped my son's face. In addition, his classmate was larger than he in every dimension.

Yet my son is in disgrace and, until recently, in tears as well, for I, being also larger than he, have smitten him, not on the nose, thereby upholding poetic justice, pacifying a vindictive mother, and satisfying the demands of fair—well, pretty fair, anyway—chivalry.

For the punched classmate was a little girl.

I have seen her, a fat and sponge-shaped maiden with the sponge's powers of absorption. She plays by choice with the boys of the Fourth Grade and obtains much plunder thereby; for most of her playmates, already initiated into the mysteries of Politeness to Ladies, relinquish their property rather than hit, or even tell on, a little girl.

So, I have no doubt, will my own child in the future. The thought should be more gratifying. There is something about Sally's smug pudginess that affronts me, though she never has had opportunity to annex belongings of mine.

And yet I have just spanked my child for sharing too sincerely my own antipathy. He will be obliged to apologize to the larcenous Sally when he returns to school to-morrow. That, as well as the spanking, is my wife's idea.

To-day I have not tried to reveal the moral of his punishment. Usually, when the tumult and the shouting dies we consider together the rights and wrongs of the case. This time we have omitted such discussion. I did not dare open it. I felt my position was precarious, that I might topple therefrom at my son's first "Why?" I might be forced to confess that punching a lady's nose was a crude performance, yet more salutary and sensible than many of the over-emphasized standards of chivalric forbearance. And my wife, I know, is on the alert for further evidence of masculine heresy.

Women are, which is why the institution of chivalry has outlived so sturdily its normal background of tournaments and troubadours, crusades and cuirasses, parfit, gentil knights and queens of love and beauty. These properties of medievalism are

dead as Ivanhoe. Chivalry endures, and my son, for offense thereunder, gets spanked. Thanks to my paddling his manners toward the other sex will be meeker and milder henceforth, and those of the girls he knows will keep right on being bad. I have bound him to that wheel of courteous behavior on which we men of to-day pay for the sins of our forefathers.

The descendant of Dominant Man who swatted his vassal, woman, more often than was necessary expiates his ancestor's iniquity by squirming helplessly in handcuffs fashioned by woman-fostered ethics.

By spanking my son to-day I have done more than correct a misdemeanor. I have, to some extent, crystallized his future. Vague though that still may be, I can read its outline. From now on, acquisitive little girls will take things away from him with impunity. Horrid little girls will make hideous faces at him, mock the clumsiness and shyness that he inherits from me. Jeering little girls will make his life exquisitely miserable.

When he attains the Terrible 'Teens girls, a little drunk with discovery of their power over males, will do hideous things to the first flowerings of romance in his adolescent breast. In maturity women will bump into him in crowds, jostle him on car platforms, break engagements light-heartedly, forget appointments, delay him, irritate him, disregard him, all without word of apology or recognition of offense, thanks to the spanking I have just administered.

I am sorry for my little boy. He is not yet old enough to be sorry for himself. He has not attained that stage of faintly wilted maturity at which a man wonders why a woman who thrusts herself into a line of purchasers ahead of him should not be thrust out again, why sex equality does not extend to manners, why women enjoy an immunity, extending from murders to memoirs.

II

Chivalry had much to recommend it in 1028, or even in 1908. It has less to-day, in the face of woman's growing independence. It will have little, if anything, to justify it when my son comes of age. Women have proved that they can support themselves most satisfactorily. Why, then, I wonder, must a lad with his first job pay for dances, theaters, meals in order to enjoy the company of girls who are earning possibly more than he? It is custom, I know, but that seems an inadequate answer. And yet my son when he earns his first wages will do it too. Chivalry demands it, and he is going to be chivalrous, even if I have to spank him again.

It is years since I have punched anyone in the nose. Being large and blessed with ponderous clumsiness frequently mistaken for power, it is years since any man has given me provocation. A male who treads on your privileges will rectify his error, grouchily or willingly, if you insist. A woman who offends in like manner generally ignores whatever feebly muttered objections you venture. A man knows that behind your objection lies a possible punch in the nose. A woman is sacrosanct under the code of chivalry, and she knows it.

When his chatelaine got on the nerves of bluff Baron Udo de Fitzurse chivalry curbed and redirected his instinct for felonious assault. His wife remained intact while the good baron girded on his armor and worked off his matrimonial grievance on the nearest dragon or ogre, proclaiming meanwhile that his was the fairest, most gracious ladye in all Christendom. Chivalry was a salutary theory for its time and place. But women are not chattels to-day, and all the dragons have been slain. So, I am a little sorry for my son.

He will hear women preach sex equality. He will see them practice

sex superiority. He will see men hanged for killing men and women triumphantly acquitted of the same offense. He will cling, by grace of my spankings, to the hallowed code of masculine reticence. He will read, if feminine memoirs continue their present trend, glibly meticulous accounts by women of their amorous hours. He and his father and ninety-eight per cent of the American male population would lynch right joyously the man who, following the death of his beloved, revealed in print all the clumsy, pathetic details of the woman's illicit love for him. Meanwhile, waiting the advent of this super-swine, we read precisely similar disclosures by women, and sympathize.

My son will see women do many other things that would start a fight were men to attempt them. He will learn that men, the sufferers from feminine presumption, are amazingly willing to punish any of their brethren who resent it—as I have just spanked my own son.

Women as a class are loyal to women, quick to resent affront to one of their number. The man who makes a woman uncomfortable or unhappy, no matter how much she deserves it, is a brute to other women—and to other men.

I worked in a newspaper office with the most completely incompetent, irresponsible girl who ever had the delusion she was a reporter. In the month of her employment—a man as helpless and careless would not have lasted a week—she committed all possible newspaper offenses. That was her sole consistency. She came in late for assignments. She forgot to come back from those she received. Her copy was a latent hornets' nest of misstatement and libel.

When at last she was fired she wept quite publicly, and the men of the night shift who had suffered her negligences and ignorances for thirty days were vastly indignant. They called the belatedly just city editor who had discharged her a brute with no decent feelings, only they said it less printably.

For such masculine lop-sidedness women are responsible. In the first place, mothers pump into their male offspring the ideals of chivalry. They teach their sons that members of the opposite sex are gentle, tender, more delicately and finely fibered, with a higher moral instinct and a cleaner intelligence than men. In the second place, the overwhelming majority of women justify this statement. Unfortunately, majority is not unanimity, as my son is beginning to discover. He will find in time that one aching tooth makes the sufferer forget the thirty-one that are sound. He will spend much of his life marvelling at the consistence of woman's inconsistency.

If he had punched a little boy, his mother might have concealed her pride under a disapproving exterior but secretly she would have been amused and pleased. She would have told me about it, not in a horror-stifled whisper but with a ring of exultation in her voice. She would have rejoiced that our youngster was learning to defend himself, to stick up for his rights—against other males.

I have never heard of a mother who instructed her son in defense tactics against the depredations of little girls. It isn't done. It would be faintly treasonable. Mothers are firm believers in disarmament—by men.

My son will find out that woman, however, retains her traditional and essential weapons. Hers is a quicker, keener, more impatient mind, as any husband will testify who has tried to tell a story his wife already knows within earshot of her. Hers also is an intuition and a stability against passion the average man lacks. Thus equipped, she outranges and outguns man, whose superior hitting power was once his chief defense.

Thanks to this system, man suffers in childhood. He goes through ex-

quisite agony in adolescence unless he be more fortunate than one boy I knew.

The list of women he loved vainly from four years old on is long and sad. The list of women who deserved to be punched is longer and sadder, and many names on the first roster appear also on the second.

He recalls a verse. It wasn't a very good verse, even for twelve years old, but it was the best he could accomplish, and the most perfect of Keats' was never fashioned in a whiter flame. Its first stanza ran:

> Oh, Marion, oh, Marion, I love you
> with all my heart
> And I'll be with you, Marion, till
> death it do us part.

He stuffed it into his inspiration's pencil box during recess. He waited, perspiring, ears glowing violently, on the school steps, fatuously certain that an obviously unprepossessing physical exterior would be disregarded henceforth for the sake of the lyric it had fathered.

And while he lingered, his beloved appeared with a tittering group of satellites and, pausing for their edification before him, recited his poem in the nastiest, most jeering voice his ears have ever admitted. The other little girls screeched horrid glee, and within him he felt his vitals wither and drop to dust.

Eventually he fled, stricken. There was nothing else to do. Had a member of his own sex betrayed trust so foully, his course would have been plain, satisfying, pugilistic.

And again, at fifteen, he sat long in the moonlight with Elizabeth. Probably he was funny. Others have found him so in his devout moments, and Elizabeth and the moon together would have lent the Sphinx eloquence. Elizabeth seemed sympathetic and yet, the next morning, the village soda clerk quoted for his benefit and the merriment of bystanding contemporaries the most perfervid of his protestations, word for word. He forswore ice cream sodas for the rest of that summer. He dared not approach that fountain again. His immediate impulse was to seek out Elizabeth and upon her recently adorable snub nose . . . Oh well, women have their prerogatives and Elizabeth passed out of his life, unscathed.

A man who tells is a dog; a girl who reveals is just a flirt, protected by modern chivalry which is far more long-suffering and spacious than its prototype. Guinevere made a fool out of Arthur but she did not boast of it. My favorite among medieval heroes is not Arthur, Lancelot, or Bayard. It is he who is embalmed in a trumpery poem I was forced to learn in grammar school. I have forgotten the name of my hero and the title and the author of the verses that celebrated him, but I do recall that the knight's inamorata asked if he would dare enter an adjacent cage of lions were she to drop her glove therein. He said he certainly would and she tossed the glove in. He recovered it, unhurt, and then, I recall

> He threw the glove
> But not with love
> Straight in the lady's face.

All the spectators applauded. I still do. The sole improvement I can suggest is that he should have put his hand into the glove first. Medieval chivalry had its moments.

III

My son, in time, may come to wonder whether consciousness of immunity is a particularly good thing for anyone. He will find it an improving exercise for male self-control never to resent feminine boorishness but he will grow to doubt whether this restraint is really beneficial to women themselves.

Eventually he may become the least bit resentful and jealous. A man cannot see women triumphantly perform-

ing things which, were he to attempt them, would result in a swift ride to the nearest hospital, without a lurking wrath which, thanks to chivalry's strictures, contents itself with lurking.

Women can argue successfully with traffic cops. I know a girl who ran over one once and, when her justifiably indignant victim pursued and overtook her, wept so prettily that she escaped with nothing more severe than a lecture on traffic laws.

Women can publicly berate men as no male may. I cherish the average human's antipathy to headwaiters, yet I was almost sorry for one who because he stepped by accident on a woman patron's foot was forced to endure, gasping and cringing, a tirade audible to the entire restaurant. When at last she had finished the headwaiter gave me a miserably false smile and shrugged. That is the most a man can do.

Five of us on the late watch in a newspaper office played poker after the last edition had gone to bed. Andy had opened the pot when suddenly the rest of us were aware that a woman, rigid of body and face, had materialized behind his chair. There she stood, voiceless, while we four stared, mute, abashed, as men must be when confronted by the specter of outraged femininity. The fifth, poor hapless Andy, spread his cards in his cupped hands and reiterated, "Opened for a dime." He looked up, saw our faces, and turned.

He seemed as dumb-smitten as we and, besides, she gave him small margin for speech.

"So," her voice rang through the empty office, "this is the way you work late, is it?"

"But, my dear," the culprit protested. "I—"

"You get your hat," his wife interrupted.

Andy strove to regain at least the semblance of independence.

"Just as soon as I play this hand," he told her with the mirthless, fixed smile of the seasick.

"You'll march right straight home now," she ordered with a ponderous emphasis on every word, and Andy picked up his hat and marched. After he had been led away the survivors told one another what we should do if our wives acted like that. The recitals were impassioned, sanguinary, but it was only the vainglorious babble of men not under fire, and each of us knew all the others were lying.

Furthermore, had Andy embarked upon reprisal, we should have pitied his poor wife wedded to a brute.

The above, I recognize, is comic-strip material yet it is sober fact, reported as accurately as one with newspaper training may write. And I who have just recreated that hideous incident have recently spanked my son for not being more like Andy.

And speaking of comic strips, the irate wife who beats her husband with a rolling pin, or whatever weapon is handy, has an apparently deathless flavor of humor. I have never seen a comic picture in which a woman was smitten by a man, no matter how well she deserved it. Chivalry reigns inviolable, even in cartoon land.

My son may disagree, but there are few more pacific than I. Whatever irritation prompted this has been spent long since. Some of my best friends are women. I shall live on excellent terms with their sex until:

I see a woman deliberately hold up a line before a railway ticket window while she discusses trains at length, trembles for minutes on the brink of decision, at last orders a ticket, waits until it is made out and pushed toward her before she begins to fumble in her purse, deals out money, and continues to block the window while she counts her change, bit by bit, serenely ignoring the impatience of the line dammed up and damning her. I shall think the thoughts suitable to a person brought

up by a chivalry reverencing mother until then or until:

I stand in a queue before a box office and see a woman, unthwarted, barge in and purchase seats belonging rightfully to men who have waited long minutes in line, or until:

The next woman shopper calmly appropriates the clerk who had been about to wait on a mere man, picks up something a male has selected, announces that this is just what she wants, and scowls indignantly if the man protests. I shall perpetuate, after my fashion, the Arthurian tradition, blind to anachronism, until the next woman crowds into a station exit against the outpouring crowd, or stands blocking a car doorway while passengers squeeze past her, or takes the seat I offer as if it were something I had borrowed without permission and was returning belatedly.

And even when I survey these offenses again, as I shall certainly within the next week, I shall only squirm inwardly or at most mutter to my nearest male neighbor that women are the limit. He will agree. And that is all that will happen.

Were a man to attempt the violations of fairness, consideration, courtesy cited at random above, he would be dissuaded by the threats and curses of other men or, were he then to persist, some guardian of masculine freedom, what there is of it, would punch him. Men know what will happen if they offend. Women know what will happen if they do. And there we are. And there we stay.

I suspect that if I had praised instead of spanked my son the absorbent and suety Sally would grow into a better and more considerate woman and my offspring himself might become eventually a prophet, an iconoclast, overthrowing Tenth-Century images of chivalric conduct. Yet it is better that I spanked him. The world is unkind to Messiahs, and even the father of a herald of true sex equality would fall heir to an insupportable amount of misery.

MARRIAGE AND MONEY

BY G. V. HAMILTON, M.D., AND KENNETH MACGOWAN

This is a second article based on the detailed scientific research into the married life of one hundred men and one hundred women, conducted by Doctor Hamilton under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The first article, "Marriage and Love Affairs," appeared in our August issue.

—*The Editors.*

THIS is the story that two hundred men and women told about marriage and money—*their* marriages and *their* money. They were intelligent people. Nine-tenths of them had been to college, and most of them were employed in more or less important work. They weren't the sort of people that go to nerve specialists. They were as happily married as most of us—about fifty per cent had found reasonable contentment with their spouses. As for their money—half of the men earned less than five thousand dollars a year, and half of the women had never earned anything or never enjoyed a private income from investments. Half of them did not own a home. A third had saved nothing, and a third had saved less than five thousand dollars.

These two hundred people knew a good deal about the problem of trying to live a satisfactory and harmonious married life while keeping a weather eye on the lean wolf crouched just outside the door. They confessed how far friction over money had jarred their married lives. They showed how much more complacent men were over small incomes than women. They discussed the failure of budgets and the effects of allowances or joint bank accounts on the happiness of wives. They determined whether their partners were extravagant, fair, or stingy in money matters. And they went exhaustively into the moot question of whether modern, money-earning wives are happier than old-fashioned, dependent women.

They talked on a great many other problems of married life. For they were answering about four hundred questions that dealt extensively, and very frankly indeed, with the most intimate relations of husbands and wives. It took them nearly two years to answer the questions: they came one at a time to the examiner's office and spent from two to thirty hours each on the job. This was no mail-order questionnaire, but on the other hand it wasn't a psychoanalytic cross-examination, with the doctor injecting suggestions, distorting the natural responses, and altering the method of examination for each person. The questions were typed on cards, and all the examiner did was to sit still and write down exactly what the men and women said—two million words, all told. The result was a great deal of information which could be compared and analyzed with scientific accuracy.

The purpose of this research was not to get a picture of the average marriage. The institution that financed the research and the committee of scientists who sponsored it knew that it would take many years, thousands upon thousands of human guinea pigs, and God-given clairvoyance to achieve any such thing. But they did believe that this study would tell a number of important things

about the marriage relations of at least one group of intelligent human beings in a large city. The completed study does just that. It provides a mass of information on marital happiness and unhappiness, mothers-in-law, birth control, jealousy, child-bearing, the family background, day dreams, thirteen hundred and fifty-eight love affairs, alcoholism, "inferiority complexes," pay envelopes, and dozens of just as miscellaneous matters. Out of all this the present article is going to try to present some of the findings on the money problem.

II

Obviously, money plays a big part in married life. Poverty and prosperity must affect any relationship of two human beings, not to speak of so intimate a one as marriage. The mental attitudes of men and women—instinctive extravagance, instinctive stinginess, natural dependence, combative touchiness, all the quirks of human nature—add their complications to the simple fact of income and expense. Even the cave man faced this problem; for a hard winter or a dearth of game meant something emotional for the Neanderthal husband and wife which finds an exaggerated parallel nowadays in hard times, strikes, a cut in pay, or bankruptcy.

Modern life, particularly the life of a great, sophisticated city, provides a fine lot of special complications. Since those days when the advent of machinery brought on the industrial revolution of a century ago, woman's whole place in marriage has been enormously altered on the economic side. She used to run a sort of home-factory for the making of clothes, candles, soap, canned food, and dozens of other things right alongside of the nursery. Now she goes out to work for hire in a factory run by some other woman's husband, or stays at home in what is often unnatural, worried idleness. Woman earns money and spends money for the first time in her career. Hence she judges marriage on a wholly new basis—for better or worse. She isn't so dependent on her father or her suitors as she used to be, and she isn't so important to the industrial welfare of the home. The married woman demands or expects money of her own instead of important or vital work in her home-factory. Often she contributes to the support of the family. She isn't so dependent on her husband, and he in turn isn't so dependent on her. The complications of this wage-earning machine-age are almost endless in their bearing on the financial relations of married men and women.

It is an odd fact that all the illumination which the work of Sigmund Freud has brought to human psychology tends first of all to complicate the question of what effect money has on marriage. For Freud has made us see that our financial attitudes aren't the simple, obvious things we imagine them to be. He has shown us that many a man may be stingy or extravagant, not because he was brought up in poverty or affluence, but because his mother bent the forerunners of his sex instincts in an unhealthful way before he was five years old. Further, Freud has shown us why it is that a woman who gets no deep physical satisfaction out of marriage is likely to be extravagant with money, and the explanation lies in what her mother did to warp her infantile equivalents of the sex instinct. And, incidentally, this research has shown that only a third of the women who are conscious of extravagance enjoy their marriages to the full, while two-thirds of the women who seem fair and balanced in money matters get complete physical satisfaction.

Here is another complication which may prepare your mind for appraising the facts of this research. A large number of wives earn enough money to affect seriously the old dependence of the woman on the man. The research shows, curiously enough, that such wives are not as happy as those who are less independent financially. But you must pause and consider whether this may

not mean merely that wives who find themselves unhappy in marriage go out seeking the satisfaction of money-making.

III

Before he began this research the examiner had long felt that money played a most important part in marriage. He believed that a great many marriages were wrecked on either the hardships of inadequate income or the dissipations of too much leisure. The study changed his opinion to a very large degree. These two hundred intimate autobiographies strongly suggest that friction over money is usually a symptom of something else wrong with marriage. It is not necessarily the cause of the trouble.

These interesting documents have turned out, in a sense, to be studies of the child in the man. They emphasize and re-emphasize the fact that things can happen to a boy in the first five or six years of his life which will make it almost impossible for him to find a reasonably satisfying marriage. Let us take a few instances. A boy who is constantly thwarted by his mother in thing after thing which is not important to anyone else gets an instinct for resisting thwarters, and a conviction that all women are principally concerned with interfering with him. He carries this attitude over into marriage and instinctively resists his wife. Another boy gets such a violent attachment for his mother that he can be happy only when married to a duplicate of her, and then in adolescence certain tendencies drive him to marry someone as different as possible from the only woman he can be happy with. Other children are made to fear sex so violently that they cannot possibly live comfortably in a relationship based on sex. Fathers who constantly belittle their wives create in the infantile mind of the son a contempt for women which mars his later ability to love and admire any wife—even his neighbor's!

The man—or woman—whose nature has been distorted like this in childhood will be unhappy in married life, and he will be fatally impelled to look for pegs on which to hang his dissatisfactions. He won't even see the fault in himself. He will look for some fault in his wife. Differences of opinion about how to use the family income are some of the handiest pegs available.

It is very difficult and expensive to undo after you are married the things that your mother or father did to you while you were putting your first six birthdays behind you. Even if you are lucky enough to find a very good psychiatrist it is sometimes impossible to correct the harm already done. The ideal method, of course, is to get yourself cured of those traits which keep you on the lookout for something in your marriage to be discontented about; but, as this ideal can never be fully attained, the wise spouse will give some thought to the possibility that a good many sources of surface discontent are preventable. Since family economics is traditionally one of these sources, an analysis of what a hundred husbands and a hundred wives have to say about money has a practical bearing and perhaps a vital interest for all of us.

IV

How many of the two hundred men and women, do you suppose, were living in a state of matrimony aggravated by friction over money? A little over a fifth of them. Some of the forty-two were more irritated than others. Twenty-six men and women answered a short, sharp "Yes" to the question: "Is there much friction between you on account of money?" The rest said "Yes" and then hedged in the direction of a denial.

But how did the men and women compare? Which sex felt more sharply the spurs of economic pressure—the male, ever occupied with the problems, dilemmas, and dangers of money-hunting, or the female, more or less sheltered from the business world and concerned

with child-raising and home-making? To an altogether astonishing degree, it was the wives who found economic friction in their married lives. Twenty-six people answered an unqualified "yes" to that question, but only four of them were men. Among those who hedged the men predominated; yet, all told, there were only seventeen husbands who admitted any kind of friction, against twenty-five wives who were unhappy over money matters.

Some of the answers—paraphrased enough to disguise them even from their authors—will inject a little human nature into these statistics. A few men penetrate the secret that domestic economics may be merely a peg on which to hang a more general complaint; one of these says, "There has never been much friction. That has all been a by-product of other kinds of irritation." Another man says, "Yes, there's been friction, but the roots of the friction went down into temperamental differences between us—in our sense of the values of life." Most of the answers are more conventional, more limited in outlook, more typical of that insensitiveness to money matters which is commonly attributed to husbands:

"I haven't been successful, and my wife can't forgive that." "Right now I think money is the cause of much unhappiness, though we don't mention it often." "She thinks I am too much of an easy mark with other people. She complains that, when there is a party, I'm always the first one to ask for the check." "We never have any friction except about money." "I don't think we have any real friction, but I'm afraid she'd be a lot happier if I earned more money and was as thrifty as she is." "We don't have any friction except on the evening when I have to write checks for the month's bills. I get peeved then, though I always realize that I haven't any right to be."

At least one woman knows that "the money friction is a reflection of other things that are wrong." But the bulk of them take money very seriously, far more seriously than the men: "Money has always made for friction in some way or other." "We don't talk about it much, but he knows I think he ought to show more interest in making a better income." "I'm balled up about money. I don't like to ask him for money for things even when he has told me to get them. It always seems as if when I ask for money for a hat he sits down and starts reckoning his bank account." "I am irritated that he spends as much money on clubs, cigars, and his car as would give me a servant. It made me bitter to have to scrub and do the laundry while he was living the life of a well-fixed bachelor." "Just one thing has made friction between us and that is not having enough money. We've both been getting frightfully sensitive about it. We hadn't realized how important it was—not just having too little money, but the uncertainty of not knowing how long it would keep up." "There's friction when he drops good-paying jobs and takes on non-paying ones." "I think the most irritating thing about our marriage is the struggle for existence." "There has been some friction, but I think there is in most families with small incomes."

Now these two hundred men and women had all been married, but they were not all married to one another. They did not all come in couples. A little more than half of the men who answered these questions were married to women who were also taking part in this research in marriage. Let us explore the records of these couples and throw out the rest.

Here we find the same phenomena of economically upset women and comparatively comfortable men. Out of the fifty-five wives whose husbands answered the questions about financial friction, eleven said unqualifiedly that there was "much friction on account of money." Only two of their husbands were aware of it, and three more hedged. There was only one husband who re-

corded friction that his wife was unable to observe. The couples bore out the significant reports of the two hundred men and women *en masse*. Obviously, a large number of such husbands are unable to recognize economic friction when they meet it—or else their wives are seeing phantoms.

So far as these men and women are concerned, economic friction seems to have been more important in early married life than later. And the men snapped out of it sooner than the women. The next question in the research shows this. While the first question asked if there were *present* friction, the second asked if there had *ever* been friction in the past. Where forty-two of the two hundred admitted more or less present friction, almost twice as many reported trouble at some previous time. And here the men stood up pretty well by comparison. There were thirty-eight men who either answered "yes" or hedged, and there were only forty women. But again the women were far more ready with a downright affirmative.

About a dozen of the questions provided enough information for a general estimate of the number of men and women who had found satisfactory marriages. There were fifty-one men who "passed," but only forty-five women. This test provided an interesting angle on the economic frictions of married life. Ninety-six per cent of the satisfied husbands found little or no financial friction, against only eighty-six per cent of the satisfied women. Not one man among those who were satisfactorily married reported any present friction over money, while six of the same class of women felt that they and their husbands were at odds over it.

V

The cause of economic friction isn't easy to spot—which ought to bear out the idea that money matters are merely a convenient peg for the complaints of the unhappy. The answers that the men and women gave to questions about the extravagance of their mates were much too temperate and easy-going. The only illuminating thing about them was that, again, the women were much more sensitive and apprehensive than the men.

The first question on this topic sought to penetrate into the extravagance of wives. The men were asked if their wives spent more for personal and household things than they considered fair, and their wives were asked if their husbands thought they did. Eighty-two of the hundred men promptly answered "no," but only seventy-five wives were at all confident that their husbands thought them economical.

In answer to the next question, eighty-seven men said their wives were fair in reference to money matters, but only sixty-six women said as much for their husbands. Not one man said that his wife was generally stingy, but nine women thought their husbands were stingy. Four men said their wives were extravagant, but seventeen women thought their husbands were. Three men said their wives were erratic, and five women made the same charge. Again, the women saw a much blacker picture than the men.

The most interesting angle on marital extravagance came from a question as to what each spouse thought the other thought about him or her. The examiner made the rather astonishing discovery that, although only four men had said that their wives were extravagant, no less than fifteen women went about imagining that their husbands thought them profligate in money matters. On the other hand, the men succeeded in guessing pretty accurately how many wives thought them extravagant.

There are three possible explanations: Perhaps wives are more extravagant than their husbands realize, *and the wives know it*. Perhaps husbands try to keep their wives in check by pretend-

ing a great deal of alarm over money-spending. Or else women are much tenser about money matters, much more sensitive and apprehensive of criticism than any mere man appreciates.

How far is economic friction due to the size of the income? If a man earns less than five thousand dollars a year, is he more likely to be unhappy in his marriage than he would be if he earned more? With the men of our research the size of income seemed to make very little difference. Fifty men earned more than five thousand a year, and fifty earned less. Twenty-six of the richer men turned out to have satisfactory marriages, and twenty-five of the poorer. The largest difference—and it wasn't very large—came in the men who were separated from their wives or divorced.

The pay envelope does seem to affect wives—or at any rate the hundred wives we are dealing with. Twenty-seven wives of the richer husbands were happy in their marriages, but there were only eighteen poor but happy wives against the twenty-five poor but happy husbands. To sum it up in a different way, fifty-two per cent of the prosperous men were happily married against fifty per cent of the not-so-prosperous. Among the women the figures were fifty-four per cent against thirty-six per cent. To these women there was something of importance in the pay envelope.

VI

The income may be large or the income may be small, yet a husband or a wife can find plenty of dissatisfaction in the way that the income is managed. A small income fairly distributed between the two of them may prove far less troublesome than twenty thousand dollars a year controlled by a niggardly husband who doles out even the household expenses grudgingly.

There are three main ways of dividing a family income. One is the old-fashioned system of the husband's taking charge of all the money, paying all the bills, and doling out funds to the wife as she asks for them. Another is a little more modern—the setting aside of an allowance for the wife, or perhaps the use of a complete budget system. The third is more apt to be found in matings where feministic theories are prominent: here there is a joint bank account, or the wife handles all the money.

Sixty-six of the men and women of this research ran their finances on the oldest plan—no allowance for the wife. Seventy-three had arrangements involving some sort of allowance or budget. Fifty-four went on the joint bank account or partnership basis. There were a few who could not be easily classified.

As far as the examiner could judge, the method of handling the family funds bore a certain relation—though not a very marked relation—to the satisfaction of these men and women in their marriages. Remembering that fifty-one per cent of the men and forty-five per cent of the women were happily married, consider the following figures:

System of family finance	*Per cent of men happily married*	*Per cent of women happily married*
No allowance for wife.....	54%	53%
Allowance or budget.....	54%	42%
Joint account or partnership...	46%	39%

The old-fashioned no-allowance method easily won out over the modern partnership method of handling domestic finances. Allowances left husbands a little better satisfied than the average and wives a little less satisfied. The men and women were equally unhappy under the partnership arrangement. The only system that worked well for the women was the no-allowance system. The only system that didn't work for the men was partnership. In other words, allowances seemed to make little difference, husbands and wives who shared alike appeared less happy, and those who threw economic independence out of the window were the most contented of all.

This may merely mean, of course, that couples who are naturally and instinctively happy together won't bother their heads about modern methods of handling family finances. Complicated attempts to avoid unfairness and possible friction over money may be only for those who feel uncertain enough of their happiness to need it.

Test out these three financial systems by what these men and women said about friction over money matters, and we get another piece of interesting evidence that money may be merely the peg for general complaints. Consider the following table which gives the happiness of the men and the women under each of the three systems of domestic finance, and the friction under each system:

System of family finance	*Per cent happily married* MEN-WOMEN	*Per cent reporting friction* MEN-WOMEN
No allowance for wife	54%–53%	8%–35%
Allowance or budget	54%–42%	17%–23%
Joint account or partnership	46%–39%	24%–11%

Note how the friction reported by the men increases as their happiness decreases, a perfectly obvious pattern. With the women—as so often in this research—it is just the opposite. A third of the women in contented economic subjection find this condition something to talk about. They may be happier than the rest, yet they are happier not because of the financial arrangement but in spite of it. Their relations to their husbands are sound on other scores. Would a joint bank account make their physical or temperamental satisfaction any less?

Incidentally, the research brought out that eighty per cent of the women kept within their allowances when they had any. A half of the men and women had used the budget system, and half of those that had used budgets found them unsuccessful or a nuisance.

VII

A wife with an allowance is one thing. A wife with her own income—earned by her own work outside the home—is another. The common supposition these days is that a wife who earns her own living is likely to be happier personally and also happier in marriage than a wife wholly dependent on her husband. At least that is the "modern" view of it. As this research had to do with a large proportion of the kind of people who hold this view, the information on this point seems particularly significant.

In discussing friction over money matters a certain number of men and women brought up troubles over the wife's earning money. None of the men referred very heatedly to the subject, however. One said, "My wife has resented some of my activities because she has contributed to the family finances." Another said, "There was a good deal of friction. This seems strange to me, but I think it amounted to this—she always wished to be economically independent, and the child prevented it. There wasn't friction so much as continual disappointment on her part because she wasn't earning some of our income."

Here are paraphrases of two comments by women which show the very opposite sides of the problem. One said, "He thought I ought to go out and earn money." Another said, "Shortly after we were married the necessity for my contributing anything to the family income stopped and I quit my job. Now he throws it up to me that I'm living on his money."

It is a little hard to say just how much of an income a wife has to have to make its weight felt by the husband. A simple approach is to divide the women on the basis of no earnings at all against any earnings no matter how small. This produces a group of about thirty-five wage-earning wives and a group of about sixty-five who never earned a

penny. Test these wives—and the husbands, too—as to how satisfied they are with their marriages, and the results are highly interesting.

The ultra-feminist will not be at all surprised to find that the husbands whose wives earn nothing are far more content with their marriages than the husbands of wage-earners. Sixty-one per cent of the husbands with dependent wives are satisfied, against only forty-four per cent of the other husbands. *Ergo*, man wants to keep woman in subjection, and he is happiest when she hasn't the slightest shade of economic independence.

But what about the wives? With no regard whatever for feminist theory, they agree with the men—and even go them one better. Sixty-three per cent of the dependent wives proved satisfied, while only twenty-five per cent of the wage-earning women found their marriages distinctly comfortable. It is particularly interesting to note that among the separated and divorced the wage-earning women lead all the rest by a very wide margin.

The research provided another way of testing this matter. There were two questions which tried to learn how far men were annoyed by having their wives help them support the family. The men were asked, "Does your wife ever make you feel uncomfortable because she contributes toward the family support or her own support out of money of her own?" The women were asked if they believed they made their husbands uncomfortable by helping out financially. Thirteen of the men admitted that at one time or another they had felt uncomfortable over this, but only eight declared emphatically that they were uncomfortable at the present moment. Fifteen women believed their husbands had been made uncomfortable, and all fifteen said so emphatically, and for the present moment. Again the women were exaggerating in numbers and vehemence the replies of the men.

In their actual answers the men are almost tepid on the subject. One replies, "Not a bit. I'm rather proud that she can make money of her own. It makes her feel that she is not a mere shadow of a man. We're each doing our share in the different activities necessary to carry on a home." Another says, "I'd like her to do more of it. I have no pride in wanting to furnish the money she spends." Here is a man who is a shade displeased, "At times I feel uncomfortable. She has her own money, and I can't tell her not to waste it." Another answers, "She has contributed a great deal more than I have to the support of the family, and she has done it with a fine spirit that everything she has is mine. But I have certain feelings of injured pride because my earnings aren't enough." And here comes the conventional he-man, "She doesn't try to make me uncomfortable, I know. But I dislike very distinctly the fact that she went to work."

The replies of the women are far more variegated, sensitive, and vehement, "He has always had a fit when I got a big order. He has always had a fit over my earning anything in any way." "I was sublimely happy during the year I worked." "I suppose I made him uncomfortable the first few years without intending it. If the subject ever comes up I have to appear pretty disinterested." "I try not to make him feel uncomfortable. I think a man does feel uncomfortable if his wife helps him support the family. He's extravagant in little things, and I hate to see him not doing his share toward supporting the family." "I often pride myself on being able to make him uncomfortable because I can support myself." "I thought if I did things for him he would love me more. But I think, instead, he has accepted things and resented, too." "If I didn't have any money of my own he'd be more ambitious." "God knows, I'm afraid I have made him uncomfortable. Men are so sensitive about that. You have to walk a tightrope to keep them from feeling

uncomfortable. He has a theory that women expect the men to support them, and I guess that bothers him." "I think my husband has the feministic idea about this even stronger than I have. We both feel a wife ought to be contributing to her own support. Sometimes I'm very uncomfortable about not earning anything." "My husband is very modern. Instead of feeling uncomfortable because I help, he agrees with the partnership idea. He feels that this age is unfair to men, because it gives women a monopoly of leisure." "I should feel humiliated if I had been the one to be supported. I wouldn't want to be supported by a man."

Now there were not only wage-earning wives in this research. There were also wives who contributed an inherited income to the family support but did not go out to work. From these cases we may get a suggestion as to how important the *source* of a woman's income may be in affecting her husband's happiness and her own. There were twenty women who had had unearned incomes totaling more than $500 over the period of their marriages, and twenty-four men with wives in this class. These men were happier than the husbands of wives who went out to work and only a shade below the average for the whole hundred; they showed 50 per cent of happy marriages. The stay-at-home women with unearned incomes were even happier—60 per cent—though not quite so happy as the wholly dependent women. The comparison is perhaps clearer in the following table:

	Per cent of happy husbands	*Per cent of happy wives*
Where wives were wholly dependent	61%	68%
Where wives contributed income but did not earn money	50%	60%
Where wives earned money	44%	25%

This pattern is plain enough. It may be merely the pattern of a passing generation, a generation taught in childhood that woman's place is the home; but, at any rate, it is the pattern of these two hundred people of the second quarter of the twentieth century. The men and women are happiest where the wives are wholly dependent financially. The men don't object to receiving money from their wives—for these men are average happy. The women who center their lives about the home are happy to contribute some financial aid from inherited income, and they may be happy, too, to know that they stay with their husbands of their own free will and not because of an inability to support themselves. But the women who give time and energy to money-making do not show happy homes. The difficulty seems, perhaps, to arise not from economic independence so much as from the desire to work outside the home. Economic independence seems more the consequence of an unhappy marriage than its cause, and yet we cannot definitely say. Here we have the old dilemma of the hen and the egg. We cannot know whether the economically independent egg hatches a dissatisfied hen, or the dissatisfied hen lays an economically independent egg. But we do know that the hen is far more interested in egg-laying than the rooster. She is quite emotional on the subject. You have heard her cackle.

VIII

It was rather surprising to learn that almost a third of the men and women had saved nothing during married life. It was still more surprising to discover that seven men and fifteen women didn't know whether they had saved anything. And perhaps the biggest surprise—and the most satisfactory—was that the blame didn't rest on the wives. Twelve women said it was the husband's fault, and a dozen husbands admitted that it was their own fault. Six wives were equally ready to accuse themselves, but only four husbands pointed the finger of accusation at their wives. Nine men and eight women

said both of the spouses were to blame.

If somebody has to be blamed for the failure of these men and women to save a reasonable amount of money, the examiner believes that the fault must be laid at the door of his own profession. It is the doctor's fault. They levy an enormously large tax on married couples. After the formal study was over the examiner extended it informally, and in the course of his inquiries he found these men and women constantly referring to the fact that they had been kept in debt by doctor's bills. Where the average income of these couples was less than five thousand a year the doctors who treated them undoubtedly earned far more, without having any greater ability or longer apprenticeship than most of these laymen. The doctor who earns twenty-five thousand dollars a year may be no better equipped and no more able than the five-thousand-dollar college professor, or the engineers, artists, teachers, and writers among the hundred men of this investigation.

The question whether men and women who save are more happily married than those who do not showed the same result as most of the other questions involved in the economic side of this research. The women exaggerated the conclusions of the men.

Not so many of the happily married were to be found among the men and women who had saved nothing. Less than thirty-seven per cent of the men who hadn't saved could be listed as satisfied with their marriages. And the women whose husbands hadn't saved showed a still smaller percentage —thirty-two per cent. Lack of saving appeared to be tied up with marital unhappiness, and the women exaggerated this more than the men.

IX

By and large, this research seems to show three things about money and marriage.

It shows, first of all, that money is a less important factor in married unhappiness than the examiner had believed.

It shows, in the second place, that women put much more store by money than men do. Apart from the general impression that you must have gained from the evidence, another collection of figures certainly suggests that wives are more likely to go on loving men who bring home the bacon. Fifty-five per cent of the women married to business men were happy, while no other class came nearer than forty-five per cent, and the average of all the rest was still lower.

It shows, further—and here is where husbands can learn something of practical value from the research—that women are far more sensitive than men to all these matters of money. They are more conscious of friction over finances. They are unhappier over small incomes and the threat of poverty. They are absurdly apprehensive that their husbands think them extravagant. They are sensitive about economic dependence and yet money-earning seems to make them unhappier in marriage than their husbands. They are unhappier over the failure to save money and they are readier to blame themselves for it.

The obvious conclusion—which every husband should take to heart—is not that the old economic order is the only possible order in marriage. It is rather that a hundred other things—some far back in the past—are making trouble which men and women blame on money, and that men must exert the greatest amount of thought and consideration to do away with all the irritations over money which go to complicate man and woman's already very complicated difficulties over marriage. There is no general recipe. Every case is a special case, especially created by a father or a mother a generation ago.

THE TWO BUSINESS MEN

A STORY

BY MARY JOHNSTON

"I alwuz liked dead people en done all I could for 'em."—*Huckleberry Finn*

FOR a tired teacher of mathematics in a small woman's college (small college; the girls were average), without much money and scrimpy with teachers, Fisherman's Luck proved the round hole for the round peg. It wasn't expensive. It used to be a modest log house, but got added to in various directions until it sprawled in a comfortable way. It had called unto itself offspring in the shape of three or four detached cabins: happy, old-time, log ones, buried in hemlock and white pine and mountain linden and such. The guests at Fisherman's Luck, or Berry's, as it was mostly called, were hardly what you call fashionable, though they were solid enough, some of them. Once a man tired of staggering under big business found this place out, and he told three or four others in a like predicament. Year after year they came to Berry's for a few weeks and wiped off the world. As near as might be, that is.

Fisherman's Luck, or Berry's, lived two thousand and odd feet above the sea and in untrammeled mountains, ten miles from a railroad, and with some peculiarity in the sunshine. It had a spring of ice-cold sulphur water jetting from a cliff hung with ferns and topped by Judas tree and shad bush and rhododendron. Black bass inhabited Winding River, and mountain trout Old Woman Creek and Calico Creek. Yes, those business men enduringly liked it. So did I who wasn't a business man. So did three or four other teachers, men and women, and a poet from New York, and a mighty fisherman from Kentucky, and old Colonel Corbin and his daughter-in-law and her children, and a botanist who was making a botany, and his offspring, two young rapscallions, boy and girl, and the Reverend Mr. Birdsong, and Miss Watkins the librarian, and a few others who are dimmer in my mind. The food was good. After the second day, no matter how many colleges were behind you, in walked mountain appetite. Thin, sun-packed mountain air, right exercise, and a kind of diffused peace-on-earth sensation—that was Berry's. The proprietors were Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Mr. Berry born on the spot, sixty years earlier, Mrs. Berry his cousin. They had a daughter, Lucinda Berry, the sunny side of forty and a strong, industrious piece of mountain timber. Two nephews, Tom and Luke, pretty good, tall, lank young fellows, completed the family. Each summer half a dozen colored folk came from the nearest town, lived in two or three shacks down by a small, abandoned saw mill, and furnished service of kinds. Fisherman's Luck was a primitive place, all right, but, Lord! how we liked it and looked forward through all the grind of the year to getting up there each summer. I know I looked forward to it, and the business men did, for they told me so.

They were big business, miles away from any ideas that the rest of us

at Berry's could entertain. My first three summers there were four of them. Then I missed a year, having to teach mathematics at a summer school. The next June I was back again, and glad enough to be there. But this year I found only three big business men. The other one had died in the winter.

Miss Watkins the librarian and I went walking beside Winding River. I've always been a lonely fish, and I don't usually go walking with young women. It's enough to teach them. Not that I have anything against women. That would be absurd. But I am one of the kind that have the hermit in them. However, Miss Watkins was like a sister or a first cousin raised in the family. The river that was very clear and quiet with great sycamores slanting over it and alder and willow and maple and the rest of it made my heart ache with pleasure after college. A boat passed, a man fishing, a darky rowing. It went over to the other side under the willows, and we walked without Mr. Arnold seeing us.

"He isn't like himself this summer," said Miss Watkins. "I suppose it's Mr. Beckwith's death."

Arnold was Iron and Steel. Beckwith had been Railroads. Arnold came first to Fisherman's Luck but brought Beckwith the next summer. They had always fished together. We watched the boat. It kept on past a certain pool, a little bay in the river, with a huge sycamore leaning over and a tall pine shooting up to the sky and a bed of ledgy slate. For some undecipherable reason black bass had a penchant for this place. That being so, this reach of the river had come to be regarded as sacred to the big business men, and finally to Mr. Arnold and Mr. Beckwith.

"He hasn't fished here at all this summer," said Miss Watkins. "But Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson seem to consider that it would be indelicate for them to step in just yet. Captain Schloss also seems to have some feeling about it. Come to think of it, no one does fish here this summer, not even the boys."

My Lord, it was clear and peaceful and sweet! A fish jumped. A little cloud, stretched like an Arabian Nights' traveling carpet, sailed over head. Under the sycamore there ran out into the water a tiny horn of sand and pebbles, and beside it lay an old scarred broken boat. "The Berrys left it there," said Miss Watkins. "No one uses it unless it is the colored men after hours."

The botanist's two children, who were thirteen and fifteen, and as wild as March hares, carried me off to see a cave they had discovered up Calico Creek. Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson and Captain Schloss the Kentucky fisherman were all up Calico. We passed them, going on to the cliffs. Said Jane, "Mr. Arnold's down Winding, just with old old Peter."

Jim said, "He's a lonely cuss!"

"He's got something," said Jane, "on his mind."

"He's got ten millions, father says. Whew, it must be heavy!"

"Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson have got most as much, I reckon. It don't seem to turn them sulky! No. It's about Mr. Beckwith."

"What about him? He's dead."

I said, "They were old friends. Don't you know what 'old friends' is, Jim and Jane?"

"I know all about it," said Jane. "Captain Schloss told Mrs. Berry and I heard. He said that Major Jackson told him. She said that Mr. Arnold was that gloomy and not a bit like himself, and he said that Major Jackson said it wasn't just sorrow for a friend, for friends had to die, and time and the world went on, certainly in the world of finance it did, and you had to live and men went out and came in all the time. But Major Jackson told Captain Schloss that Mr. Beckwith died at the beginning or in the middle, he didn't know which, of a big misunderstanding or quarrel or feud between him and Mr. Arnold. Captain Schloss it was that called it a

feud. He didn't say whether it had come to laying for each other with guns behind corn shocks and worm fences. But anyhow Major Jackson said Mr. Beckwith died, that quick! before they could settle it. He told Captain Schloss that nobody really understands it, for it wasn't like either of them. He said that there ought to be a provision of nature against dying with things unexplained, but there isn't. It was a quarrel, all right. And he says Mr. Arnold can't digest it or get rid of it and it's that that makes him gloomy."

In a week's time my newness wore off and we all settled into our own ways. Winter school and summer school and other things had worn me down. I wanted just rest in solitude for at least half the time. I walked a good deal, but chiefly at last I came to lie on the banks of Winding River. It seemed to be sufficient.

At last I settled down to the shore of that pool where no one fished this summer.

I liked the sycamore, I liked the pine tree, I liked the little horn of sand and pebbles, I liked the old, cracked boat. On this side the river juts, and lines of slate had gathered earth upon them and become islets and peninsulas, miniature and faëry, with mint on them and some aromatic yellow flower, and tall stems of Joe-Pye with large heads of feathery, smoke-pink bloom.

Mr. Arnold, Mr. Allworthy, and Major Jackson no longer fished up Winding. But there were plenty of places below this boat, down river. They used, on the days they were after bass, to bring in good strings. Other days they fished for trout in the two lovely creeks. That is, Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson did. Mr. Arnold remained faithful to Winding and his own company. Just he and old black Peter in a boat to themselves, but they always went down river. Captain Schloss tried the old pool. But he had no luck. "I never knew it before!" he called, passing the sycamore and me in his boat. "Never in twenty years! Besides—don't you feel something hanging around here?" So he didn't come any more.

One day I met Peter going from the river to the kitchen with Mr. Arnold's catch. We stood to talk. "Where did you get them?"

"This side Walter's Mill, sah. But the bes' fishing in Winding, sah, is Black Bass Pool where Mr. Arnold won't go no more."

"He won't go because he thinks of Mr. Beckwith there. And Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson don't take it over because of a feeling of delicacy. But Captain Schloss says . . ."

"Yaas . . ." said Peter. His old eyes, deep in his charcoal black face, fixed an oriole in a tulip tree.

"What is it, Peter? Do you think Mr. Beckwith likes it still?"

"That oriole sho makes a fine nest. . . . Mr. Grymes, you is a noticin' pusson, sah. I knowed that the minute I fust set eyes on you. The trouble with that pool is it jes' don' want anybody to come er-fishin' there but Mr. Arnold, en' he don' want ter go. He stop likin' Mr. Beckwith befo' he daid, en' he got all the reminderin' he want. He say he thought he try it, comin' back heah this year, but he ain' gwine come back nex' year. . . . Yaaas, ma'am! Yaas, Miss Jinny, I'se comin'!"

The following day, down at the sulphur spring, I came upon Mr. Arnold. He was drinking the ice-cold water out of one of the three gourds kept hanging in a row in the arbor over the spring. There never was such water. Mr. Arnold said so now, "There never was such water!"

"No. It's cold and light and there's just enough and not too much sulphur. The ferns about it help it out, and this dark hillside."

"When I first tasted it—the first summer I came—the laurel was in bloom. 'My God,' I said. 'This is good enough for me!'" He hung the gourd carefully

in its place. "But I shan't be here, I think, another year."

"I'm sorry for that," I said. "The pleasantest thing about Berry's is that folk come back and back."

He was a big man, tall and large and well made, with a massive, handsome face. "That's just it," he said slowly. "And if you don't like it or them . . . If they broke the whole thing up themselves—broke it for keeps—and you can't get it out of your mind . . . You'd better go to Europe."

He stood looking out of the arbor at the mountains with an unhappy, far-away look, and then departed without any more language.

It was about this time that I quit being over-energetic and took to lying beside Winding instead of tramping to Black Rock or Laurels or where not. At last I fell to spending each day a couple of hours beside Black Bass Pool, under the huge sycamore, upon the little sandy horn with the old boat alongside. I had my plaid, and I had a book, and I suppose I read it. At least the mark got changed from part to part.

I don't remember what day it was but I had been coming here steadily for a week or more when I began to have a curious feeling. I recall when it first struck me. I can't describe it, only things seemed of a sudden very quiet though as busy as ever, and then a conviction visited me, like the dragon fly and those yellow flowers, flitting to and fro like the dragon fly but then settling down and occupying the field. "*I'm not the only one here.*" I wasn't alarmed, though I got a kind of anxiousness in the air.

I was curious to see if, next day, I'd find the same feeling. I did. I couldn't localize it. It seemed as general as the air, around and through the whole sunny pool and the trees and the shore. It was not a disagreeable sense. I did not feel any meaning of injury. At the house and with the others I said nothing about it. Why should I, who was never afraid of such things? Though, indeed, this was the first time I could spot so actual an experience. But I had always thought such things just as possible as anything else.

The third day it was the same, only stronger. Something intelligent was there and, it seemed to me, coming to a focus. It was concentrating, and it was near.

The fourth day I deliberately stayed away.

That evening we had a bonfire and corn roast and other matters. It was the birthday of the Corbin twins. They sat up till all hours with their big eyes and their touzled heads like two wakeful young flickers—Courtenay and Carter. Berry's had a croquet ground, and we built the bonfire and roasted the corn on the edge of this and set off Roman candles and half a dozen rockets from the middle of it, and all the dining-room chairs and the porch benches were brought out for the convenience of the invited party which included every human being at Berry's and the dogs. It was a gorgeous night.

Beside the corn there was ice cream, and Courtenay and Carter had two saucers each. Also, Tom Berry and Mr. Allworthy and I who managed the fireworks let them handle the Roman candles. They jumped up and down and squawked, and with a little more excitement might have flown. The fireworks came at the end of the party, and before them we had a speech from Mr. Arnold. Someone had told Mrs. Corbin that he spoke very well and was in demand for public dinners and so forth; and she had great, soft dark eyes and the most appealing way. Wouldn't he make a little birthday speech, no matter how short—just a little talk to Courtenay and Carter that they might remember? Maybe he would tell the twins how they should grow up to be really successful? I was there when she tackled him, and of course at last he consented. He naturally liked to talk, but he was modest about it too.

So after the corn roast and ere the ice

cream and the fireworks, he stood under the stars before the chairs and benches with all of Berry's seated on them, and Courtenay and Carter on a bench in front and exactly in the middle, with their legs swinging, and the old Colonel in a split-bottomed armchair on one side of them, and Mrs. Corbin in a lavender muslin on the other.

Mr. Arnold said that he was a business man and could really talk only about business, but that there was a lot of business, a great variety of it in short, in life. When he looked back to his own boyhood he saw that he was possessed of a business sense very early. He thought he appreciated the main problems even when he was little. He thought that that was the case with many children. It might be so with these little fellows. "At any rate, Courtenay and Carter, I'd like to tell you a few things that real business sense ought to suggest to you."

He made them interesting. We all saw that business sense was a very sensible thing, and Courtenay and Carter kept as awake as young flickers at dawn. He talked about fifteen minutes, and he got a great deal in them. Toward the end he came to business associates, and made it clear that all our associates—all the associates the two young flickers were likely to have—are and would be business associates. He took business in quite a large sense.

Mr. Arnold's voice became more and more vibrant. Something in his own talk was taking him unawares. When he said "business associates" he might have been saying "friends." And when he spoke of honesty and honor and loyalty in business it was as though he were talking of what should obtain between close friends. It seemed as though he were warning Courtenay and Carter, and also himself, "Don't you hide things. Don't you ever go in for any shadiness in business!" (Business had got to be life.) "Don't you ever turn down your associates—your associate! Don't you, when you seem to be on one side of a house, creep through the woods without a sound and come up on the other, with the fruit that was for both in your hands, for your own eating alone! Don't you take advantage of what you know to line your own pocket and increase your own prestige while the other's whistling at the door and thinks he knows all about it and that you're in together, in whatever the thing is. Don't you ever treat associates like that. Don't you ever fool and betray. I know a lot of cases . . . A man thinks his associates are not like that—a man thinks his friend is as loyal as God. And all the time . . ."

Mr. Arnold stood for a moment looking at the stars, then wiped his brow and seemed to catch himself up. His voice came back to normal. "And so, my dear Courtenay and Carter . . ." And presently his speech ended and was much applauded. The ice cream came on and the fireworks, and then goodnight, with the big stars looking at us and the katydids as busy as bees.

Next day was Sunday and, as the Berrys were Presbyterians and objected to it, there was no fishing. Everybody lay around and read or talked or wrote letters, and the children built a dam in Calico Creek, and in the afternoon seven or eight of us climbed Eagle Knob to see the stupendous view and the sunset.

Up on the Knob were all manner of separated perches. Mr. Allworthy and I found ourselves on one together. Major Jackson and Mr. Arnold, massively built, both of them, never undertook the mountain, but Mr. Allworthy moved through life and high finance as lightly as a grasshopper. Now he remarked, "Beckwith was an active man. He used to come up here quite frequently. Poor old Arnold! Of course you noticed, last night? It was of Beckwith he was talking there at the last."

"What came between them?" I asked.

"What comes between most people? A deal. It don't matter just what's its

nature. A deal is a deal. Well, whether Beckwith just got there first naturally, or whether he knowingly twisted it, or whether there was an honest mistake is beyond me. I don't know, and I don't suppose anybody does. He died just as the deal became visible. But Arnold thinks he knowingly twisted it and meant all the time to let him down. It seems they had some misunderstanding shortly before about something else, and he thinks it went on to this. He's bitterer than gall about it, is Arnold. He don't talk, except in a sidewise way like last night, but he's bitter. I don't think he'll come here another year. He won't even fish where he used to with Beckwith."

I had missed two days at the pool and now I wanted to know if I should find that very especial feeling again. I did. It was there, all right. I met it stronger than before. It seemed to gather up to meet me, and to take on solidity and a definite place. Any old pioneer forbear would have conceived at once, "That Indian is over there," and have begun to lay his plans accordingly. But it wasn't an Indian, I knew that, and it wasn't anybody just at that moment precisely like the rest of us at Berry's. There was about it something otherwise . . .

I threw myself down upon my old plaid on the sand and pebbles, with the water lapping within reach of my hand if I leaned towards it. It lapped a whole little forest of mint and Joe-Pye and that yellow flower I had meant to ask the botanist about and forgot, and it lapped the side of the old boat. . . . In the boat formed the figure of Mr. Beckwith.

No, I wasn't alarmed, and it didn't occur to me to scramble to my feet and vacate the place. In life he hadn't been terrifying, and in death, whatever else he was, he wasn't terrifying. Instead, he was—what shall I say?—ingratiating. I felt at once that he wanted something badly.

Unlike Mr. Arnold, who presented an extent, vertical and horizontal, of body, Mr. Beckwith was only of middle height and inclined to spareness. Mr. Arnold had a massive, handsome face, cut like a Roman Emperor's. Mr. Beckwith's face was narrower and shrewder, yet not disagreeably shrewd. He had a humorous mouth, hair inclined to red, and on the right cheek bone the scar of some old hurt. . . . He was all there, form and face and the old suit in which he fished. Of course he came thin and sheer, so to speak. He had his differences. His voice, when he spoke, was rather thin and whistling. But it was Mr. Beckwith's and not calculated to induce terror. The point about him generally was just that—that he tended toward the general, and there was evidently some difficulty in bringing about the concrete again. His presence tended to spread around, and also, strangely enough, into me. I say "strangely," but at the time it appeared quite natural. And yet he had succeeded in condensing a vehicle, like his old one, there in the boat. I do not know if I make myself clear.

It took a little while for his figure to come into definiteness and the feeling with it, and the voice to emerge.

Moments dropped by, round and quiet, while Mr. Beckwith grew stronger. His voice, that had begun like a whisper, now filled out to natural, though still with a kind of distance, farther away than should be, considering that the boat lay so near. But that was true, too, of his figure. There it was, but it seemed farther away. Both near and far away—and of course I know a paradox when I see it.

Mr. Beckwith spoke, "How are you, Mr. Grymes?"

I answered, "Quite well, Mr. Beckwith. How are you?"

He said, "Why, I should be well, I think, if I were not worried to death. But I am happy to have managed this at last. It's you, of course, as much as me. Perhaps you know that you are probably the only one at Berry's who

would allow just this and help me out with it too."

"Believe me," I said, "it was entirely unconscious."

"Very likely," he answered, "nevertheless, effective. However, I did my part, and I can assure you it takes both will and ingenuity."

With that, as though he had become retrospective, he tended to fade a little. "Don't go!" I said abruptly.

He promptly strengthened. "I won't since you are so kind. And I am sure that you are going to manage to help me."

"What," I asked, "is wrong? You say you are greatly worried. Aren't you—aren't you in the right place? I beg your pardon! Just my joke. I have heard you make them yourself. Of course you are."

"All those things are relative," he said. "I am where it is natural for me, I find, to be. Just as in what we so amusingly called 'life.' You feel entirely 'natural,' do you not? And yet you may be greatly worried—though I hope, I am sure," he said politely, "that you are not. If you have your anxieties you of course endeavor to remove them. That is natural to men everywhere. Now—"

"I had always supposed," I said, "that anxieties and pleasures were confined to, and could only be relieved or gratified upon, the plane to which one was, so to speak, assigned."

"You think too much," he said, "in solids and not enough in gases and in what may be finer than gases. Things are so pervasive. There are, so to speak, frontiers, but also relations of commerce and travel."

"It is highly interesting," I said and meant it. "So you preserve certain connections, and your happiness or unhappiness is still affected by us here? In a terminology which you used to use, you continue to draw interest or to have dividends passed?"

"Yes," he said. "A good deal of the latter." He paused and seemed to endeavor to grow vivid. He pressed his hand to his brow, then dropped it and appeared collected. "The way," he said, "that you behave toward us has still its effect. And if you leave, as I left, a misunderstanding and heat and bitterness . . ." He pressed his hand again to his brow. "Mr. Grymes, I have tried to reach Sam Arnold direct and I cannot. He is not receptive. It is like trying to swim up rapids. Moreover, the rapids keep beating on me and —you won't understand this mixture, but it occurs here—they are angry and bitter. He can't let me alone, and what he thinks is of a troubling nature. Moreover, I don't want him to think that way of me. I'm his friend. . . . Yet I can't reach him and show him the confounded mistake!"

"You mean that he thinks you injured him and he can't keep his mind and feelings quiet on the subject?"

"I perceive," said Mr. Beckwith, "and not from your words only, that you know the circumstances. As far, that is, as any living person can know them."

"Mr. Allworthy told me something."

He looked at me vaguely, if he ever could have been said to have looked directly. He faded, came again a little, then faded once more. I could see the opposite bank through him. Then suddenly he grew small and bright and stiff again. "It's unendurable!" he exclaimed. "He was thinking of it then, and I can assure you it is devastating! Besides I hate him to have ideas like that! He should know me better. I can't understand why he doesn't know, despite any and every appearance. I am sure that if our positions were reversed, I should never feel as he is feeling. It's unendurable that Sam Arnold should think that I—I, Edward McTavish Beckwith—meant to fool and cheat and harm him in that deal! Well, I didn't. I didn't in the least. And yet I can't get at him to make him see."

He put his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. "I can't stop

his girding at me, and I can't make him hear. . . ."

I was truly sorry for him. He didn't seem to me greatly changed, though of course he must have known things now that we didn't. "You mean," I said, "that you never meant to shatter yours and Mr. Arnold's friendship?"

His head came up at that. "Over and over again, no! . . . I had all the lines, in that matter, in my hands. Arnold had piqued me a little, that year, going about with a kind of boasting. It had always been nip and tuck between us—like two boys, you know, emulative and combative and all that, and yet chosen friends—and I thought I'd show him something! But he was to be in on it—on the last word of the deal and the—the loot, so to speak. I only wanted to parade a little. We had had a kind of a quarrel a little earlier—not about business, though. I thought that he didn't think quite enough of my abilities. I thought I'd show him. But I meant him at the last to clap me on the shoulder. He always was rather the bigger of us two. Old Sam Arnold. Everything was all ready, and I meant to call him up and get him to the house that night. I had laid in the cigars, etc. And then, as quick as that, I died. Something inside that I didn't know anything about. Didn't have time for a word to anybody. . . . Well, the thing was at that point that it went through automatically. My sisters and their children got a lot of money that's very bad for them, and Sam Arnold, who was my only real friend, had the bag to hold, and thinks to this moment that I meant to fool, betray, and break with him! I *get* his thought. How could I or anyone settle down, I ask you? I don't want old Sam to be thinking those things of me. I don't want him to be unhappy."

He ceased to speak and sat there, a wavering shade, but otherwise as real as the boat. He seemed to be fixing me with a kind of appeal. "Yes," he said, though I had not spoken. "I have been feeling my way toward you for some time. You have a heart for these things and a head that does not dodge them when they come your way."

I said, "You pay me a handsome compliment."

He said, "Oh, if you will help me, Mr. Grymes, I will do almost anything for you! Anything, that is, in my power."

I would have helped him anyhow, and told him so. Anything that was in my power. Power being So and So, Limited.

"Precisely," he said. "What I want you to do is to get Sam Arnold to open his mind."

"And how under heaven," I exclaimed, "can I do that?"

"I want you to bring him to consider probabilities."

"Probabilities?"

"Probabilities. Or rather, improbabilities."

"That you should really murder, or wish to murder, your friendship?"

He seemed to rub his hands. "Didn't I say that you were quick? It'll come to you out of yourself—how to do it, I mean. But get him to see and feel that it isn't likely. Get him to consider the possibility that it was all accidental. My going off as I did without explanation. That if I had had time he would have known that it was only a practical joke. My Lord! he knows we used, when we were boys, to play them on each other. And sometimes we were sore, but we always knew that it was only horseplay, and that we would have died for each other—though that isn't so much to say as we used to think it was. Get Sam to feel that it must have been something else: that never and never again would Ned Beckwith really and truly, in any kind of dead earnest, have undertaken to fool and cheat and injure him. No, not in that or any other deal!"

"When you are as energetic as that can't you reach him?"

"No! He's just as energetic in the other direction. He's more so. He'd

like to call me out if it were possible. He'd like to pay me back with interest. He'd like to tell me a few things. He does so, and he doesn't know that he does it. He's vindictive. He's so hurt that he isn't anything more than a hurt wolf toward me now. He's nursed it and compounded it. I can't get at him at all. If he lets it doze for a moment, I try to get in something like us two in the old swimming hole when we were shavers, or when the boat sank and we pulled each other out, or when his wife died twenty-five years ago and I went abroad with him, or when we built the New England, New York, and Mexican, or even this very pool, and eating together under that sycamore, and the bass we caught—this very boat was ours—and how jolly it was! It seems to me that I am succeeding, and I think . . . And then back it comes flying as from armor plate. By God, that's it! he's turned himself as far as I am concerned into an iron-clad. I can't do anything more. It's making me very unhappy. It's hindering me in ways that I couldn't expect you, Mr. Grymes, to understand. And then, damn it all! I have affection for old Sam, and I can't bear . . ."

It seemed to me, almost, that he wept. I felt sorry for him, and I wanted to help.

"You're giving me a hard job," I said. "I'm not intimate with Mr. Arnold. I don't fish, you remember, and I don't play poker. I don't see how I could ever even get him where I could talk to him."

"There's just one thing," he answered. "He's got that passion for picking up neglected knowledge. He wanted you to give him half an hour a day on the latest in mathematics and physics, and you wouldn't for your own reasons. But now if . . ."

I thought it over with my head between my hands. "He was born stubborn and now he's bitter."

"My God, don't I know it? But there's the chance. I've thought it out. Mathematics makes you cool and detached. Then little by little get him to talk to you, and then you insinuate—insinuate, man! Probabilities now. He knows a good deal about industrial and financial probabilities. Get him to look at moral probabilities. Bring it down to Sam Arnold and Ned Beckwith. The benefit of the doubt, get that in. And forgiveness. Get him somehow within hailing distance of that, even if he had to forgive me nothing more than a piece of rank stupidity. I knew, God forgive me! that he liked to play practical jokes but not to be played them. Soften him and make him reasonable. Get him to tell you stories of his life, behind this last year. It's got to bring me in. Make him see that a man don't change like that."

"Anything else?"

"Make him start back to his old judgment. It's longer and more thorough than his new."

"And then?"

"Get him to come back here to fish. I've worked at this place till its malleable, so to speak."

"And then?"

"I'll try hard to get at him within. He won't know that it is really me, but he'll listen, perhaps, at last to what he'll call 'ancient affection.'"

He began to fade. "I can't hold it any longer. It has been a great effort. But you'll do it, won't you, Mr. Grymes? It may be that some day I can return it in some way. I've not found anywhere yet where a tip is not useful."

"It's so absurdly easy!" I said. "Bringing a man like that to be friends with me—and he'll certainly be thinking I want something from him—and then making him see around a corner and find you walking in the open and go back to walking with you. That is what you want?"

"Angels couldn't put it clearer," he said.

With that he faded. The boat lay empty, the water lapped its sides. Mr. Beckwith was gone, and yet not wholly so. I felt him in a general way.

I went myself presently, and on the porch of his cabin saw Mr. Arnold sitting, reading a detective story.

He had had an irregular, self-initiated training, but he possessed a good mind.

New mathematical uses and the latest physical theories interested him. I am no expert, the good God knows, but as I went along in life I abstracted what I might from the torrent of special literature and pondered other men's findings, and then laid it out as best I could to the classes I taught. I conscientiously gave him what he asked for, and he was good enough to say he got profit therefrom. To be meticulous, his statement was, "You make the days less deadly."

"Why should they be deadly?" I asked. "You've got a lot of things that men want."

"Yes," he answered gloomily. "I've got something also that they don't want."

He stared at the tulip tree that shaded his cabin. A thrush was in his green bower there, singing and singing. I opened our book. "Minkowski," I said, "considered Euclidean, three-dimensional geometry to be a description of a cross-section only of Reality, or of our next proximate conception of Reality."

"It will be some bird," said Mr. Arnold, "who finds out really what is true."

The half-hour that first we talked about grew to be an hour and sometimes much more. He suggested the evening; then his fishing wouldn't be interfered with. Mr. Allworthy, Major Jackson, and Captain Schloss were not ready for poker before eight o'clock. Supper at Berry's was at six. So we used to stroll together to his cabin through the lovely late light.

"These ideas are great things to recover tone upon," he said. He sighed. "And yet I cannot get it back, Mr. Grymes."

"How did you lose it? But that," I said, "is an impertinent question. Pray excuse me."

"It might be from some, but not from you, Mr. Grymes. You are not that kind. I lost it," he said, "through the treachery of another. . . . Now this Einstein thing about everything being curved and returning . . ."

It was two evenings after this that he dropped his cigar over the porch railing, leaned forward, and spoke. "There's something else I'm going to ask your opinion about, Mr. Grymes. What would you think if—"

At first it came out with a kind of frozen difficulty, but then with a gush. It was a relief to him, I know. He hadn't talked to anybody like that since last September. Except to Mr. Beckwith, and that had been like turning the sword in his own vitals and didn't relieve him. I let him talk and describe and use names and all. It was not until after a considerable time when he had talked himself down into a kind of calm and peace of shared trouble that I spoke. "I think there's some mistake here, Mr. Arnold. I don't believe that of Mr. Beckwith."

He took offense at that, as people will. They don't want their judgment doubted even if it makes them as unhappy as that. But at least he saw before we said good-night that I thought it improbable.

The next night he played poker. The next we kept to mathematics. The third he again dropped his cigar and said, "A man may keep pretty straight, mayn't he, almost through life and nobody, and perhaps not he himself, know about the rotten spot?"

"The weak spot?" I said. "We've all got them. It doesn't do to throw too many stones. Say that in each of us there's a lot of good, and something, too, that isn't good. Then it's scientifically inaccurate, there also, to take the part for the whole. The good remains good; perhaps the weak place may be remedied, or perhaps we think it deeper than it is,

or perhaps we may have been deceived in its nature."

"You mean that stuff about forgiveness?" he said violently. I said no, that I meant understanding, and got up and went.

Again he played poker the following evening, and the next he told me at supper that he had letters to write. The next morning I was walking beside Winding. I have forgotten to say that after that hour with Mr. Beckwith I had stopped going to Black Bass Pool. The impulse to do so had left me. But now I walked that far, and there I found Mr. Arnold, standing well back from it, under the pine tree, just looking at it.

He did not see me and I turned aside among the rhododendrons. I thought I felt Mr. Beckwith, but I was not certain.

That evening, in the middle of an exposition, Mr. Arnold said suddenly, "God knows I wish it wasn't so!"

"What? The relation between existents?"

"No, no! That Ned Beckwith and I have to be unfriendly."

I put a marker in the book. "What kind of a boy was he? That tells a lot, you know."

He began at once on that swimming hole . . . and then the old barn . . . and then a long tramp and a week out with other boys.

"He seems to have been fond," I said, "of practical jokes."

"We both were," he answered. "But he didn't truly know how to play them. He was clumsy. His old jokes always missed fire, while I . . ."

He broke off. Over toward Honeysuckle Ridge a whippoorwill began to call, but that wasn't it. Something seemed to drop into the warm dusk and the situation about us, something sharp and intense. It was a thought. I knew it for a thought. I got the wind of it, but he was the target. I don't think it came from Mr. Beckwith. It came from the level of thought, wherever that is. He sat without speaking, with an effect of being drawn up before a firing squad.

Then he said, "My God, he might have been thinking that way about it!"

I got up and said good-night. He did not answer. He was sitting with his big shoulders hunched, and his eyes upon the Great Bear over Honeysuckle Ridge.

The next day, about twelve o'clock, I found old Peter chopping wood. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "I thought you and Mr. Arnold had gone to Walter's Mill."

He leaned upon his axe. "Mr. Grymes, honey, we ain' gwine fish ter day. Mr. Arnold, he sittin' under the sycamore by Black Bass Pool."

"Ah!" I said.

"Des' so," he answered, and began once more to chop, then leaned again upon the axe. "Yaas, sah! I think we gwine fish there again befo' long. That old boat there kin be made river-worthy. Yaas, sah!" He began to sing:

"I got the gift en you got the gift,
All of God's chillern got the gift."

AMERICA'S DEBT TO A GERMAN SOLDIER

BARON VON STEUBEN AND WHAT HE TAUGHT US

BY BRIG. GENERAL JOHN McA. PALMER, U. S. A. (RETIRED)

IT IS well known that Baron von Steuben performed an indispensable service in perfecting the organization and discipline of the Continental Army. That this invaluable officer should have come out of Germany was in itself a striking German contribution to the American cause. But a more critical analysis of his history and his services will reveal that what Steuben brought us could have come from Germany alone. In no other country at that time could any officer have acquired the special training which Steuben placed at Washington's disposal. Nominally, he was Washington's Inspector General. Actually, he rendered Washington all of the services of a modern General Staff.

When Steuben reported at Valley Forge he was a graduate of a school where he had been trained by the only competent Professor of General Staff duties then living in the world. This eminent pedagogue was one Frederick Hohenzollern, more generally known as Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Toward the close of the Seven Years' War Frederick had formed a class in Military Art composed of young officers who had distinguished themselves by brilliant service in the field. The great king was himself the sole tutor of this class. Among his chosen pupils was his aide-de-camp, Captain Frederick William Augustus Henry Ferdinand, Baron von Steuben.

This royal class in tactics occupies an important place in the history of military institutions. It was the precursor of the *Kriegs Akademie* which Frederick was to establish a little later. It was, therefore, the first source of the trained tactical officers who were to form the Prussian General Staff. Here Frederick employed the system of tactical instruction that later became known as the "applicatory method." It was by this method, more fully developed, that Moltke was to prepare his staff officers and his leaders for the Wars of 1866 and 1870. It was by this method that the American Service Schools were eventually to train our leaders for the World War.

So when Steuben reported to Washington at Valley Forge he brought with him the essentials of the modern general staff institution—and this, thirty years before Scharnhorst established the Great General Staff in Berlin, eighty-eight years before its merits were revealed to an astonished world on the battlefield of Königgratz, and one hundred and twenty-four years before Elihu Root proposed it as a desirable agency in the American War Department.

In order to understand the full significance of Steuben's American services, it is necessary to consider what general staff * training really means. It happens that the real origin of this remarkable system is a part of the personal history of Frederick the Great. Though he emerged from the Seven Years' War with the most brilliant military reputation in

* The phrase "general staff" does not convey the real meaning of the German word, *Generalstab*. It really means *general's staff* or *generalship staff*. Systematic special training for this most important of all military specialties was perfected in Germany long before it was even thought of elsewhere.

modern history, his mastery of the Art of War had been a gradual growth. His first campaign was not a credit to him. He had fled from the battlefield of Mollwitz, thinking himself defeated. The sturdy army created for him by his father won the victory for him after he had fled from the field.

After this sorry beginning Frederick began to reflect upon the essential nature of successful command. He found that military success depends, not upon profound theoretical knowledge, but upon sound judgment and quick resolute decision under stress. Directing a successful attack is, therefore, not the same thing as writing an essay about it. It is a question of grasping a situation, making a practical decision, and issuing intelligible orders to the several parts of a military command. It is a question of *applying* simple tactical principles in a particular crisis clearly, promptly, and resolutely.

This led Frederick to form the habit of giving himself tactical problems in his walks and rides throughout the country. Carlyle shows us the following interesting glimpse of the Great King after he had become a distinguished and successful General:

> For Friedrich is always looking out, were it even from the window of his carriage, and putting military problems to himself in all manner of scenery. What would a man do, in that kind of ground, if attacking, if attacked? With that hill, that brook, that bit of bog? And advises every officer to be continually doing the like. That is the value of picturesque or other scenery to Friedrich.

From making this a method of self-culture to making it a means of instructing others is but a step. Frederick soon found that by this method a competent instructor can carry a class of young officers through a series of military situations, and make the exercises approximate to actual professional practice as opposed to mere theory. It is a continual test of judgment, of decision, and of facility in issuing effective orders.

But valuable as this system might be as a method of training, its greatest practical value to Frederick lay in the fact that it is also a method of measuring military capacity in time of peace. In competent hands, such as his, it became a tactical measuring rod, an instrument of precision through which, without the actual test of war, he could determine whether an alleged troop leader or staff officer was a competent troop leader or staff officer in fact. It was by this means that he proposed to give the Prussian Army tested and calibrated leaders in the future. It was by this means and for this purpose that Baron von Steuben was trained and calibrated by Frederick the Great. So trained and so calibrated, he came to Washington at Valley Forge. An officer so trained and so calibrated is a general staff officer in fact, whatever his official label may be.

II

Steuben left the Prussian service in 1764, shortly after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War. Upon his retirement King Frederick gave him a "living" in the form of a lay benefice in the canonry of Havelsburg. For the next thirteen years he held important court appointments first at Hechingen and then at Baden. In 1777, through his friendship with Count St. Germain, the French Minister of War, he was induced to seek his fortune in America. He sailed from Marseilles on September 26th and, after a tempestuous voyage, landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 1, 1777.

From Portsmouth the Baron wrote to the President of Congress and to the Commander-in-Chief. A part of his letter to Washington follows:

> *Sir:* the enclosed copy of a letter, the original of which I shall have the honor to present to Your Excellency, will inform you of the motives that brought me over to this land. I shall only add to it, that the object of my greatest ambition is to render your country all the service in my power, and to deserve the title of a citizen of America, by fighting

for the cause of your liberty. If the distinguished ranks in which I have served in Europe should be an obstacle, I had rather serve under Your Excellency as a volunteer, than to be an object of discontent to such deserving officers as have already distinguished themselves among you. Such being the sentiments I have always professed, I dare hope that the respectable Congress of the United States of America will accept my services. I could say, moreover, were it not for the fear of offending your modesty, that Your Excellency is the only person under whom, after having served the King of Prussia, I could wish to follow a profession, to the study of which I have wholly devoted myself.

After a prolonged sojourn at Boston where he awaited orders and arrangements for his transportation, Steuben set out to report to Congress. On February 5th he arrived at York, Pennsylvania, the temporary seat of government. Here he met a committee of Congress and offered his services as a volunteer. He asked for no military rank and for no pay. He explained that in leaving Germany he had relinquished his appointments and his living. He proposed that if his services should be successful and if America should win her independence, he would expect the new republic to indemnify him for these sacrifices. He stated that if the American cause should fail, or if his services should not be worthy, he would present no claim whatever. In the meantime, he requested only that his future necessary expenses be paid and that the young officers in his suite should receive appropriate commissions in the American Army.

Congress was deeply impressed by Steuben's proposal to risk his fortune upon that of the United States and passed the following resolution:

Whereas, Baron Steuben, a lieutenant General in foreign service, has in a most disinterested and heroic manner offered his services to these States as a volunteer,

Resolved, That the president present the thanks of Congress, on behalf of these United States, to Baron Steuben for the zeal he has shown for the cause of America, and the disinterested tender he has been pleased to make of his military talents, and inform him that Congress cheerfully accept of his services as a volunteer in the Army of these States, and wish him to repair to General Washington's quarters as soon as convenient.

The Baron left York on February 19th and arrived at Valley Forge on the 23d. Here he was received with distinguished honors. Washington rode out several miles to meet him and escorted him to his quarters where an officer with twenty-five men reported to him as a guard of honor. The countersign for the day was "Steuben." On the following day the Army was mustered and the Commander-in-Chief accompanied his guest to review it. A few days later Washington wrote to the Congress:

Baron Steuben has arrived at camp. He appears to be much of a gentleman, and so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge and acquainted with the world.

Steuben's impression of the situation at Valley Forge is given briefly in the following extracts from his writings:

My determination must have been firm that I did not abandon my design when I saw the troops. Matters had to be remedied, but where to commence was the great difficulty. . . . The arms at Valley Forge were in a horrible condition, covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many from which not a single shot could be fired. . . . The men were literally naked, some of them in the fullest extent of the word. The officers who had coats, had them of every color and make. I saw officers at a grand parade at Valley Forge, mounting guard in a sort of dressing gown, made of an old blanket or woolen bed cover. With regard to their military discipline, I may safely say no such thing existed. In the first place there was no regular formation. A so-called regiment was formed of three platoons, another of five, eight, nine, and the Canadian regiment of twenty-one. The formation of the regiments was as varied as their mode of drill, which only consisted of the manual exercise. Each Colonel had a system of his own, the one according to the English, the other according to the Prussian or the French style. There was only one thing in which they were uniform, and that was, the way of marching in the

maneuvers and in the line of march. They all adopted the mode of marching in files used by the Indians. . . . It would be an endless task to enumerate the abuses which nearly ruined the army as I found it at Valley Forge in the month of February, 1778.

After giving Steuben a few days to examine the situation, Washington asked his advice. Steuben proposed the establishment of an inspectorship empowered to examine abuses and to recommend remedies. Washington approved the idea in principle and asked the Baron to prepare a scheme for the organization of such an office. This Steuben did and, recognizing his ignorance of American conditions, he secured the advice and assistance of Laurens, Greene, and Hamilton. When the plan thus completed was presented to Washington he approved it and asked the Baron to carry it into effect as a temporary Inspector with assistant inspectors to be detailed from the line.

Steuben now had the very opportunity he had crossed the Atlantic to seek. How he availed himself of it, let him tell in his own words:

I found it useless to trouble myself about the many things which I could not remedy. I directed my attention to the organization and discipline of the army. . . . I commenced operations by drafting one hundred and twenty men from the line, whom I formed into a guard for the General-in-Chief. I made this guard my military school. I drilled them myself twice a day; and to remove that English prejudice which some officers entertained, namely, that to drill a recruit was a sergeant's duty and beneath the station of an officer, I often took the musket myself to show the men the manual exercise which I wished to introduce. All my inspectors were present at each drill. We marched together, wheeled, etc., and in a fortnight my company knew perfectly how to bear arms, had a military air, knew how to march, to form in column, deploy and execute some little maneuvers with excellent precision. . . . It must be owned that they did not know much of the manual exercise, and I ought to mention the reasons why I departed altogether from the general rule of all European Armies, and commenced with the manual exercise in drilling recruits like children learning their alphabet. In the first place I had no time to do otherwise. In our European Armies a man who has been drilled for three months is called a recruit; here, in two months, I must have a soldier. . . .

To follow the thread of my operations, I had my company of Guards exactly as I wished them to be. They were well dressed, their arms clean and in good order and their general appearance quite respectable.

I paraded them in the presence of all the officers of the army, and gave them an opportunity of exhibiting all they knew. They formed in column, deployed, attacked with the bayonet, changed front, etc., etc. It afforded a new and agreeable sight for the young officers and soldiers. Having gained my point, I dispersed my apostles, the inspectors, and my new doctrine was eagerly embraced. I lost no time in extending my operations on a large scale. I applied my system to battalions, afterwards to brigades, and in less than three weeks I executed maneuvers with an entire division in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief.

Steuben's tactical course for the army as a whole commenced on the 24th of March and terminated in "grand maneuvers" on the 29th of April. Two months later, on the 28th of June, his tactical system received its battle test on the field of Monmouth. On that day, and thereafter throughout the war, the American Citizen Army proved itself superior, battalion for battalion, to the British Regulars.

III

A letter written from Valley Forge gives us the following impression of Steuben's influence upon the army:

Baron Steuben presents us a truly noble example. He has undertaken the discipline of the army, and shows himself a perfect master of it, not only in the grand maneuvers but in the most minute details. To see a gentleman, dignified with a lieutenant general's commission from the great Prussian monarch,* condescend, with a grace peculiar

* The erroneous impression that Steuben was a Lieutenant General in the Prussian Army was widespread at that time. It seems to have been due to a misunderstanding on the part of Benjamin Franklin who transmitted it from Paris in his letters of introduction. Steuben's only commission as a general officer was in the Circle of Suabia, a species of Imperial Militia.

to himself, to take under his direction a squad of ten or twelve men in the capacity of drill-sergeant, commands the admiration of both officers and men, and causes them to improve exceedingly fast under his instructions.

Steuben's personal peculiarities also appealed to the soldiers and awakened first their amusement and later their affection. It appears that he had a violent temper which found difficult expression in his broken English. But according to Duponceau, who served as his secretary and aide-de-camp:

His fits of passion never offended the soldiers. When some movement or maneuver was not performed to his mind, he began to swear in German and then in French, and then in both languages together. When he had exhausted his artillery of foreign oaths he would call to his aids, "My dear Walker, (or my dear Duponceau) come and swear for me in English—these fellows will not do what I bid them." A good-natured smile then went through the ranks, and at last the maneuver or the movement was perfectly performed.

Indeed, tradition preserves the Baron's precise language on one of these interesting occasions: "*Viens*, Walker, *mon ami, viens, mon bon ami, Sacré.* God dam de gaucheries of dese *badauts, je ne puis plus.* I can curse dem no more."

Duponceau gives us another glimpse of Baron Steuben at Valley Forge:

Once with the Baron's permission, his aids invited a number of young officers to dine at our quarters, on condition that none should be admitted that had a whole pair of breeches. This was of course understood as *pars pro toto;* but torn clothes were an indispensable requisite for admission, and in this the guests were very sure not to fail. The dinner took place. The guests clubbed their rations, and we feasted sumptuously on tough beefsteak and potatoes, with hickory nuts for our dessert. Instead of wine, we had some kind of spirits with which we made "salamanders," that is to say, after filling our glasses, we set the liquor on fire and drank it up, flame and all. Such a set of ragged, and at the same time merry fellows, were never brought together. The Baron loved to speak of that dinner and of his "Sansculottes" as he called us. Thus this denomination was first invented in America and applied to the brave officers and soldiers of our revolutionary army.

The key to Steuben's success as a military instructor lay in the power of example. In acting as drill-master for his little guard company, he created a new spirit in the Continental Army. He still stands as the true model for the professional instructor of citizen soldiers in the modern democratic state. His guard company is an example of what is now known as a "demonstration unit." In inventing it as a training agency he anticipated our present general staff by more than a century. But he is still far ahead of the times. His experiment also proves that the best "demonstration unit" for citizen soldiers is one composed solely of citizen soldiers. So composed, it teaches confidence, self-reliance, and self-respect as well as drill. It is an "inspiration unit" as well as a "demonstration unit." The little guard company composed of ragged soldiers drawn from each regiment was a better model for Valley Forge than King Frederick's best Guards Company could have been.

When Steuben landed at Portsmouth he was still a soldier of fortune—a foreign adventurer. Two months later, after his overland journey to York, he wrote in a letter to John Hancock, "Now, Sir, I am an American, and an American for life." The most remarkable thing about him was his quick appreciation of the American character and of the spirit of democracy. This is most striking in a professional soldier reared in the rigid school of Frederick the Great. He saw that he could not make Prussian grenadiers out of the colonial Americans, but he saw that he could make them something better. In a letter to an old comrade in arms, Baron de Gaudy, he said:

In the first place the genius of this nation is not in the least to be compared with that of the Prussians, Austrians or French. You say to your soldier, "*Do this,*" *and he doeth it.* But I am obliged to say, "*This is the reason why you ought to do that,*" and then he does it.

IV

It is characteristic of Washington's habitual prudence that he tried Steuben as an acting inspector before recommending his permanent appointment; but the period of probation was a short one. In a little more than two months after his arrival at Valley Forge the Baron had proved his competency and had established his prestige throughout the army. On the 30th of April Washington recommended his appointment to the vacant inspectorship which had been created originally for Conway. On the 5th of May, by resolution of Congress, Steuben became Inspector General of the Army with the rank of Major General.

When Clinton evacuated Philadelphia and Washington started in pursuit, Steuben served him as a staff officer. In a brilliant general staff reconnaissance he secured contact with the British Army and ascertained its future objective. When Washington's plan for a decisive battle at Monmouth was defeated by the disloyalty and incompetency of Charles Lee, Steuben was ordered to rally Lee's shattered division and to bring it back into the battle. He accomplished this difficult maneuver with brilliant success. For the next month he remained in command of the division. Like all true soldiers, he sought the honor and responsibility of command. When Washington found it necessary to relieve him and to order him back to staff duty he was so chagrined that he contemplated leaving the service. Eventually his devotion and loyalty to Washington prevailed, and he returned to the less conspicuous but more important duties for which he alone was qualified. And Washington was right. Steuben could be replaced as a division commander, but no one could have replaced him in his special field. For he was much more than an inspector. His proposals molded the organization, administration, supply, training, and operations of the army. In this he performed all the duties of a modern general staff.

During the autumn of 1778 Steuben began the preparation of his *Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States*. This manual was known to the army as the *Blue Book*, and was the basis of its discipline and efficiency. In it Steuben condensed the essentials, but only the essentials, of the military information and instructions required for officers and men. It was approved by Congress in March, 1779, and was printed and issued to the army. The *Blue Book* was the bible of the Continental Army. It was drill regulations, administrative manual, and field service regulations combined.

In July, 1779, a detachment of light infantry under Anthony Wayne captured Stony Point and its garrison without firing a shot. This was one of the most brilliant exploits in the military annals of the Eighteenth Century. Wayne is justly credited with the victory. But as it could only have been won by troops of the highest training and discipline, it marks the triumph of Steuben's training system. In the days at Valley Forge he had complained that he could not convert his pupils to the use of their bayonets. The colonials considered them only fit for toasting beefsteak and, as they were not worth carrying for that alone, they generally "lost" them. The capture of Stony Point at the point of the bayonet and without firing a shot marked a new triumph for the Baron and his *Blue Book*. The day after the victory Washington visited Stony Point with his staff. When the young soldiers saw the Inspector General they surrounded him and assured him that in the future they would not lose their bayonets or roast meat with them. The Baron improved the opportunity to secure an order from the Commander-in-Chief that thereafter bayonets should not be removed from the muskets. From that day the Americans kept their bayonets "fixed."

V

Shortly after the capture of Stony Point Steuben exercised another func-

tion of the general staff. By direction of Washington, he prepared what is now called an "Estimate of the Situation." In this paper, in true general staff style, he weighs the relative strengths of the British and American forces and carefully considers every possible means of assuming the offensive. But the preponderance of hostile strength was so great that he could only recommend the vigilant waiting attitude on the Hudson which Washington adopted.

In the early summer of 1780 Washington caused his general staff officer to make another "Estimate of the Situation." In this one Steuben considers the favorable prospect of increased strength in the Continental Army and of French support. Subject to these contingencies he points out several promising lines of offensive action and recommends an attitude of readiness for them. In September, after the failure of the States to furnish their new contingents and the prolonged delay of the French, he makes another "Estimate" as to the best means of continuing the war effectively now that the means for decisive action have failed. These studies are highly competent general staff documents. They show the relations between a commanding general and his chief of the general staff, both forced to a defensive attitude, but both eagerly seeking the first opportunity for decisive action.

Steuben's services at Yorktown were most conspicuous. A veteran of the Seven Years' War, he was the only officer in the American Army who had had extended experience in siege operations. This was of great value to the Commander-in-Chief. At Yorktown Steuben also achieved the coveted honor of command. On the 11th of October, his division opened the second parallel about three hundred and sixty yards from the enemy's batteries. It was also during the Baron's tour in the trenches that Cornwallis made his first overtures. They, therefore, passed through his hands.

Perhaps the finest tribute to Steuben's reputation is to be found in the following "Creed Adopted By The Officers Of the American Army at Verplanck's Point In 1782":

We believe that there is a great First Cause by whose almighty will we are formed; and that our business here is to obey the orders of our superiors. We believe that every soldier who does his duty will be happy here, and that every such one who dies in battle will be happy hereafter. We believe that George Washington is the only fit man in the world to head the American Army. We believe that Nathanael Greene was born a general. We believe that the evacuation of Ticonderoga was one of those strokes which stamp the man who dares to strike them, with everlasting fame. We believe that Baron Steuben has made us soldiers, and that he is capable of forming the whole world into a solid column, and displaying it from the center. We believe in his Blue Book. We believe in General Knox and his artillery. And we believe in our bayonets. Amen!

Washington's feeling for Baron Steuben and his appreciation of his services are shown by the following farewell letter written at Annapolis, December 23, 1783:

My Dear Baron,—

Altho' I have taken frequent Opportunities, both in public and in private, of Acknowledging your great Zeal, Attention and Abilities, in performing the duties of your Office, yet I wish to make use of this last Moment of my public life, to Signify, in the strongest terms, my entire Approbation of your Conduct, and to express my Sense of the Obligations the public is under to you, for your faithful and Meritorious Services.

I beg you will be convinced, my dear Sir, that I should rejoice if it could ever be in my power to serve you more essentially than by expressions of regard and Affection; but, in the meantime, I am persuaded you will not be displeased with this farewell token of my Sincere Friendship and Esteem for you.

This is the last letter I shall write while I continue in the Service of my Country. The hour of my Resignation is fixed at twelve today, after which I shall become a private Citizen, on the banks of the Potomack, where I shall be glad to embrace you, and testify

the great Esteem and Consideration with which

I am My Dear Baron
Your most Obedt and Affectn.
G° WASHINGTON.

VI

But America did not avail herself of Baron Steuben's most brilliant service in her behalf. For some time after the war he devoted himself to the preparation of a plan for the future defense and security of his adopted country. As he had perfected the organization and discipline of the Citizen Army which won our independence, so now he sought to perpetuate that institution for the future.

Steuben completed his plan early in 1784 and submitted it to Washington who was then in retirement at Mt. Vernon. In a letter to the Baron, dated March 15th, 1784, Washington says:

> I have perused, with attention, the plan which you have formed for establishing a Continental Legion, and for training a certain part of the arms-bearing men of the Union, as a Militia in times of peace; and with the small alterations which have been suggested and made, I very much approve of it. It was no unpleasing and flattering circumstance to me to find such a coincidence of ideas as appears to run through your plan and the one I had the honor to lay before a Committee of Congress in May last. Mine, however, was a hasty production, the consequence of a sudden call and little time for arrangement; yours, of maturer thought and better digestion. . . . It therefore meets my approbation, and has my best wishes for its success.

In his own plan referred to in the above letter Washington had pointed out that our national defense should rest upon a well-regulated militia. He had definitely referred to the military organization of Switzerland as the model for a modern republic. He had shown that the old Colonial Militia was defective because it attempted to embody every man from the age of eighteen to the age of fifty. By a "well-regulated" militia he meant a small fraction of the younger men actually organized, armed, and trained. He had suggested several feasible means of accomplishing this but did not commit himself to any one of them.

In his plan Baron Steuben, as a trained general staff officer, attacked this specific problem and solved it in a most rational and scientific manner. He pointed out that the total enrolled strength of the militia, in the year 1784, was more than 400,000. Any effective plan to arm and train such a number would involve prohibitive expense and would be an intolerable social and industrial burden. On the other hand, no possible emergency could demand so large a force. It was, therefore, absurd to maintain such an establishment. He then estimated the numbers that might be required and concluded that a peace force of 21,000 men, expansible to 42,000 on mobilization, would be sufficient for the defense of the United States at that time. As he needed only 21,000 men out of a total militia strength of 400,000, his "active fraction" would be a small one—much smaller than the active fraction required in Switzerland. If he had to embody every third man, as the Swiss then did, it would be necessary to resort to compulsion. But as he needed only every twentieth man, he proposed that the ranks be filled by enlisting volunteers for three years. He proposed to pay these young men a small bounty, to arm and clothe them at public expense, and to call them into training camps for thirty-one days each year. From the standpoint of economy, he showed that adequate training for this small fraction would cost much less in money and in industrial burden than the totally inadequate training then demanded of the whole militia.

It will be observed that the military force proposed by Baron Steuben is practically identical with the National Guard as it has been reorganized since the World War. The only difference is in the mode of training. The present

National Guard relies largely upon armory training distributed throughout the year. Steuben proposed thirty-one days in training camps each year.

VII

One of the advanced ideas that Steuben had received from Frederick the Great was the importance of combined training in order to insure the intelligent team-work of infantry, cavalry, and field artillery. The full importance of this was but little understood outside of Prussia at that time. Steuben sought to secure this advantage for his American National Guard. In order to accomplish this in a sparsely settled country of great area, it was necessary to divide his total force into small training teams. If he should make his training team a "division" of 7,000 men, he would have only three teams in all, and each of them would occupy approximately a third of the whole national area. With so large an area and with the communications then available it would be impossible to assemble such divisions for team training. Steuben, therefore, invented a smaller team with a strength of 3,000 men which he called a legion. This gave him seven training teams each billeted in a much smaller area. Each of his legions would comprise two small brigades of infantry with a squadron of two troops of cavalry, a battalion of artillery of two batteries, and an organized field train. Indeed, by this arrangement, each brigade with a troop and a battery preserved his team proportions and gave him fourteen territorial teams for training purposes. Although the advantage of combining tactical organization with territorial distribution is quite obvious, it was not adopted in our peace establishment until one hundred and thirty-seven years after Steuben thus proposed it.

For purposes of inspection, supervision, and administration, Steuben also proposed to divide the country into three departments as follows:

The Northern Department comprising New England. (To this area he allotted two of his militia legions.)

The Middle Department comprising New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. (To this area he allotted three of his militia legions.)

The Southern Department comprising Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. (To this area he allotted two of his militia legions.)

As these Departments were each to include a munitions service and a system of popular military education, they must be recognized at once as the forerunners of our present Corps Areas. Here again Steuben anticipated our present organization by one hundred and thirty-seven years.

It should also be understood that if Steuben's plan had been adopted the military schools proposed by him must have trained and developed an effective general staff from the beginning of our national history. It might not have been called a "General Staff," but it must have performed the general staff function. Steuben was a general staff officer, trained in general staff methods and imbued with sound general staff doctrine. It was the purpose of a military academy, as he and Washington conceived it, to transmit and perpetuate those methods and that doctrine in the American Citizen Army. If Steuben had been permitted to supervise the establishment of his schools, we may be sure that he would have transmitted the method of instruction which he had received from Frederick the Great. Thus, the "applicatory method" both as a means of training and as a "tactical measuring rod" must have been adopted in our Citizen Army more than a century before it finally crept into the curriculum at Fort Leavenworth.

Steuben also proposed a small regular army to garrison the posts on the Indian frontier. Washington's plan of 1783 contained the same proposal. But neither Steuben nor Washington advocated regular troops for purposes of national defense. They proposed a strictly limited number of professional

soldiers to perform certain continuing duties that cannot be performed by citizen soldiers. In addition to this small specialized regular force, the plan also contemplated a limited number of highly trained professionals to provide for military instruction and administration in time of peace. Steuben's own history proves that professional guidance is essential to the efficiency of a Citizen Army—but in terms of quality rather than quantity.

VIII

As a partial test of the soundness of Steuben's ideas, let us assume that his National Guard had been adopted in 1784 and had grown with the country. How would it have affected our position in the War of 1812? By that time practically all of the revolutionary veterans would have gone, but they would have been replaced by officers who had risen from grade to grade in Steuben's legions. Most of the commanders and staff officers would have been graduates of the central military schools. With staff officers so trained, there must have been plans of concentration, strategic deployment, and supply based upon the conditions and requirements of an organized force actually in being. Each legion and lower unit would have had a commanding officer accustomed to handle it in the field. Each officer and man would have been accustomed in peace to camp and march with his war unit. The War Department would have been prepared to administer the War organization because the War organization and the familiar Peace organization would have been the same.

The strength of Steuben's National Guard in 1812 would have been 49,000 —more than doubled with the growth of population since 1784. Throughout the country there would have been 100,000 young men who had graduated from the force in the past ten years. With these to draw from and with more than half a million untrained men of military age, there could have been no difficulty in attaining and maintaining the war strength of 98,000 men. Under these circumstances, can there be any doubt that the war must have ended with the conquest of Canada in a single campaign?

Or, let us consider the situation in 1860, assuming that "a well-regulated militia" had developed as Washington and Steuben sought to develop it. By that time Steuben's National Guard would have had a peace strength of 200,000, expansible to 400,000 on mobilization. There would have been a uniform territorial organization throughout the country. There would have been competent leaders and staff officers both North and South. For every organized battalion in the States that ultimately seceded there would have been four organized battalions in the rest of the Union. Lincoln defined the Civil War as an appeal from ballots to bullets on the part of a disgruntled political minority. Could there have been such an appeal to force if the potential military power of the nation had been in negotiable form?

By 1914 Steuben's National Guard would have attained a peace strength of 600,000 men, expansible to double that number on mobilization. Further preparedness would have required nothing more than prolonging the training season. Further expansion would have been the simple process of duplicating a familiar pattern in each battalion area. We should have been prepared to do in our first year of war what, in the actual event, we could not do until the second. But could there have been a war of autocratic reaction under these conditions? If America had done her part toward *keeping* the world safe for democracy could it have been necessary to fight a war to *make* it so?

IX

When Washington became President he tried to establish his "well-regulated" militia. In his annual message of Jan-

uary 8, 1790, he said, "*A free people ought not only to be armed, but disciplined: to which end, a uniform and well-digested plan is requisite.*" Thirteen days later he submitted his own "uniform and well-digested plan" to Congress. His diary shows that in preparing this plan he considered his own plan of 1783, Steuben's plan of 1784, and a plan prepared by General Knox in 1786, and that he carefully compared all three* with the militia systems of Europe. The official plan of 1790 was known as the Knox Plan because it was drafted by General Knox who was then Secretary of War. But it was really Washington's because it was based upon his written instructions. In this document Washington proposed training for all able-bodied young men of eighteen, nineteen, and twenty instead of the purely voluntary training proposed by Steuben. The remarkable thing about it is that it is a highly scientific modification of the Swiss system. If to-day the President should direct the General Staff to work out a plan adapting the Swiss system to the needs of a sparsely settled country of great area, it would hardly be possible for it to make a more perfect solution than that which Washington submitted to the First Congress in 1790.

But political conditions did not permit the adoption of Washington's program at that time. The enemies of the new federal government were unwilling to give it any effective military power. Instead of establishing Washington's "well-regulated" militia, Congress, in the Act of 1792, gave federal sanction to all the vicious features of the old Colonial Militia. Washington had proposed militia in terms of "gilt-edged bonds." Congress issued it in terms of "watered stock." It was this ill-regulated old type militia that failed in the War of 1812. Washington's "well-regulated" militia was not tried.

That Washington was right is confirmed by the final result of more than a century of spontaneous but costly evolution. All of the valuable features of our existing military organization under the Act of 1920 were contained in Washington's original plan in their simplest and most economical form. The National Guard, as it has been organized since the World War, is structurally and functionally the same as that which Steuben proposed in 1784. If our existing organization is not identical in all respects with Washington's, it is because another military system, entirely different in kind, and based upon the idea of an expansible standing army, has gradually developed since the War of 1812. This system, founded upon an exploded interpretation of the Constitution and supported by incomplete and uncritical historical research, still obstructs the development of our traditional military policy as perfected by Washington and as endorsed by all of the soldiers and statesmen who founded our government.

*Washington's Studies on a proper military policy for the United States, with papers on the same subject submitted to him by Steuben and other general officers, are to be found in the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress. Other more detailed studies by Baron Steuben are contained in the "Steuben Papers" in the Library of the New York Historical Society.

CHINA'S COVERED WAGON

BY OLIVE GILBREATH

Drought, warfare, and extortionate taxation are a chronic curse to the peasantry of North China. The margin of subsistence in the best of seasons is exceedingly narrow. Famine follows the slightest disarrangement of economic conditions. Eight years ago an extensive drought brought one-third of the fifty million people in the Yellow River Provinces to the verge of death.

To the peril of drought there has been added the scourge of constant warfare. The Chinese Republic, for more than a decade, has been overrun by a succession of contesting war lords. And always Peking—the nation's capitol—has been the goal for which these generals fought. The theater of war, therefore, has been the north, and the consequent suffering has fallen most heavily to the lot of the already overburdened peasants of this northern territory.

These peasants, moreover, have been forced not merely to suffer from the devastations of the war itself, but to submit to heavy levies in order to finance the generals who sought to continue it. This has been particularly the case since Chang Tsung-ch'ang, bandit ally of the late Chang Tso-lin, assumed the governorship of Shantung Province.

From these three evils the peasantry of North China are fleeing in the extraordinary migration described in the accompanying article.

Their goal is Manchuria. Its soil is fertile and widely unoccupied. In 1906 one million of a total of twenty million available hectares of land were under cultivation. In 1927 the total had reached eleven million.

This increase is due, on the one hand, to Chinese immigration and, on the other hand, to the world-wide increase in the use of the soya bean. The bean harvest of Manchuria, in 1906, amounted to 600,000 tons. By 1927 it had mounted to four million tons.

It is, therefore, the economic hardships of life in North China and the economic opportunities waiting in Manchuria that combine to account for China's Covered Wagon.—*The Editors.*

IT is the end of a long day. In the train sheds, so far as eye can reach, the dusk is blotted with heads, cheek-bones, bundled bodies, eyes. Eyes—so many thousands of eyes that they appear part of a film portraying the details of a guilty conscience. Thousands of pairs of eyes: they scan the wickets, the tracks, the gates, the guards. They scan everything with animal curiosity, but particularly the guards and the gates. The latter, it must be confessed, seem frail defenses should that human tide decide to go over the top. The crowd is quiet, but in its quiescence is something more striking than another crowd's agitation. Almost any multitude staggers the individual mind; unable to bear the reckless fertility of nature, it seeks to escape. But there is no escaping this horde; it's unknowing, uncaring mass paralyzes the imagination. It is Conrad's sea—but an earth sea.

At last a glare lights up the long sheds. From behind comes a blind urge forward. The floor of the sea itself seems to have slanted up. The train is obscured, submerged. The police and soldiers do their best but they are helpless; they can only gather up the wreckage afterward. No, it is not the arrival of Charles Chaplin or even Colonel Lindbergh at le Bourget. The place is Harbin, the time is any day and every day of 1928. It is China's Covered Wagon moving out to the North.

What giant source can possibly keep supplied this mammoth tide flowing day after day? From all over North China—from Chihli and Shantung and even from farther provinces—come streams, all flowing to the sea. Along a dusty

road in Shantung plods a man in tattered and faded blue. He is girt about the head, girt about the middle, girt about the ankles against wind. Behind him, with tortured feet, pegs a woman. On her back she carries a heavy parcel bound in filthy wrappings. Children trudge in the rear, the smallest one last; the eldest —a boy of nine—bends under a burden of bedding and kettles. The elder little girl carries an urchin almost as big as herself. The man bears a burden too. Astride his back sits a wizened figure—his aged father. It is cold, the wind blows, they do not talk. They travel slowly against the wind, but they travel. Day after day, all winter long, all spring long, these lines of gray-blue beetles move over the hills.

Day after day all winter long, all spring long, from all over North China, even in the dead of winter when the soil is frozen and offers no hope of livelihood, against the advice of authorities, these lines move over the hills. Whither bound? For any exit by which the starving may escape China. Through the ancient break in the Great Wall at Shanhaikuan in open box cars, by junk and steamer from Tsingtao and Tientsin to Dairen and Newchwang, by Shanks' mares all the way, the greatest migration of the world is taking place—comparable only with the rush of fifty years ago to our own Northwest. Two million people are one on the move into Manchuria.

Migration is no new phenomenon in China. Every spring Tsinan has seen hundreds of coolies leaving for Manchuria. But they are only seasonal laborers, "come spring, go autumn." At Chinese New Year they will be back to kowtow before the tablets of their ancestors, eat *chiaotzŭ* and drink *paikan*. But these processions are different. Instead of lines of single men, they include whole families. And yet not whole families. There is something peculiar about them. Here are the aged, the middle-aged, very young children. But where are the girls and the youths? A ticket to the Promised Land costs seven dollars and thirty-five cents. The girls have been sold to transport the family. The boys have been seized by military orders. These ragged trekkers are not "come spring, go autumn." They have turned their backs on the graves of their fathers and the memory of their children, stuck the title deeds of their farms on the doors. They are not coming back. Slowly they travel but they move with the persistence of nature. They have no such luxury as prairie schooners but if they had, the sides would bear the legend "Manchuria or Bust."

North China has two main exits, Tsingtao and Tientsin. Tsingtao, as the nearer, receives the greater flood. There are no white devils, as there were when they were being packed for France during the war, to poke red-hot needles into their arms or cut their queues. The barbed-wire traps of the Chinese are easier to pass than those of the white devils and, once passed, the hosts swarm the wharves and the piers and settle over the beach like blue locusts. Rude sheds have been erected and soldiers detailed to herd them into shelter, but the soldiers are helpless against that mass. Neither threats nor coaxing move the locusts. They know for what they have tramped over the hills. They have seen their prairie schooners lying in the harbor.

For the Japanese steamship companies this migration is a bonanza. They have stretched their capacities to the utmost, but no carrying power could be sufficient, short of equipping the locusts with wings. A steamer to be loaded makes a five o'clock subway rush look like a quiet game of poker. Within fifteen minutes after the boat has docked, without the steamship company's having lifted a finger, seventeen hundred shoving bodies, seventeen hundred pairs of eyes, hands, and feet are aboard. Why this mad will to live a life harsh, with few rewards? . . . Why does the sap surge upward to the leaves?

The fare from Tsingtao to Dairen has been reduced to one dollar gold and still, at the rate of a cent a pound for coolie

carriage, the profits are enormous. The refugees are excellent cargo. They can be packed as tightly as beans or coconuts and, in addition, they have the enormous advantage of moving off and on by their own feet. No complaints about rooms or food. In fact, there are no rooms and there is no food. On deck and below deck they are packed in tiers like the traditional sardine. They move hardly more than the traditional sardine. There is no room to lie down, barely room for each to squat. If they tried to move, one sardine would have to walk on top of the others. When the boat is emptied, it is cleaned by Japanese sailors wearing gas-masks, using hose shovels and scrapers. The steamship company supplies water. Food? A hand goes into a padded garment and brings out a mud and grass cake. That suffices for the twenty-eight hours. If you would see life reduced to the minimum and courage pushed to the maximum, sail on a boat for Dairen. If the homesteaders feel anxiety, they do not show it. They have an inheritance of two thousand recorded years of suffering in which anything is of more importance than the feelings of a human being. If they have *arrière-pensées*, they keep them to themselves. Their lean copper bodies and nerves undegenerated by soft living and steadied, perhaps, by the common-sense teachings of Confucius—highly diffused on their way down from the scholars but affecting even the masses in China—make for pioneering. Eyes to the North. No forty-niner ever set his face more doggedly toward the golden West than these toward their goal.

II

What must be the thoughts of these medieval hordes dropped into one of the miracles of the twentieth century—Dairen? One must imagine Genghis Khan's army suddenly thronging through the ports of Vancouver or San Francisco. Under the lee of one of the modern stone buildings, a typical Chinese family group squats. The mother, half-naked, is nursing her dirt-smeared child at her breast. Her feet are bound, her hands are small, in one ear she wears a small silver earring; in many ways known to ethnologists, she bears evidence of an old race, but her expression is almost animal. The husband, a Harlequin in blue of all shades, is rewinding his feet with rags which will last about two miles of the six hundred he must walk if he continues his journey on foot. Under the eye of the mother sprawl two other children, sturdy of build but with an infection that will leave their scalps forever bare in patches. At their feet are two shrunken bundles, the accumulation of a life of the hardest labor in the world. Before them lies the mammoth harbor of Dairen with its breakwaters, its fleet of steamers lying alongside the lateen-sailed Chinese junks, its great concrete piers, its warehouses and uncanny cranes reaching out their long arms with devil swiftness and accuracy. That this has all been evoked out of the wilderness by the resolute little island kingdom across the way within the last twenty years, they of course do not know. It is a safe wager that they do not *see*, they have lived too long at the bottom of a well. Their thoughts are, doubtless, *nil*. But they form the strangest of strange contrasts against their background: a point of departure for thoughts on wars, governments, and kindred topics.

Even if they had thoughts they would have little time to think them. "Move on—step lively" is the law of the Japanese who wish to keep the port cleared. Chinese "Same Village" committees meet the boats, conduct them to the trains, arrange for tickets, and act as go-betweens with the innkeepers if they must remain all night. But often they tighten their girdles, rewind their feet, and on the same day they land they are off again. Seventy per cent of those who arrive by boat and forty per cent of the total number make the journey by rail. The others trudge on foot. As the struggle to reach the Promised Land

grows more harsh the rule of "the devil take the hindmost" grows fiercer. No Air Line or California Limited here, no Blue Express; only open box cars. When the whistle blows and the masked policemen open the gates, battle is joined, in which the lesser go down—the aged, the sick, the children. The single coolies—big fellows—climb in first, women and children last. One is reminded of Russia evacuating, but there is a difference. These fight—fight and smile. An urchin is knocked out of the way by a big coolie who takes his place. There is a howl, but his mother drags him to his feet, gives him a cuff, and shoves him through the window. This is no place for pity. A huge coolie entering by the window route plants his feet in an old man's face. The blood comes, but the battered old philosopher only smiles and moves his place. One cannot expect life to be all tea and *chiaotzŭ*.

The battle over, the train moves out and the police collect the debris: the dead and maimed, the children lost, the babies wrapped in paper and left behind—froth on the surface of this vast torrent of life. Some have been born at the station, others will be born in the trucks or by the side of the road as their mothers peg along on their tortured feet. They will be stuffed naked inside ragged garments or, if there is nothing for them, dropped from the railway bridges as the train crosses a river. The Chinese in normal life love and cherish their children, but this is not life; it is migration.

A ticket to Harbin from Dairen costs about six dollars and a half gold, more money than many Chinese peasants have ever seen. Even for those who can find the money for the ticket it is not a journey *de luxe*. There are no conveniences; modesty is again a mannerism. There is no food. There are long delays at the junction stations, and for those who have invested the last copper in the railway ticket such days mean so much more starvation. There is a certain *kudos*, however, in starving on a train. Only the plutocrats can afford it. The others starve on foot, straggling along the tracks. Encumbered with their few pots and pans, the women carrying babies, the men often with the sick or aged astride their backs, still they make for the Promised Land—an amazing wave of humanity, which the average Chinese in his preoccupation with wars and rumors of wars, kidnappings, flights, and confiscations passes by without comment, but which, while his gaze is distracted by other matters, may be changing the face of the North, building up a powerful kingdom there beyond the Great Wall.

Since the migration is looked upon favorably, as much help as possible is rendered to the homesteaders; such help as can be rendered a slice of earth changing its geography. Chinese guilds and charitable organizations tax their members to help. Free medical attention and free shelter are provided at the junction stations. The railways have greatly reduced their fares, the Chinese Eastern carrying those over sixty and small children free of charge. But no one could render enough aid. By the time they have reached Dairen a large number have exhausted their resources; the lines begin to thin. Some find work in the Japanese factories; a starving horde seeks work and food along the road. The smallest and the oldest fall by the wayside and meet thus what for the Chinese is the most tragic of fates—an exile's grave. In spite of this, in spite of everything, of hunger and death, of uncertainty, the footsore army plods stoically on. The goal is in sight, a place where they may rest after the terrible hegira from Shantung. They are down to bed rock now, living on millet and grass cakes; it has become a race with starvation to these plains.

If it were not for the incredible vitality of the Chinese peasants, many more would fail to reach the goal. In spite of no sanitation, foot-binding, and a very inadequate handling of disease, they are one of the physical wonders of the world. Centuries of life-war have developed in them a magnificent physique, a

natural resistance to infection, and the recuperative powers of an animal. Let a Chinese peasant be wounded, he will heal like a healthy dog.

So it is that about the station at Harbin legions encamp. Here and there a brasier glows in the dusk. Until midnight and after carts may be heard rumbling over the bridge to the Chinese quarters—plutocrats who still have a few coppers left with which to buy shelter under a roof. But these are only a few. The majority huddle patiently in the bleak sheds, waiting silently to be sorted, shuffled, and re-ticketed like merchandise for their final destination, or roll up in their bedding and sleep on the floor, the sleep of exhaustion. A woman dehumanized with fatigue, lies back, eyes closed in her apathetic face while her offspring crawls over her, seeking nourishment. Another, still in her heavy clothes, her face purple with fever, raves in delirium. The Promised Land lies in sight but it is a question whether their feet will ever touch it. They will be left behind with the other sick and miserable, but where they fall thousands, millions will take their places. Only an act of God could stop them now. Manchuria will be populated.

III

If this army against the background of Dairen formed a strange scene, it is not less strange in Harbin. Outside the barracks which shelter the exiles lies the gayest, most tragic city of the Far East—Harbin, the "City of Nichevo." It is populated largely by exiles from Russia who straggled into it a few years ago in trains better than open box cars, but not much. Backwash of war, as the exiles in the sheds are backwash of war, not many years ago they slept four deep on the floors of Siberian stations—or lived under freight trains on the sidings. Now they form the hectic night life of a city which overshadows in gaiety Shanghai. But to the city of these fellow-exiles the Chinese are oblivious. When they have become rich merchants—and every Chinese carries in him the seeds of a rich merchant—they too will patronize cabarets. In the meantime, *land.*

Is it possible that they can put forth another effort? Harbin is the last stopping place. An official gives a sharp command. The footsore army struggle to their feet, shouldering bedding, kettles, and children. An attendant prods the lagging ones and brings a stick down on the backs of the slow. Hobbling, staggering, the mob is off for the last time. The future hope of Manchuria—small shining-eyed, rosy lords of creation in filthy garments—wail; they may be potential bean kings but they are thrust into the cars with the other bundles. Within ten minutes the train pulls out. In forty-eight hours, or less, the homesteaders will see the fertile brown plains for which they have gambled. Within a week these incredibly persistent folk will have built a mud-and-wattle hut, they will have borrowed a donkey and seed, and they will be patiently and happily plowing the ground from dawn until nightfall, or scratching it with their hands and a stick. Quickly and pluckily the old volume of China is closed and the new one of Manchuria is opened.

China has something of the same peasant philosophy as Russia. Ask a peasant in the old days of Russia about some misfortune or burden, nine times out of ten he would answer, "*Preveekli*—we are used to it." The Chinese peasant shares the same fatalism. It takes long to exhaust his patience but, once started, he moves. In the last ten days of April the Peking-Mukden railway carried over nineteen thousand people. Into Dairen by steamship have landed roughly three hundred and eighty-four thousand, at Newchwang seventy-five thousand, at Antung twenty-four thousand. An army of seventy thousand tramp along the Peking-Mukden line seeking work. At the flood tide of the American migration to the Northwest, between 1880 and 1890, statistics show a shift of five million and a quarter people. Compared

with the two million expected in Manchuria before October, and their capacity for population, it dwindles in size—if not in importance.

As one watches the blue flood spread over the plain, one is forced to ask what explosive force could have torn those sturdy figures from their hills. According to economists, agrarian migrations occur for one of three reasons: unarable land, unfavorable conditions, or the opening of new colonies. The tattered peasant tramping through the wilderness with a smile on his face and not a copper in his pocket knows nothing of economists, but he knows all three of their reasons. Only he names them more graphically: famine, war lords, and the soya bean.

Which is the greater dragon in Chinese life, famine or the war lord? It is difficult to say. In two thousand years of recorded history the Chinese peasant has met famine eighteen hundred and twenty-eight times. The only variety in the famine seems to be whether it comes as a Wet or a Dry Dragon. When it is a Wet Dragon the Yellow River breaks its bonds, and the peasant lies all night on the dykes in the slashing rain, trying to protect them with his body. Two thousand years ago a man corralled the river once: a feat considered so remarkable that he was made Emperor. In later years American engineers have been entrusted with the task of taming the monster, and their prayers to Imperial Heaven in concrete and steel have been remarkably successful. But so long as there is no money in China to treat the river as a whole, it must always break bounds, overflow the peasant's fields, drown his pig, and melt down the mud walls of his hut and his compound.

This year the famine was dry. The villages melt more slowly, it is true, but they melt. The Peking and Tientsin papers are full of tales which represent a background of appalling suffering. Recently a father near Tsinan, in the clutches of starvation, sold his elder daughter. She was twelve years old and she brought twelve dollars. The heartbroken mother hanged herself near the Tsinan station; whereupon the father strangled the younger little girl of three on the ground that she cost too much to care for without a mother.

"But why," says the American, putting his hand in his pocket to pay Chinese taxes—the famine relief levy—almost as regularly as he pays his own taxes, "is nothing done?" Drought is difficult to fight, although even in the days of the Chow dynasty a system of irrigation operated in Shensi. The Yellow River, American engineers assert, could be tamed and a hundred thousand farms added to the land for the cost of only *one* famine. Why is it not done? The first reason is simply—China. The second—until he retreated before the Nationalists recently—sat in Tsinan.

Chang Tsung-ch'ang—not to be confused with that other war lord, the late Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria—was an ex-coolie, six feet four tall, with a sullen face enlightened by a child-like smile and a constitution that can toss off three bottles of brandy at a sitting. Only China, land of pinnacle and crevasse, could have produced him or could suffer him. His father is said to have been from the lowest class in China—the ragamuffins who blow trumpets in the funeral processions. He himself started as a ricksha coolie, learned Russian in Vladivostok as a wharf coolie and landed by the bandit route at the dizzy heights of power.

The war lord is not a new phenomenon in China. He is as old as floods and famine, but, with an iron hand absent at the helm of central government, increasingly a new and deadly type of war lord has appeared, of which the governor of Shantung was the perfect flower. "Chang was never an administrator," says an editorial writer in *The China Standard*. "With him, the position was simply an incredibly wonderful opportunity for personal enjoyment. He had about him a gang of sycophants who helped bleed the already tottering province. His generals hardly knew one end

of a gun from another and, moreover, were monstrously disloyal. His troops were rarely if ever paid, a mob of ignorant coolies, ill fed and badly clothed and fearful of fight. . . . "

Like other adventurer leaders in history, he had his points. In his case it was an enormous gusto for life, a sense of humor that fascinated not only Chinese but foreigners who came into contact with him. Added to this were a careless good nature and trust. Unfortunately this trust in the retainers who overran the mammoth courts of his yamen was not justified. It is said by his defenders that he wanted to pay his troops. He raised money for them, he turned it over to his treasurers, but the cash never reached the army. Not long ago he held a review, at which he expected to inspect the hundred and fifty thousand men for whom, according to the bills presented by his retainers, he had bought arms at the exorbitant prices of European gun runners. A rabble of about sixty-five thousand, ill fed and ill trained, were drawn into a semblance of military formation. His troops have never been notably well disciplined, but whatever discipline they have had has drained away by ignorance and incompetence.

Added to the high cost of an army for a plaything, Chang Tsung-ch'ang has drained the resources of Shantung to support his lavish Oriental taste for hospitality and for a harem. At what was wittily called "The Celebration for the Establishment of the Republic" a huge *pong* was erected at the yamen, Russian singers and dancers were imported from Harbin, a special train brought guests from Tsingtao, and a thousand sat down to dinner with silver service and champagne for all. As principal in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, Chang Tsung-ch'ang would be incomparably charming. As governor of a province living on weeds and grass, he is one of the grim reasons why the Shantungese leave home.

It would take a very prosperous country indeed to support these gorgeous buccaneers. For China it is impossible. Year after year alternately with the Wet and the Dry Dragon, the Chinese peasant is constantly "only one jump ahead of starvation," and when the tax collector finishes with him he is often not even one jump ahead. It would seem that no more blood could be squeezed from the turnip, and still the tax collector squeezes. The last concubine must have fifty thousand dollars deposited in the bank or she will not come. In general, to list the taxable property in a province is to list all the property of that province. Shantung has a tax on carts, on land, on animals, on piece goods, a tax on many commodities simply in transit through a city. There are taxes on queues and taxes on bound feet. If the peasant has any of the luxuries of life—rice, tea, sugar, kerosene—he is taxed for these; but he seldom has any of these luxuries.

He takes his cart to pieces and hides it in the sand, but unfortunately he cannot take his pig to pieces. Nor can he hide his *mow* of land, and on his land he has already paid taxes three years in advance. Nor can he cut off the bound feet of his mother. The supreme tax strategy—practiced in other provinces as well as in Shantung—seems to have been reached in a scheme around opium. Under threat of arrest every farmer is compelled to sow a share of his land to opium. When the opium is ripe it is then confiscated as being illegal, the farmer who grew it under threat is fined for having grown it, and in some cases the land is seized as a penalty.

For a wealthy farmer or merchant life is even more complicated. The peasant is always in danger of military conscription, but the citizen of property stands in daily danger of being carried off for ransom by bandits. In some cases where villagers have protested a bandit raid, they have been shut up by the bandits in their houses and burned. In any case, there is no recourse. The line between soldiers and bandits is too shadowy, and those soldiers who are not engaged in more nefarious traffic are march-

ing with the war lord against the war lord of the next province—Yen or Feng or Chiang or Wu—or "resting." In any event, bandits and floods and famine are not the government's business.

What is to be done? Those men who have turned their backs on the land of their fathers and set their eyes on new goals are the answer.

And what do they expect to find at the end of the trail, a pot of gold? It is not a visionary one, for without knowing it, they have come to one of the richest regions in the world. "The King is Dead—Long Live the King!"—the real king of North China, the soya bean. *Kioliang* has long been the stay of the North—house, drink, food—but the bean, with its newly discovered attributes, is the ruler *de facto*. Few potentates have ever been so powerful. He has already built schools and churches, raised Dairen from a port of fortieth rank in China to third rank, and revived Vladivostok. Long-visioned white men and suspicious yellow men fall headlong over one another to build railways for him; they cannot build them fast enough. All over the world ships await the bean; his needs, his seasons are their chronometer; they sail entirely at his command. In America and China research departments are devoted to the study of his development, psychology, and future. The Japanese use the bean for their soil; Hungary for meat; Mussolini has decreed that it form fifteen per cent of the bread of Italy. Its history since its real discovery, largely by American universities, reads like a tale of the gold rush. Manchuria has discovered a Klondike—not yellow gold but green gold.

Fortunately his migration suits the political schemes of the northern war lords who logically see in a Manchuria, rich in resources and unlimited in man power, new wealth. Since it more than fulfills the dreams of the commercial interests, the emigrant receives very favorable treatment once he reaches the land. Most of southern Manchuria is already occupied, hence the greater number of settlers spread out in new territory recently opened along the railways in north and east Manchuria. If possible, they settle immediately on the land put at their disposal by the owners of great tracts who divide them up into smaller settlements. Since the owners of these tracts are usually high officials in the railway or government, they clear the land of the first obnoxious undergrowth—not weeds or scrub oak, but *bandits*. In many cases, they even plow the land with tractors and furnish them with seed to carry them over until the first crop appears, the payment being a crop-sharing arrangement. A certain number find work as ricksha coolies, wheelbarrow coolies, refuse gatherers, truck gardeners, but it is the aim of the officials to assist as many as possible to the land, for reasons which fringe one of the dramas of the future.

The drama of the future—aye, there's the rub in Manchuria. As one watches this incredibly vital figure facing the unknown with fortitude and endless courage, "matching with Destiny for beers," the question constantly grows: for how long will Destiny be kind? Will she reward his heroism with a respite from wars and taxes, vouchsafe him a chance to find his feet? According to Trader Horn, Nature never indulges in the luxury of pity. Without undue pessimism, one must admit that Manchuria may, in the not too distant future, bear out Trader Horn.

Already the war lord is eyeing this rich plum with renewed appetite. He has plundered China Proper so ruthlessly that it is at least temporarily exhausted. His keen eye is already seeking out new resources. Let Manchuria develop in peace, flood it with brawn and bone; give it every opportunity. Man power means all power. What is the further dream of the war lord as he lies back on his brocade divan and reaches for his opium pipe while the Shantung farmer, working under the fierce Manchurian sun, strips gold out of the earth? Manchuria was Chang Tso-lin's special

province and already it has been pressed, to its own detriment, into lining the coffers in Peking.

The trick is as simple as Columbus's setting the egg on end. First, large stocks of paper are purchased and run through the government printing presses; although there is practically no silver back of them, they then are named money. The next step is to forbid the use of the Japanese *yen* in Manchuria and to force this worthless paper currency as payment for crops. The immeasurably rich cargoes thus garnered for such paper are then shipped to Dairen and sold to Japanese and other foreign exporters for the solid *yen* forbidden in Manchuria; the *yen* or their equivalents are then remitted to Peking in good Chinese silver. That which purchases beans in Manchuria has no effect upon a gun runner; he does not lay down a gun until his palm is crossed with silver. The logical result is naturally the complete demoralization of Manchurian currency. When the value of the currency threatens to sink out of sight altogether, a part is called in with a large gesture; but secretly the presses are started again. The economic situation does not promise to be unclouded in Manchuria.

IV

The war lord, however, is not the only danger. Japan and Russia, ancient enemies in the Far East, are again in a duel over Manchuria. Japan has always been known to regard with a speculative eye the rich mines of the Yangtze, and the surrender of Tsingtao still aches. For the moment, however, nothing south of the Great Wall holds any interest for her comparable with her ambitions in Manchuria. Russia also—although she has lost much prestige in the Far East—keeps a belligerent eye on her prize port, Vladivostok, and her road to the sea, the Chinese Eastern Railway. But there is a new factor in the case, and that is China herself. She has ceased to be simply the prostrate body over whom the other two fought, and is struggling to her feet. Thus with the former victim revived, and herself a combatant, the encounter ceases to be a duel and has become a triangular fight for economic rewards of colossal richness and political results which no one can foresee.

The keys of the three-cornered rivalry are the railways and ports. In this Japan has the inside track. Sadly and reluctantly she has at last recognized the fact that the Japanese farmer cannot compete with the Chinese farmer as a colonist, and has resigned the mass population of Manchuria to her great neighbor across the way. But the control and handling of that immense output, that inexhaustible wealth potential in Manchuria, through her railways and ports—that is another matter. To have Manchuria as both a source of raw materials and a growing market for her manufactured goods is Japan's ambition. And it is no small ambition, for who holds the railway control of Manchuria in time will tap a Mississippi valley for richness.

For the realization of this ambition, Japan has a good foundation: the South Manchurian Railway and the port of Dairen with the cheapest cargo handling in the world. If she throws a line to the Korean coast and builds a port there as she plans to do, she will have an even cheaper route; for the distance from Korea to Tsuruga is only half the distance from Dairen to Kobe. In another way, Japan holds the strategic position. She has already thrown three spear-heads of railways into Manchuria. About the end of the Great War she made titanic efforts to obtain possession of the line from Changchun to Harbin. If she had obtained this she would have thus had an elbow of railways—Vladivostok, Harbin, Dairen—by which she would have controlled the north of the Far East. She was frustrated in her designs mainly by the Interallied Commission, but she has since financed a Chinese-built line by which she will soon be astride the Chinese Eastern Railway. This completed, she will then be able to pour

troops into Manchuria against China, Russia, or any power that balks her desires.

From this time on the man power of Manchuria will be overwhelmingly Chinese; this migration alone has made that an accomplished fact. Against the two or three hundred thousand which Japan has presented Manchuria to date, China now sends two million in one year with millions more in the loins of these. Japan has resigned herself to the fact, but one thing she will never resign—her "special position" in Manchuria. This she avers she won by agreement after the Russian-Japanese War, and she has announced that in case of war she will make Manchuria her first line of defense and will defend with blood the South Manchurian Railway.

China's greatest pawn in the game is that stream of life pouring over the hills into the north—a pawn whose significance will never grow less. In the matter of ports, nature and the march of history—especially the march of history—has dealt her a very poor hand. Only the ports of Newchwang and Antung remain and these are ice-bound during part of the export season. For several years China has toyed with the idea of a port between Tientsin and Newchwang, but she has recently renounced that in favor of enlarging Newchwang. At best, however, it can handle only three million tons out of the sea of exports. Certain observers believe that she may break through at Posiet Bay south of Vladivostok, but this can happen only when the pressure of population shut off from the sea becomes irresistible.

In railways China has always been at the end of the procession. South of the Great Wall, this is still true; no new lines are being constructed and those in existence are not operative for commercial purposes or are going to ruin. In Manchuria, however, China has suddenly awakened under the new economic promise and, to Japan's extreme annoyance, has begun to build with Chinese capital. According to the Japanese Government, by the treaty of 1915 China agreed to construct no lines parallel with Japanese lines in Manchuria. China has raised a question as to the extent of territory to which this applies and, while the dispute is in progress, she cleverly and serenely continues to pursue her railway construction in the face of Japanese protests. So long as she has no port comparable with Vladivostok or Dairen, however, she can never win the battle of the railways. It is only by the ancient boa constrictor process that China defeats her enemies—by enveloping and digesting them.

Against Dairen and the South Manchurian Railway of Japan and the bulk of population of China, Russia holds the Chinese Eastern Railway and her cherished port of Vladivostok. These she wills to keep, for they are her road to the sea. In addition to these, Russia has taken Outer Mongolia from under China's nose, not officially but actually; the offices are nominally held by Mongolians but in reality they are largely controlled by the Soviet. Perhaps with Japan so strongly entrenched in Manchuria and Russian inner affairs still turbulent and unstable, Russia holds in abeyance at least her once large ambitions in Manchuria and is concentrating on the control of Outer Mongolia and on honeycombing China and Japan with propaganda.

The question of Russia is largely a question of her alliances. Will they be with China or Japan—or neither? In spite of the recent cordial gesture of Baron Goto, there is and always has been between Japan and Russia an instinctive racial dislike. Besides Japan is clutched with a fear of communism more deadly than that of any other nation and the arrest of one thousand communists in Tokyo has aggravated the nervousness. In fact, in general the Russia of to-day is looked upon as a slippery and perhaps troublesome bedfellow; China also, both north and south, distrusts Russia. The Russia of to-day is still experimental and chaotic; but the Russia of fifty years

hence—steady, prosperous? No one in the world—not America, not England, certainly not China or Japan—can afford to ignore that giant.

Of war, the present danger seems remote. No power will block Japan at present. China certainly cannot. Her war lords are too absorbed in other affairs: buying and selling one another and arranging for flights and the transportation of heavy money bags to the neutral zones of Dairen, Tientsin, or Shanghai once the game grows too hot. Russia will not. She has no money for a Far Eastern Campaign. Besides, she has other plans, more subtle and far-reaching, both in China and Japan. Japan herself, with her eye on the growing trade with China and those rich fields of Manchuria, seems to be following paths of strict discretion. Although her fleet happened to be on a "friendly visit" to the four strategic points on the Chinese coast at the time of the recent dispute over the Manchurian railways, she brought no threat of action. But that the horizon of Manchuria promises unbroken fair weather for the future seems more than less unlikely. The last West is too rich.

It can only be hoped that as Nature has no room for pity and the conflict must come, it will delay long enough to give these toiling, tax-crazed masses a respite—one moment in which they may build their mud huts, feed their hunger for the soil, smoke their pipes, and rear their children in peace. Surely there is greatness in a race that can create the arts and temples, the cities and canals of China, and that has borne a Confucius; surely there is greatness in the coolie who, after two thousand years of starvation, can tuck a grass and mud cake in his tattered garment and stride off to new horizons with a smile. If anyone deserves reward, it is China's pioneer, with his "astonishing courage to live in the face of uncertainty . . . his amazing talent for happiness in the face of privation." It is he who has taken the curse from this flight and made it an epic of human courage.

BITTERS

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

HYSSOP from a grave's edge,
Yarrow from spent lane,
Everlasting from a wood
Wrecked in a dark rain.

Light the seven fagots now,
Make them seven times hot;
Brew the sad herbs leaf and stalk
For the scarlet pot.

Peering griefs, spites, dust of dreams
Cast in one by one;
Drag the wild moon down, to watch
Till the stuff is done!

They that drink of this will know
Sharp and choking breath;
Every day of every year
Smell the mold of Death.

QUACK-DOCTORING THE COLLEGES

BY WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

Professor of Municipal Government, Harvard University

MANY things are wrong with our colleges. I have it on the highest and the lowest authority—that is, on the authority of Nicholas Murray Butler and Upton Sinclair. It has also been intimated to me by athletic coaches and college presidents, who may be said to represent the alpha and the omega of reliability on such matters. As I happen to be both a college professor and a college trustee, I get the bombardment on both flanks. I have positive information that the colleges are no longer educating anybody, and I have equally emphatic assurance that they are educating a lot of youngsters who ought to be left illiterate for the benefit of the unskilled labor market. I hear that the colleges have completely lost the confidence of the business world, and I read in the editorial columns that more business men are sending their sons to college than ever before. I learn from presidents' reports that the colleges have big deficits every year, and from the treasurers' reports that their assets are steadily growing larger. In my spare moments (of which every college professor has an abundance) I have answered no end of questionnaires and participated in at least a dozen educational surveys, each one of which has been able to demonstrate that the methods of instruction used in colleges, although widely diverse in character, are alike in being wrong.

This recalls to mind one of the maxims of equity: to wit, that "there is no wrong without a remedy." In the case of the colleges the remedies far outnumber the wrongs. They are literally uncountable, like the twinklers in the new heavens. Indeed, there is no species of quackery so popular to-day as the educational brand of hocus-pocus. The land is swarming with educational prestidigitators—and no wonder, for to qualify as an educational expert one needs only to be a glib fellow away from home. Every one of these intellectual Æsculapians has his own favorite prescription. He believes it applicable to all institutions, big or little, without discrimination as to age or sex. The college of to-day, unhappily, is like a patient upon whom the allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, chiropractors, mental healers, and sun-bath zealots all demand the right to operate simultaneously. It is in a worse position, being beset by medicine-men who are ready to diagnose, prescribe, and cure without license or fee.

Out of this welter let us pick a few of the remedial tonics which are being most assiduously peddled at the present time. Number one may be called the Job-Analysis Serum. It is designed to lower the high fever of those colleges which are excitedly doing a lot of things without knowing what they are doing or why. In the language of the educational technician, the colleges have not "clarified their objectives." It may seem strange that, although some of our older institutions have been on the job for more than two hundred years, they have never thought to stop and "analyze it"; yet such appears to be the case. Of course it is an unpardonable

omission. The job-analysis treatment should be applied at once. First, count the patient's pulse—that is to say, begin with a questionnaire. Every survey that aims to be both scientific and sociological (queer combination!) must begin that way. Send the questionnaire to all the professors asking them why they teach. Send it to all the students asking them why they allow themselves to be taught. Send it to the alumni with a demand for information of similar irrelevance. Then, when the replies come in, tabulate the data, find the median and the mode, figure out the coefficient of correlation, and the result will give you an atypical conspectus of the pattern of valuation, which is the true collegiate objective reduced to a conventionalized significance. (Not being a psychologist, I cannot be sure of my terminology, but that is the formula as I remember it.)

Having found its true objective, at any rate, the college can then go full-steam ahead. The job analysis will indicate a solution for each and all of its problems—of finance, housing, instruction, athletics, and the social distractions. It will tell you how undergraduate mental vacuity can be transformed into genius as by the touch of a magic wand. There is no other serum like unto this one in its claim to curative accomplishment.

II

Then there is the Orientation Ointment, which has had a brisk sale during the past ten years. Its vendors begin by assuring us that the job-analysts have made a false diagnosis. The colleges know what they are trying to do, but the students don't. Every autumn some thousands of freshmen come thronging through the academic gates and are helplessly whirled into the vortex of an elective curriculum. These young men and women should be promptly "oriented." To that end they should be bidden to arrive for a "freshman week" before the college opens. During this preview performance they can be told, in abbreviated form, all that they would ordinarily learn during the entire four years of a college course.

It is all very simple. They listen to speeches and they stand in line. They are addressed by the president on what they ought to do, and by the dean on what they ought not to do. The chairman of the faculty warns them in the morning that they came to the college to get an education, and in the afternoon the football coach confides to the mass meeting that an education is the last thing any red-blooded young man comes to college for.

The freshmen should also be provided with advisers, both from the faculty and from the senior class. These advisers make the most of their opportunities, hence advice is the last thing that any freshman lacks when this curtain-raiser week comes to a close. If he assimilated one-tenth of it—which he does not—he would have enough to last him to the end of his days. It is my observation that among all forms of counsel the kind which is given by the senior student-advisers impresses the average freshman as the most interesting and the most useful. For it is from them that the neophyte finds out what courses in the curriculum are "snap courses," where the college bootlegger resides, how to get bids to the sorority dances, and whether the dean is hard-boiled to the alibi of an alarm clock that did not go off in time for a nine-o'clock class. To the newcomer this information is obviously more utilitarian than the assurance of his faculty mentor "that he must seek adjustment to his highest potential, respond to his creative urge, seek to integrate what he learns into a universal harmony of knowledge, and strive to live the abundant life."

Not all the orientation ointment can be applied during freshman week, even with the most vigorous rubbing. Accordingly, this process should have a

follow-up in the way of an orientation course given as part of the regular curriculum and counting towards a degree. This course should aim to be an outline of everything. It should begin with the origin of the cosmos and come down to the election of Al Smith, one lecture a week for ten weeks or thereabouts. To do this, it must cover six centuries per hour, although a little slowing up for the last three or four centuries is permissible in view of the fact that these are somewhat more crowded with happenings. It is said that light travels around the earth in one-seventh of a second; but even at that it is no match for the speed of the orientation lecturer. He flashes through the Eocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene ages, right down to the Obscene—which is the contemporary era. The greatness and decline of Rome are master-stroked in seven minutes, the Darwinian theory is elucidated in four, and the industrial revolution gets by while the lecturer pauses for breath.

The title of this course should be both dignified and designatory. It may be called, "The Story of Civilization," or "The Universe and Mankind," or perhaps just "Life and Its Problems." But the official title does not much matter, for the undergraduate will soon endow it with a nickname. He calls it "Seeing Civilization," or "The Educational Rubberneck Bus," or, in due tribute to the high spots of the course, he labels it alliteratively as "Drink, Drainage, Divorce, and Democracy."

The orientation course, as given in various institutions which have fallen for this pick-me-up, has developed into a companionate miscegenation of history, politics, economics, pietisms, and sex hygiene. It has length and breadth without the third dimension. This means that the instructor must be a sociologist, in other words, someone who has spent his life learning less and less about more and more until he has become intellectually unbuttoned. As a preparation for serious work in college or elsewhere these orientation courses have a value that accountants would express in red ink.

III

Then there is Nostrum Number Three, the abolition of the lecture system and the substitution of active participation by the student in the classroom exercises. The usual academic lecture, we are asked to believe, is a process by which things pass from the notebook of the professor to the notebook of the student without going through the heads of either. So let it be amputated from the curriculum. Anyhow, the lecture is a survival of scholasticism, a medieval hang-over quite out of keeping with the genius of the twentieth-century American youth. In its place let us have creative participation by the student—creative participation, that is the newest phrase, and it has an alluring sound without meaning much.

No more shall some *ex cathedra* dogmatist deliver his pontifical discourses from the rostrum with no opportunity for the benches to hit back; but teacher and pupil will exchange ideas, like Socrates and Plato. Encourage the freshman to assume a "challenging attitude" towards everything which the instructor may say, be it an assertion that the earth is a sphere, or that the poles are colder than the equator, or that the Dutch have captured Amsterdam. Develop his spirit of criticism, his propensity to disagree. If this does not make the undergraduate a more intelligent citizen, it will at least qualify him as a municipal reformer.

Everyone who is not himself a teacher likes to scold about the kind of teaching his sons and daughters are getting. It makes them work too hard, or not hard enough. It is too meticulous, or too superficial. It discourages thought by making the subject too simple, or it dampens enthusiasm by making it too complex. It is too old-fashioned, or it

exemplifies some transient fad. Pedagogy is like politics in that anyone can tell you how to do things better than they are being done. Ideas about teaching, like those concerning government, are all created free and equal.

But teaching is an art, and a true art can never be enslaved to formal rules. Teaching is an intensely personal thing; it cannot be standardized any more than leadership can. To teach is to lead, to inspire, to create disciples. Every good teacher has his own way of doing it. Some subjects lend themselves to the lecture method while others do not. Many poor lectures are delivered in college classrooms, no doubt; but I have a suspicion that poor sermons are also delivered from church pulpits at times. Why not abolish all sermons, therefore, and just leave the text to be discussed for an hour by the more garrulous members of the congregation? That would be "creative participation" in a service of worship—and it would empty the churches.

There is no best method of instruction, whether in the home, the school, or the college. Education does not succeed or fail on the issue of methodology but on the capacity and the personality of the teacher himself. That ought to be commonplace, but it is not. Otherwise we should hardly have these perennial announcements from Rollins or Ripon, from Tucson or Tuscaloosa, that someone has discovered in the two-hour conference, or the pro-seminar, or the socialized recitation, a new educational alchemy which enables the undergraduate to get educated without exertion, no matter what kind of faculty the college employs.

IV

Then there is the Antioch Antidote. It consists of hard work outside the college, given in regular doses to offset the lethargic habits that the student acquires within. The undergraduates attend classes for a stretch; then for an equal interlude they go out and earn their living as best they can. This alternation is continued from entrance to graduation, which covers six years instead of the usual four. The process, in a way, is reminiscent of the Scotch farmer who fed and starved his hogs on alternate days so that the bacon would be of prime quality, a streak of fat and a streak of lean. It aims at the intermingling of the manual and the mental in equal proportions. The hands go to work while the brain lays off; then the intellect is oiled up for another run.

There are some cynics who would argue, of course, that the boy who is both able and willing to do college work ought to spend all his time at it until the job is finished. And as for the boy who needs the spur of alternate months at gainful employment in order to make him appreciate his academic opportunities—well, it is questionable whether he ought to be in college at all, even half the time. Half earning, half studying may be justified in the case of those whose straitened circumstances make it the only way to acquire a college degree. For others, it is a hybrid which sacrifices the highest values of academic training on the one hand and of industrial training on the other by the vain effort to combine them both.

There has been too much deification of the boy who works his way through college. It is natural, in a democracy, that this should be the case. A few fellows derive benefit from the experience of having to earn their way, but the vast majority do nothing of the sort. To them it simply means that these plastic years of young manhood are clouded by financial anxieties which haunt the soul and depress the spirit. It involves a denial of leisure moments at a time when these would be of the highest value. It compels the student to cut corners, to forego many cultural advantages which the college environment provides, and sometimes to undermine his health as well. Many a man does not learn the real cost of working his way through college until he has passed into the fif-

ties. Then he finds that there are prematurely frayed-out nerves to be entered on the debit side of the account. It is my conviction, after having taught more than ten thousand college students during the past quarter of a century, that nine-tenths of those who had to earn their way to a bachelor's degree would have been far better off without any such handicap. A strange doctrine it is, therefore, that young men and women whose parents can afford to educate them should, nevertheless, interrupt their studies for the sake of the "experience." They will get quite enough of it after college days are over.

V

And so one might go on through the long category of reforms which the colleges are being urged to inaugurate. Fraternities should be abolished. The students should not be taught but tutored. They should be separated into sections on the basis of ability. They should study subjects and not merely take courses. They should devote a whole year, indeed, to a single subject like the civilization of ancient Athens, instead of rustling about in a mosaic of Bible, biography, botany, and business —as they do in some colleges. They should read books for themselves and not be content with the professor's version of what is in the books. They should learn a little of everything and one thing well. (The first part of that syllogism, by the way, presents no difficulty in any American college.) They should have required studies for discipline and elective courses for self-expression. They should be objectively rated and psychologically tested. They should have personnel supervision and vocational guidance. The colleges should impose a limitation upon the number of students admitted. As a prophylactic, this has become very popular among the endowed colleges. But the state-supported institutions cannot employ it, so they make use of an emetic instead. They throw out those whom they should never have admitted.

The catalogue of panaceas, indeed, is far too long for insertion here. There is the Johns Hopkins plan for a senior college, the Wisconsin plan for an experimental college, and the Michigan plan for a university college. There is the Swarthmore idea, the Claremont idea, and the Wabash idea. It is a rare thing to have even two or three months pass without the launching of some new scheme of educational rapid transit; some way of getting to the top of Mount Parnassus without climbing there. A few of them have meritorious features, but for the most part they merely reflect the age-old and utterly futile attempt to gain the end without the means, the whole without the parts, the victory without the battle.

There is no substitute and there never can be any substitute for *men* in the process of education—for earnest, enthusiastic, capable men in the faculty and in the student body. Given these, you have a great college; without them, all the newfangled methods will never avail an institution much. Nearly all the problems of collegiate education merge into two fundamental ones—hand-picking the student body and recruiting the faculty. The college that does both these things well is on the high road to ultimate distinction; and the one that relegates them to a secondary place in its program, while it goes philandering after mirages, is inexorably headed to the rear of the procession.

It is men, not methods or measures, that determine whether a college shall be first-rate or second class. Or, to put it more accurately, first find the men and the methods will take care of themselves. I should like to find some college with the right men and the wrong methods of education. I don't believe there is one. Is it not time to rise and suggest the advisability of less quack-doctoring in the matter of our educational processes, and more earnest concentration upon the vital issue of personnel?

BURIED ALIVE

BY JOSEPH F. HOOK

SOME years ago I found myself in the great mining city of Butte, Montana, without a job and with only thirty-five cents in my pocket. I had never worked in a copper mine, and had always dreaded the very thought of having to do so. However, there was no other work to be secured, and thirty-five cents is not exactly a fortune.

Therefore, early one morning, I stood at the shaft's mouth, with a crowd of miners, awaiting the zero hour—the signal to descend. Three steel cages, each capable of holding eight or nine men, were suspended at the end of a thick cable. These cages are of steel, with slatted steel flooring, through which the scrapings from the miners' shoes in the one above seep down the necks of the luckless ones in the cage below.

My introduction to that strange world of workers who make their living beneath the surface of the earth was both speedy and dramatic. Together with eight other miners, I was crowded into the last of the three cages, and if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the roar of profanity that immediately assailed my ears. Every last man in each cage was bellowing curses at the top of his voice. Day after day the same thing occurred, and I can only account for it in one way: the men needed some safety valve for their pent-up feelings, realizing that their lives depended on the strength of a single cable.

The station tender dropped the steel bar across the cage, pulled the signal cord, and down we shot. Shot is the only word to use in this case. The swearing stopped instantly and gave place to the roar of rushing air through the grated floors of the cage. It pounded my eardrums unbearably. Down, down we fell; and the nausea that gripped my stomach was indeed terrible.

"'E's got 'er!" several miners chorused.

"Got what?" I asked, weakly.

"'E's got the bleedin' brakes on 'er," someone explained.

I felt the speed slacken, but so gently as to be almost imperceptible. Then came the worst part of the entire trip. The cage roared past the fourteen-hundred-foot level, paused a second, and bounded back up, down and up, up and down, time after time, in a series of gigantic leaps.

"It's the slack o' the cable," another explained for my benefit.

I did not argue the question with him, not being exactly in the proper condition to argue with anyone on any question. I simply watched, fascinated, as the cage slowly came level with the floor of the station. I never tired of watching those huge, heavy cages stop exactly even with the stations on the many levels of the mine. It was, indeed, in my opinion, a work of art, nothing less.

"That bloody injuneer's used to lowerin' natives in Hindia, an' 'e's got no bleedin' sense lowerin' white men," said one of my neighbors in a pronounced Cornish accent. (I soon found out that the mine I had so suddenly and painfully entered was worked almost exclusively by Cornish miners.)

I leaned against a post on the station and tried to force my stomach down out

of my throat, while the other two cages unloaded and the miners trooped away. The heat was nothing short of infernal, in spite of the big fans, and the sweat ran off my body in streams. Never having worked in a mine before, I wore too many clothes. My idea of a mine, prior to entering this one, gained chiefly from going down into the family cellar, was that it must be a cool place, a very cool place indeed. That idea, along with many others, soon went by the board. Some mines, I admit, are very cool, and some are the reverse. This one was doubly the reverse.

Presently along came the shifter (shift boss), and motioned for me to follow him down the level, which was well lighted by electricity. At the foot of the manway ladder to stope seventy-seven he paused, adjusted a candle in his miner's candlestick, lighted it, and advised me to do likewise. But never having worked in a mine before, I had not thought to purchase a candlestick. This brought forth a lurid flow of profanity from the shifter.

"'Ere, take mine," he said angrily, and shoved the thing at me, "an' see that 'e bloody well buys one to-morrer. Foller me."

Up the ladder he went, with me after him. Not knowing the correct method of holding the candlestick while climbing, I received a steady stream of hot tallow on my hands and face. On the fourth floor of the stope the shifter pointed to a huge pile of ore, a shovel, and the open mouth of a chute.

"Bloody well 'op to it, me laddie buck," he ordered sharply. "Forty-five ton to the shift, mind 'e. Shovel that thur hore in thur, an' be bloody quick about it." Then he left me.

I stuck the candlestick in a post behind me and fell to work. The effort started my heart pounding and my blood throbbing, to say nothing of the sweat oozing from my brow and pouring into my eyes, blinding me. On and on I shovelled, expecting each moment my heart would burst. Water blisters were appearing and breaking all over the palms of my soft hands.

It is surprising how little light a miner can work by. More often than not he will be drilling or mucking or timbering in the faint glow of a single candle stuck in a post many feet away from him. Thus, while steadily shovelling into the heart of that pile or ore, I was working farther and farther away from my candle, which meant nothing to me—then.

At length I paused, resting on my shovel handle. Happening to glance to the top of the pile I saw two green orbs staring directly at me. With my nerves somewhat frayed by that swift descent into the mine and by the eerie nature of this my first experience underground, I let out a yell of abject fear and took a flying plunge down the manway, almost alighting on the head of a passing miner on the level below.

I was immensely relieved to see him, and told him what had happened. He was a powerful, squat and hairy Cornishman, about sixty years of age.

"Nowt but a cat," he explained, laughing. "Aye, the mine's full of 'em. The comp'ny puts 'em in 'ere an' feeds 'em, so's they'll stay an' ketch rats, an' the bloody fool miners feeds 'em what's left from thur buckets, an' the bleedin' cats pays no attention to the blinkin' rats. Guts too full o' grub, mind 'e. An' the blarsted rats steals candles an' powder, chaws it up an' wads it in them thur cracks. Some o' these days me an' you an' the bloody cats an' rats an' this mine is all gonna go hup in smoke, I tell 'e."

Instantly recognizing me for a greenhorn, he went back with me to the stope, heaved rocks and profanity at the offending cat, asked me a thousand questions about myself, my nationality, my birthplace, and my ancestors, advised me to shed all clothing except shoes and trousers, and turned on the air from a hose-valve I had not noticed and would not have known the purpose of if I had. The next step was to show me the best and easiest way to use a shovel.

"Take it heasy, sonny," he advised. "Work a while, an' then take five. An' if that bloody fool shifter comes back an' raises 'ell, bat 'im one in the face with a shovel, I tell 'e."

I was a different man after that unlooked-for visit. The lack of heavy clothes and the inrush of air cooled my body and cleared my head. I was grateful to old Andrews, my timely visitor, for his helpful suggestions, although I never acted on the last one about applying my shovel to the shifter's face. In fact, during my sojourn in that mine I learned to lean on that wise old miner more than I have done on any one man since.

The next day the shifter, evidently pleased with my first showing, sent me to the breast of the level being driven to connect with another mine. I was overjoyed to find old Andrews awaiting me and to know that I was to be his partner. I, the greenest of greenhorns, the partner of a miner who was rated the best in that entire camp! He quickly explained just how that had come about.

"I'd ruther bust in a greenie than an ol'-timer," he explained. "The ol'-timers knows it hall; the greenie's willin' to l'arn. I'll 'larn 'e. But, mind 'e, no nonsense goes. The minute yer 'ead swells, an' yer figger yer bloody well knows it hall, I'll bust yer —— 'ead with a drill. Mind that, do 'e? All right, then, me laddie buck, seein' as 'ow we understands each hother, grab a root an' growl."

"But what became of your old partner?" I asked. "Did you brain *him* with a drill?"

"No sech bleedin' luck," he replied savagely. "The bloody fool cawn't 'old 'is liquor like a man. 'Ad to come down 'ere drunk an' go staggerin' hoff. Fell down that thur waste chute, 'e did, an' got killed. Left me to finish the round o' 'oles, damn 'im! Don't 'e ever do that, mind 'e."

I promised faithfully not to, and went to work. For eight months I worked with that old underground sage, and at the end of that time I was a better man for having done so. Not only did he make a miner out of me, but his wise, though quaint, philosophy of life caused me to look on my fellow-man with a more sympathetic eye. I soon found out that his fiery diatribes against the shifter, or against anyone else whom he did not fancy, were not exactly the outpourings of a potential murderer. Nevertheless, I was mighty careful not to incur his enmity; and we should still have been shoulder to shoulder to-day had it not been for a certain accident I shall soon relate.

During those eight months I lived in an environment I can never forget, and one in which few are privileged to share. The quaint language of those Cornish miners was ever a delight to me to hear, and something one cannot readily imitate in print. I have given here but the slightest suggestion of their manner of speech, for the simple reason that many of their words and expressions cannot be spelled out so as to convey their meaning. For instance, "Sista?" Do you recognize its meaning? No? Well, I don't wonder. It stands for "Do you see?"

These Cornishmen are conceded to be the best in the world at their calling. From early childhood their lives are spent in or about the famous tin mines of Cornwall, worked steadily since the days of the occupation of Britain by the Roman legions. Mining is all they know, all they care to know. I have heard old Andrews tell of the days when wife and husband worked side by side underground, for pitifully small wages. It is the low wages that drive those miners over here, and America benefits by their coming.

Their pleasures and pastimes are but two—coursing and singing. Behind every Cornish miner's house was the inevitable kennel, sheltering the inevitable Cousin Jack race horses (whippet dogs). They jointly owned their own track, or else rented the local one, and the races they arranged did much to make coursing a popular pastime with us.

On the outcome of such races the miners bet the shirts off their backs.

I can never forget their singing. I can hear them in my memory even today, coming down the level toward the station, away off, their voices blended in harmony like the tones of a great cathedral organ, singing some grand-opera chorus. Nearer and nearer they come, the beautifully well-sung notes swelling in volume, until the singers pour into the station, to make it ring with their grand finale. And such voices! Andrews, Evans, Williams, Stevens—do those names suggest anything to you? Yes, Welsh. Cornish and Welsh families intermarried, generation after generation. The result is the best singers in the world.

After work each evening the miners always gathered round the piano in the Big Stope saloon, and treated everyone who cared to listen to a repertory of grand-opera singing one could not duplicate between Chicago on the east and 'Frisco on the west. Not many of them could read a note of music. But what of it? They had heard the songs many times, from fathers and mothers, and their naturally sweet voices had taken up the refrain and remembered it for years. Incidentally, the Big Stope did a land-office business with those who came to listen.

II

But to get back to the mine again. One day the shifter told old Andrews and me to clean out and catch up (timber) a cave-in on an abandoned level, which connected ours with another mine. Under the laws of the state it is compulsory to keep these connections open which, in case of accident, leave a means of escape for men and mules. There are, though, certain things a miner will not do. Cleaning up cave-ins is beneath his dignity unless they happen to be the direct result of his own carelessness.

Old Andrews went straight up and poured out a lurid, biting stream of profanity on the luckless shifter's head that fairly blistered him. He figured he had been grossly insulted by being asked to mop up someone else's mess. But the shifter was a wise bird, and he knew old Andrews and how to handle him, finally quieting him by playing on his prowess as a miner, and winding up by telling him he was the only man in the whole mine he could trust to handle so delicate a mission and handle it right. The old man swallowed the bait and hook, and soon forgot all about his dignity and the etiquette of things below ground.

To get a mental picture of this cave-in, imagine yourself standing at the end of a long, narrow tunnel, which is called a drift, and facing a barrier consisting of some thousand tons of rock. Out of this mass of rock you see heavy timbers and three-inch lagging (planks) sticking out like quills on a porcupine's back, all broken and splintered. A track runs up to and under this mass of debris. (The word "cave-in" in the mining vernacular simply means a fall of rock in any part of a mine.)

This long narrow tunnel or drift is timbered at the top, to keep the roof from falling in, and at the sides. The floor is of three-inch plank on which the track is spiked. The heavy timbers at the sides, spaced about eight feet apart, give the drift the appearance of a lane with tree trunks on either side.

Bonner and Elliot, two other Cornish miners, were awaiting us at the cave-in, with instructions from the shifter to work under old Andrews' orders. We placed the blame on a soapy joint—a stratum of soft talc. Since the ore veins had played out in that particular part of the mine, all lights, wires, and air pipes had been removed and put in use elsewhere. The narrow-gauge track though was intact. Only the light of our candles guided us in our work.

Before we could get fairly well started we heard a train of empty mine cars rumbling along the level. Old Andrews immediately started his usual stream of profanity flowing and poured most of it on the mule skinner, Finney. Carver,

the brakeman, came in for his share of it, and Sally, the mine mule, whose duty it was to pull empties in and loads out, was not left out. The old man was raving mad because the empties had come too soon and blocked the level. The mule skinner gave him a lot of lip in return, which is something a mule skinner is a master at, and went off with his beloved Sally and the empties. But Carver, the brakie, calmly sat down, with his back propped against a post, and started smoking—an offense against the rules of the mine and the state mining laws.

The air was frightfully bad and the heat intense. I looked hard at Carver, my intention being to ask him to stop polluting what little good air we had with his age-old pipe. Old Andrews and the other two men were busily examining the cave-in and outlining a method of handling it.

But I never got a chance to say a word to Carver, because, without the slightest warning, there came a peculiar grumbling growl and the post he was leaning back on bent like an archer's bow. Old Andrews instantly sensed the meaning of that ominous growl, which was caused by the settling of rock and earth, and shouted, "Look up!" A Cornishman never yells "Look out!" Before we could take a step away from the danger spot the post shattered, with a report like a cannon, and one piece of it fairly lifted poor Carver's scalp off. His death was certainly a quick and painless one.

The sight of that accident saved our lives, for it chilled us to the marrow with fear and horror and rooted us to the spot. A second later and the growl and grind of crushing rock came again, to be followed by the rapid reports of breaking posts, caps, girts, and lagging, and an avalanche of rock, earth, and dust, two sets behind us. Had we heeded Andrews' first warning and jumped back, we should have met as speedy a death as did Carver.

We found ourselves entombed within a space about sixteen feet long by ten feet wide, with a corpse to remind us constantly of our own impending end.

The resultant rush of air, caused by this fresh cave-in, blew our candles out and left us in total darkness—darkness beyond the power of any man to describe. Dust and grit blinded and choked us, plugging up our nostrils and ears. I heard a groan above the constant crunching and complaining of more loose rock above us, and figured that one or more of the other three men had not been quite as lucky in their deaths as Carver.

Looking back on it all now, I think that the worst horror of that entire experience was what followed in the next few seconds. For I stood there, as I afterward learned the other men did, waiting for the death blow to fall. Those few seconds seemed to me so many eons.

Two powerful hands grabbed me and hung on for dear life. I struck out viciously, as a lifeguard does at a grabbing, panic-stricken man in the water, and freed myself. Then I struck a match and lighted my candle, which, luckily, I had held on to. The light burned dimly and revealed nothing more than a wall of dirty-brown fog, the result of unsettled dust. I coughed my lungs out, and so did the others. From the racket they made I knew they were a long way from dead, as I had at first feared. Then we began milling around in a mad panic, like so many stampeding animals, banging into all manner of things and bruising our bodies on them. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of a light-yellow splotch, which was the flame of another miner's lighted candle, and instantly made for it, only to bring up sharp against another obstacle.

Old Andrews was the first to get his throat sufficiently clear of dust to emit a stream of oaths. I never cared for profanity in any form, and do not yet, but that was one occasion when it sounded sweet to my ears, because it meant that the old man was alive and uninjured and that his superior knowledge of under-

ground work might be the means of our ultimate salvation. He cursed everyone and everything he could think of, but dwelt longest on his arch-enemy, the shifter. In his mad plunges to find out exactly where he was, he collided with Bonner and Elliot and abused them fearfully for getting in his way. Their lurid replies to him assured me that, save for the choking dust and a few minor bruises, they were very much alive.

And all this time the crunching and grating of thousands of tons of rock kept up, to the added accompaniment of shattering timbers and lagging, making a combination of noises that drove us almost insane. Indeed, I think we were temporarily insane with fear and horror, because, as soon as the dust settled enough for us to see the face of the new cave-in, we flew at it barehanded and tried to tear our way through it. Debris kept shifting down in ton lots and pushing us back, besides bruising our legs and hands. All we accomplished was to break our finger nails and lose a lot of our precious strength.

As the air cleared still more we caught sight of our shovels, the handles of which were all broken, and attacked the barricade again and again until we fell back, stretched out like so many dead men, panting and thoroughly exhausted.

We were an awesome sight. Our shirts hung in ribbons, and the hide that showed through the rents was caked with dust, sweat, and blood. In that intense heat a slight scratch brought blood, and the pounding heart pumped it out and gave us the impression that we were mortally injured and bleeding to death, which was far from the fact.

Suddenly old Andrews pointed to the candles and began to curse again. What we saw acted like a cold blast of air on our hot bodies and froze us in our tracks. The flames had left the candle wicks and burned hazily above them. Andrews staggered over to where we had stuck the candlesticks in a post, and blew them out.

Again that awful darkness. Immediately we raised our voices in profane protest, but we couldn't budge the old man. Gaspingly he pointed out to us the fact that the air was not only bad and scarce but that we were using it up fast by leaving the candles lighted. He was giving us the benefit of his vast experience and trying to plead with us for our own safety. But one cannot argue with lunatics. Nevertheless, the old miner stood his ground and refused to light up or allow any one of us to do it.

Up to this point Elliot had shown more real courage than the rest of us combined. He had fought through the Boer War from beginning to end and had been twice decorated for valor on the field. But when those lights were blown out even he lost his head.

"None o' that, Andrews!" he choked. "Light 'em up, man, I tell 'e! Light 'em up! I've faced death afore, an' I ain't feared to do it ag'in, but I want to see it when it comes."

Andrews refused though and cursed him for a fool. So Elliot struck a match and lumbered weakly toward the old man, tears falling in a stream from bloodshot eyes because of the grit in them. Andrews struck weakly at him, missed, and the two men grappled. Amid the dull rumble of caving rock they pushed and shoved each other, drawing the rotten air into their lungs in great sobbing sighs, stumbling over obstacles, banging into Bonner and myself, and finally pitching headlong over Carver's body and lying still. Bonner immediately struck a match and lighted all four candles, the faint glow from which showed us the two fighters stretched out, unconscious.

It seems a pity to me now when I recall the happenings of that awful experience, that the old man had to go down in defeat because he had tried to save us from ourselves.

When I saw those two men, motionless except for the heaving of their chests, lying across a corpse, I felt a great loneliness and promptly lost my head. Bonner must have had the same feeling too, because we went at that pile

of rock again, trying to claw our way through it, forgetting the shovels in our mad endeavors. However, old Andrews got to his feet, staggered over to us, and pulled us away. Elliot still lay where he had fallen, conscious once more but played out.

Again the flames crawled up the wicks, left them and hovered above, strangely ghostlike. Andrews kept staggering around, paying no attention to the lighted candles now but making signs toward his throat and pointing to the cave-in. I followed the direction of his finger and saw tiny spirals of blue smoke issuing from between the fallen rock and broken timbers.

"Gobs—manure!" he gasped, and stood there, swaying on his feet like a drunken sailor, gazing horror-stricken at those smoke spirals.

Those two words meant a lot to a man in a mine. They told a story of shiftless mining methods of the past, when manure was hauled from the stables, dumped in the gobs (waste bins), where it had dried out and was pressed down by tons of waste rock dumped onto it, only to burst into flame at a later date. Thousands of dollars were spent, and many lives, to fight such fires and keep the mines producing.

Bonner, too, realized the dreadful meaning of that new menace, and slumped down in a heap, evidently unable to carry on any longer. Between fits of coughing I could catch the sound of his sobs as he crouched there, head in hands. As for myself, I was too far gone to think clearly or to do anything to fight against such odds. All I did was to sit helplessly on the floor of the level and stare at old Andrews. So much faith did I have in his ability that, in spite of our hopeless situation, I felt certain he would, somehow, get us out alive. That was the extent to which I had learned to lean on him in all emergencies.

The rumbling of settling rock stopped, but occasional tiny falls of loose dirt kept the air filled with dust. Added to this was the acrid taste and smell of the burning material. Water was what we needed in the worst way, but there wasn't a drop. Bonner, between sobs and coughing fits, kept continually calling for it in a weak voice; and Elliot, who seemed unable to gain his feet at all, kept making motions toward his mouth, his pleading eyes telling a story of terrible thirst.

Only the big-muscled, hairy-chested old miner kept his feet, and that only by calling into play every ounce of strength in him. Speech was impossible for him, because he had remained close to the breast of the cave-in and, consequently, received cloud after cloud of dust in the face. But he was never still a moment, although his efforts were too feeble to accomplish anything. Only the light of dogged determination burned in his eyes. He wouldn't give up.

With the added menace of smoke and fire, however, he seemed to gain just a little more strength, and attacked the huge pile before him. It was useless though. Every shovelful sapped just that much more of what little strength remained in his tough old body, until he reached the stage where even the weight of the empty shovel overbalanced him.

Realizing that something must be done and done quickly, he staggered painfully over to where Elliot was lying and tried to urge him to help him with the digging. He tried to raise the man and only succeeded in plunging forward over him. Then he came over to me and tried the same thing, but, like Elliot, I was too weak to raise a hand, much less my whole body. Each racking cough threatened to be my last.

Back to the cave-in went the old Cornishman, weaving like a punch-drunk fighter in the center of the prize ring, and tried to pick up his shovel again. Over he went and, I think, must have struck his head on a sharp rock. Anyhow, when he struggled slowly to his feet again, blood poured down one side of his face, and he clutched a broken and protruding piece of lagging for support.

I still like to think of the last act of that dreadful scene before the old man lost consciousness; he was like a lordly, rugged old lion, brought to bay and fighting to the last gasp.

His huge hands went to his eyes, as though to sweep from them the mist of approaching unconsciousness, while his body swayed and his knees sagged. Again he clutched for the support of the broken lagging and missed it. He cast a lingering glance around at the rest of us, as much as to say, "Well, boys, 'e cawn't say I hain't done me best, mind 'e," and sprawled out, full length, on the floor of the level.

Even then I did not lose my confidence in him, and felt sure he would get up and go at it again and get us out. Many a time while we were working together where the ground proved treacherous he had done the right thing at the right moment, saving both of us from death. In the face of those past performances I could not find it in me to lose my faith in him. It did not seem natural for rock and earth to get the best of him, for he had always been their master.

My tortured lungs were easier now, and the coughing almost ceased. I thought the air had changed and was much better, but I know now it was only the numbing sensation which precedes oblivion. I felt, too, an overpowering desire to sleep creep over me, and, before I lost consciousness, I remember seeing the faint haloes of candlelight flicker and die out. I am glad I was spared the added horror of that worse than Stygian blackness.

III

When I came to there was a brilliant light stabbing me in the eyes, and I found myself staring at the face of Scotty L., the most hated shifter in the mine. He carried me to a hole in the face of the cave-in, where two hairy arms reach out and pulled me through. There came a series of painful bumps, which were the result of my body being dragged over the rough floor of the "coyote" hole the rescue party had driven through the cave-in to us. I had so little strength left that I could not speak.

Gently the burly miners placed me on a flat-car, a tiny thing for mine timbers, covered me with many blankets and rushed me to the station, where the company doctor gave me a drug that put new life into my body. He cleaned out my ears, nostrils, and eyes, and gave me just a few drops of water to drink. They brought Bonner and Elliot out next, and followed with poor Carver, covered over with a sheet so that the boys could not see just what that shattering timber had done to him. The cages stood ready, but the doctor wanted us left on the underground station until our lungs became accustomed to the air before shooting us up on top—a mighty wise precaution.

They brought old Andrews to the station too, and that huge hulk of toughness actually came to and managed to struggle to a sitting position on the flat-car. Acting under the doctor's orders, the shifter gently laid him back down again. It was then that the fierce old lion got a good look at the face of his rescuer, the face he had so often longed to pat with a shovel. A look of intense fury came into his eyes, and the veins stood out like whipcord on his forehead. Slowly his hamlike fist closed and gradually came up until within an inch of the shifter's chin.

The effort was too much for him though, and the huge fist and hairy arm collapsed and hung over the side of the car. Old Andrews had fainted again, cheated out of a beautiful chance to even things up, real and imaginary, with the one man he hated most in all the wide world.

In less than three weeks we were all hale and hearty once more despite our four-hour vigil with death. Four hours, did I say? No, I'm wrong. The clock must have lied. Such suffering and horror as was ours could never be gauged

in minutes and hours, but in eons and eternities.

A month afterwards I drifted into the Big Stope saloon. There was quite a crowd on hand, as usual, and I glanced around for familiar faces. The piano was going merrily, and men were singing a sweet aria under the leadership of old Andrews, who, beer mug in hand for a baton, was in his element. Bonner and Elliot were also doing their best to round out a smashing chorus, which had nothing whatever to do with the aria being sung by the others. Theirs was a private concert all their own. The old Cornishman caught sight of me and came over.

"'Ave a drink, me son," he invited, "an' tell me 'ow 'e feels an' what 'e's doin'."

"I'm not doing a thing just now," I replied. "I'm looking for something else besides mining. What are you doing?"

"Me? Oh, I'm back in the same hold mine," he answered, laughing heartily, "an' so's Helliot an' Bonner. Come on back wi' us, sonny. That thur cave-in was nowt. When 'e gits uset to minin', 'e won't mind a little thing like that, I tell 'e."

Which might all be true enough, but I never went back in a mine to find out. Once for me is more than sufficient.

LAMENT FOR HEAVEN

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I'M SORRY Heaven's gone out. I needed it
For certain longed-for freedoms, still unfit
For grown-up persons in this neat-ruled sphere
Where traffic-lights make every crossing clear:

This talked-of freedom has so many strings!
One's only free to do quite useless things,
Wreck the commandments, die in aeroplanes,
Go out with no umbrella when it rains,
But be, no matter still how old or tall,
Conventionally unconventional.

I've lost all hope reformers will be dead.
Once they wore black. They're just the same in red.
Only in Heaven, fourteen-dimensional,
Unshocked, unshocking, could some joys befall—
Only in that far place, veiled by a cloud,
The Heaven that is no more, I'd be allowed
To read in peace when there is company,
Sleep through those hell-hours, one P.M. to three,
Or, wrapped in adult poise and dignity
Unblamed, unnoticed, use a skipping rope
And spend glad hours with a kaleidoscope.

THE FUTURE OF MAN

BY C. E. M. JOAD

THE optimism of the nineteenth century has been succeeded by the skepticism and disillusionment of the twentieth. Because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries they had succeeded in establishing a society which mistook comfort for civilization, our fathers believed in a law of inevitable progress. We have substituted speed for comfort but otherwise left civilization where we found it. Unlike our fathers, however, we are aware of our deficiencies. We realize that progress involves not only movement, but movement in a particular direction, and movement in a direction implies a goal. What is the goal? We do not know. Whether we are to have more law or less law, more liberty or less liberty, whether we are to find happiness in a simple life and a return to nature, or whether we are wrong to seek happiness at all; whether passion is to be intellectualized away into a virgin asceticism (the race being presumably continued by means of ectogenesis and incubators) or whether we are to revert to the morals of the farmyard in the interests of self-expression, whether we are to love everybody with Christ or to spare nobody with Nietzsche, whether when we die our bodies will rot or be apotheosized into celestial bliss—these are the questions, questions of ultimate aim and goal, about which we differ most.

But, though we may not be agreed as to where we want to go, there is a fairly general agreement as to where we do not. And it is precisely because we recognize the possibility of society drifting in a direction which nobody desires, but which is, nevertheless, the automatic resultant of everybody's individual desires, that we hesitate to follow our fathers in identifying the future with the millennium. A simple belief this last, yet we can scarcely blame them for holding it, since our fathers were mercifully absolved from the necessity of worrying over much about the future by the conviction that God would provide. We lack this assurance, or if we share it, we are inclined to doubt whether divine provision is necessarily a blessing. It might, for example, take the form of another war. Hence arise fears for man's future, some of which I wish to consider in this article. I also propose to ask by what means the dangers which lie in the path can be avoided.

II

First, then, as to the dangers. Let me take as my text a little book recently published in the To-day and To-morrow Series, by the distinguished French writer, M. André Maurois. The book purports to be a fragment from a world history written sometime in the nineteen-nineties. Its main argument may be summarized as follows: The conclusion of the great war of 1947 ushered in an era of international good will. The population of Western Europe had been considerably decimated in the struggle, many of the fiercer old men had been killed off, and the Russo-Chinese coalition showed no desire to use its victory for purposes of world domination. The world's newspapers had been syndicalized under the control of five men, who exerted the influence of the press to pro-

mote good will and keep the peace. Their task, at first easy, grows more difficult as the war fades into the background. There is not enough going on to keep people amused; they are getting bored and restless. "There is one thing in the world," said M. De Rouvray, the French newspaper proprietor, "that people fear more than massacre, even more than death—and that is boredom." "We have tried artistic remedies, not without success; sport and the great crimes saved us for twenty years, but look at the statistics! Police efficiency is getting to be so perfect that crime is becoming rarer and rarer. The world is tired of everything, tired even of boxing. The last two aërial balloon races didn't get more than a million spectators. . . ." "We have educated the crowds; we have taught them to respect order, to applaud the other side. They have nothing to hate any more."

What, then, is to be done? How are people to be kept amused? Now there is nothing that will unite people so effectively as the one thing they all know to be wrong—war; required, therefore, something or somebody to hate. Looking round for a suitable enemy, the newspaper proprietors hit upon the moon. A Press stunt is organized. Gradually there begin to appear in the papers hints of nameless outrages in remote parts of the world. Tribesmen have been killed, villages destroyed by some invisible agency. Beginning at first with vague rumors and fragmentary reports, the new motif grows and grows till it dominates the whole orchestra of the Press, and the newspapers of the world are rumbling with indignation as if they were the cosmic bowels. Who is the author of these outrages, who is the mysterious foe who is attacking the earth?

And then one morning the papers come out boldly and unanimously with the disclosure that the unknown enemy has been located in the moon. The scientists are taken into confidence and write learned articles on the nature of the moon's intelligences, the chemical composition of the death-dealing rays which they are directing upon the earth, the necessity for organizing the planet in self-defense. "If every youngster in the world is not convinced within three months that every inhabitant in the Moon is a monster, and that the first duty of every terrestrian is to hate and destroy the Moon, then I'll fire my editorial writers," said Lord Douglas, one of the newspaper proprietors.

The fake campaign is an unqualified success; boredom disappears; the universal hatred of the moon brings good will to the peoples of earth, life recovers its zest; the nations are too busy arming against the common enemy to quarrel with one another, and world unity becomes a fact. There is, however, one scientist, an ascetic Arab, who has not been taken into confidence; he is, it seems, incorruptible and might give the game away. He proposes a retaliatory ray, and millions gather in the Sahara desert to watch through telescopes great holes being burned in the surface of the moon. During the ensuing night the city of Darmstadt is reduced to ashes, and then every morning for weeks on end the papers have to report the destruction of a fresh city of earth. The pious fraud designed by the Press to bring peace to the world has become a grim reality. There are, it seems, intelligences in the moon after all, and they are hitting back. And here the narrative breaks off with the hint of an interplanetary coalition.

This extract, fantastic though it may appear, is plausible enough. The theme is an old one—even children know that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do—and, as the argument unfolds itself, one is led to wonder whether there is some irremediable flaw in human nature, some taint inherited from the primeval slime in virtue of which it is only by hatred and through conflict that mankind can be kept amused. Struggle, it seems, is an inalienable characteristic of life; we cannot escape it. If we succeed in transcending the struggle for existence

we shall be driven by the law of our nature to invent reasons for struggling among ourselves. Hence the dream of a world at peace is an illusion; men cannot live together in security and good will, they will perish of boredom in the attempt.

The view that human life can never rise above a certain level derives support from the failure of all past civilizations to persist. Civilizations, if we may believe Herr Spengler, are like human beings. They have a young and fruitful period, a period of expansion and conquest; the arts are rude but vigorous, and there is a lively religious faith. Then comes a period of maturity when the civilization reaches its highest expression; art and literature flourish, there is luxury but not too much of it, men become humane, there is tolerance for divergent religious and political views, and the level of human life perceptibly rises. And then, as the civilization grows old, decay sets in; art becomes decadent, there is a striving after effect, men grow soft and feeble, refinement turns to cynicism and disillusionment, and life loses its zest. Presently there are attacks from outside, and the civilization collapses. This, or something like it, has been the course of all the great civilizations that history records. What right, then, have we to hope that we shall be exempt, and that the fate of Assyria, of Babylon, of Egypt, and of Rome will not be ours? Is there not some inevitable law at work here, a law which expresses that fundamental flaw in our natures whose presence we have surmised, forbidding human life to rise above a certain level?

The view is a gloomy one, and it will be well to see what evidence can be adduced in its support. Can we, then, assign any reasons for these repeated failures of civilization? An obvious one is supplied by biology. The human material of a civilization tends to degenerate at both ends of the scale: the worst multiply at the bottom, and the best deteriorate at the top. It is well known that civilization allows more of the less well endowed to survive than would otherwise be the case, and depresses the rate of multiplication of the efficient and the gifted. This result is due to the effect of a social environment in screening the unfit from the worst rigors of the struggle for existence, and thus permitting to survive within the herd those who would perish, if forced to fend for themselves as individuals. The dysgenic efforts of society are intensified by the advance of medical science by means of which we are enabled to keep alive aged, inferior, and inadequately equipped persons, whom more primitive civilizations had the sense to allow to die, and by the widespread use of birth control among the upper and middle classes. The feeble-minded, the feckless, the improvident, and the unemployed breed unrestricted, while the middle classes, weighed down by the burden of taxation imposed by the necessity of feeding, clothing, and educating the children of half-wits and idiots, are forced to limit their families to one or two.* Thus the chief effect of the sentimental appeal of baby saving is to preserve the lives of slum children at the cost of depriving of life the potential children of the better stocks. The result is that in each generation the middle and upper classes fail to maintain their numbers, which are only kept up by recruitment from the less biologically desirable strata below. Society, in fact, is like a pyramid continually proliferating at the bottom and being flattened out at the top. So far the evil effects of this process have been more than masked by the benefits conferred on man by machinery, sanitation, hygiene, education, and the other fruits of the accumulated knowledge of the race. But you cannot continue indefinitely to grow figs on thistles, and ultimately, if present tendencies continue, the dete-

* In England the average births for 1000 married males under fifty-five, according to the 1911 census returns, was:
Upper and middle classes 119.
Skilled workmen 153.
Unskilled workmen 213.
The inhabitants of the slums were, that is to say, raising families which were nearly twice as large as those of the professional classes. The differential birth rate since 1911 has grown more, rather than less marked.

rioration in human material will defeat all our efforts to keep it up to the mark.

The loss of quality at the top proceeds from the same cause. Relieve a creature of the necessity of fending for itself and it begins to degenerate; it loses, that is to say, the use of the faculties and aptitudes which it has gradually evolved in the struggle for existence. The lap dog, for example, is only by courtesy a dog; one by one the nobler canine qualities, speed, courage, keenness of smell, have dropped away from it: like all the domestic animals it deteriorates in contact with man because man, or rather woman, shelters it from the need for struggle and conflict. What is true of lap dogs is true of aristocrats. Take a particular stock and send its members into the world generation after generation with silver spoons in their mouths; give them a livelihood, endow them with a position, elevate them to power, and assure them that for the enjoyment of these things they need display neither energy nor initiative, neither courage, skill, nor endurance, and they will behave accordingly. They will grow idle, feeble, and apathetic and, instead of making use of their leisure and opportunity to rise above the level of their fellows, will gradually fall below them in respect of energy, initiative, ability, and enterprise.

One further point in this connection has a special relevance for democracy. Democracy, as is well known, opens the door to the talents. In a democracy a man of wit and energy may rise from the lowest stratum to the highest. (This is true in theory even in England.) But he must not burden himself with a large family if he is to succeed; the struggle is too severe. Thus the self-made man of business, the labor leader, and the successful original artist or dramatist are either unmarried or have succeeded in disburdening themselves of their wives at an early stage of their careers; at most they have one or two children. Hence society, as at present organized, is a mechanism for discovering talent in whatever stratum it may appear, promoting it to a higher stratum, and automatically sterilizing it in the process. It is as if a dairyman were to invent an elaborate apparatus for separating the milk from the cream and were then to throw away the cream.

Thus the body of a civilization decays at both ends, while its best elements are progressively eliminated. Here, then, is a process which may repeat itself indefinitely as nation after nation rises to a certain pitch, degenerates with civilization, and is purged again in adversity.

Not less important is the danger arising from the growing disparity between man's powers and his wisdom. In the last century and a half man has enormously increased his command over nature. Sixty miles an hour in an express train has replaced four miles an hour on foot, and two hundred miles an hour in an aëroplane has replaced sixty miles an hour in an express train. Productivity has increased enormously, and one man can utilize machines to do the work which formerly employed the labor of a hundred. In power and skill, in ability to tap the resources of nature and harness them to our use, we are to the men of the eighteenth century like giants to babies. Our powers might, so at least it was hoped, have been used to improve human life, to make it more leisurely and spacious, to diminish its toil, and to increase its beauty. This hope has, however, been shown to be illusory. It would be interesting to take one by one the major scientific discoveries of the last hundred years, and to show how the potential benefits which they might have conferred upon the human race have been in each instance frustrated. We have more power over nature, it is true, yet the only way we can escape from the dirt and squalor, the foul air and the overcrowding which power over nature involves is to escape into the country, where nature is still in more or less undisputed power over man. Our doctors have achieved unprecedented skill in repairing damaged bodies; but our chemists have achieved even greater skill in de-

stroying them, so that in war time we see all the resources of civilization devoted to patching up broken bodies in order that all the resources of civilization may proceed to blow them to bits again. We have invented rapid means of transit to bring us in and out of our cities, yet allowed them to grow to such dimensions that not all the tubes and railways in the world can take their workers out of them, with the result that we live no nearer to the country than we did before, while a new race of nomads engaged in perpetual transit between workshop and dormitory knows neither the solace of solitude nor the sense of community.

The trouble here is obvious. Man's skill has enormously outstripped his ability to use it; in other words, his technical efficiency is greater than his social wisdom. When I took the Honours School in Philosophy at Oxford I was introduced to the works of Aristotle, a prolific and inquisitive Greek who wrote books on most of the subjects which have since intrigued the human mind. His discourses ranged from the habits of animals to the attributes of God. In the main, however, his interests were scientific. But while nobody expected me to study Aristotle's writings on physics or astronomy, I was required to acquaint myself in detail with his works on ethics and politics, on the ground that they embodied what were called profound truths. The inference is obvious: we do not read Aristotle's scientific work because our science has superseded that of the Greeks, but in our knowledge of the good life for the individual, or of the duty of man to man in society we have not advanced beyond the level at which Aristotle left us. Take a mechanic by the roadside mending the carburetor of his car—he is behaving like a superman; take the same mechanic ten minutes later driving in a little hell of noise and stench, unable to appreciate the country himself and precluding the appreciation of his fellows—he is behaving like an idiot. Men of genius by the dozen, men of talent by the hundred have labored that wireless might be; they succeeded, and the tittle-tattle of the divorce courts is broadcasted to the ends of the earth, while the remoter ether vibrates to negroid music.

Science has not altered man's desires; it has merely made it easier for him to carry them into effect. If our desires are good, this added power of gratifying them is a good; if they are evil, it is a corresponding evil. Most of men's desires that have hitherto found social expression have been harmful. Hence the principal effect of the increase in human power and knowledge has either been an improvement in methods of destroying human life or an accentuation of economic inequality, with the result that our states are founded on force, dominated by money power, and armed through fear, while rich and poor tend increasingly to differentiate into two different species. Our civilization is in fact only sin deep; fundamentally man is still the same foolish, credulous, vain, impulsive, and intolerant animal that he was in the Stone Age. Fire the first bullet, and the savage appears.

Mind, I am not maintaining that mankind is worse than it ever was; merely that it has a need to be better. For science has taken this primitive savage posturing as civilized man, and presented him with powers fit for the gods. Give a boy an air gun, and he may kill a sparrow or break a window or two; give him a modern Lee Metford rifle, and he becomes a public danger. Politically and socially man is still a baby, with the acquisitive and destructive instincts of a baby; science has given the baby a box of matches. Can he survive the gift?

III

In order to answer this question I find myself compelled to quote again from a historian of the future. This time our authority is a Martian historian writing in the year 5000 PMI (*Post Martem Incarnatum*).

On our neighboring planet, the earth, the

age of the Mesozoic reptiles was succeeded by that of the vertebrate mammals. Of these the *hominidæ*, though a feeble and clumsy species, unable to protect themselves against the rigors of the climate except by covering themselves with the skins of other animals, and producing offspring which were completely helpless over an incredibly long period, were nevertheless enabled by the possession of a low-grade cunning, which pessimistic writers have likened to our own intelligence, to establish a complete domination over the rest of the planet. This they used to prey upon the other species which the earth contained, at first for purposes of food, later for amusement, and they would speedily have succeeded in denuding the whole planet of life, were it not for the internecine feuds upon which their quarrelsome natures led them to engage among themselves. The domination of the *hominidæ* was ultimately terminated by their discovery of how to release the forces locked up in the atom, discovery which they speedily used for the purpose of exterminating themselves altogether. The extinction of this noxious species through their own innate mischievousness has always been regarded by our theologians as affording one of the strongest pieces of evidence for the providential government of the universe.

Let us, however, be optimistic and assume that we escape these dangers; that the practice of birth control by all classes has kept the population within reasonable limits, and that no imbeciles or physical defectives are born; that the enormous increase of production consequent upon the intelligent application of labor-saving devices to industry has practically solved our economic problems, and that every man is assured of comfort and a competence upon three or four hours' work a day. This last contention, by the way, will be hotly contested by Socialists, largely because an early solution of the problems upon which they rightly lay stress, by removing their grievances against society would deprive them of their *raison d'être*. For the same reason the clergy would almost certainly resent the second coming of Christ, which would, presumably, render them superfluous. At the same time this assumption seems not unreasonable; the average annual income of each employed American is estimated at about one hundred and fifty-six pounds a year, and has doubled in the last twenty years. At this rate of progress poverty may in five hundred years' time become a thing of the past.

How will mankind employ its powers; what will it do with its leisure? Up to the present men have spent about three-fourths of their waking life in obtaining the means to make life possible; they have had only one-fourth available for living. To the art of life—the most difficult of all the arts—they have brought jaded energies and tired brains. Consequently, most of us are shocking exponents of the art of life through sheer lack of practice. We do not, for example, know how to amuse ourselves, our notion of entertainment being something for which one pays; we pay other people, that is to say, to do for us what we can no longer do for ourselves. On the whole, we regard the art of living as reaching its perfection in different forms of rapid motion. The activities of the rich American, perpetually in transit across the ocean, suggest that life for him consists of a series of escapes from something unpleasant which is ever behind him, waiting to pounce upon him on whichever side of the Atlantic he happens to be. The something presumably is boredom, for boredom is the penalty we pay for failure in the art of life. It is boredom that turns the family holiday, if unexpectedly prolonged, into the best imitation of hell that earth offers; it is boredom that raises the percentage of suicides among the rich to a higher figure than it reaches in any other stratum of society; it is boredom that assails the retired millionaire, compels him to exhaust his energies in some particularly dangerous and exhausting pursuit, such as mountain climbing or big-game hunting, in which he can only induce others to accompany him by paying them enormous salaries, and finally sends him back to his office to make money he does not want in despair

of rendering life tolerable without the hard labor to which he has been accustomed. The behavior of the leisured rich makes it impossible to avoid the conclusion that we do not know, and never have known, how to live. Work is the only form of occupation of which we are capable of standing more than a very limited amount. Leisure is intolerable to us, and servitude to the need for amusement the worst form of slavery we know.

Now consider a world in which all are subjected to this need for rather more than two-thirds of their working lives. What will it be like? The country will be covered by a network of motor roads and aërodromes; whatever land is left uncultivated will be covered with golf courses and tennis courts or the grounds required by whatever new game is sufficiently dangerous to capture the fancy of our descendants; the seacoast will be a continuous string of resorts with bands, hotels, and gaming tables; peptonized news and standardized entertainment will descend like a deluge upon the heads of the devotees of pleasure, aided by all the resources of television, wireless, and color cinematography; men will move about in ever-increasing numbers and rapidity from one part of the earth to another; new religions will flourish like mushrooms to satisfy men's need of a solace for their sick souls; the upper-class suicide rate will spread to and increase among all classes of society, and finally men will go to war, as Maurois suggests, to infuse a little excitement into a life which they do not know how to use. The prospect is not encouraging. Is there any escape from it?

IV

It is important in the first place to realize the amount of time that mankind has at its disposal. The total period during which there has been life upon the earth is estimated at about twelve hundred million years; of these twelve hundred million years man has been in existence about one million. Suppose we represent the twelve hundred million years of life's history by one hundred years; then man's past will equal about one month, and the whole period of civilization up to date, about seven or eight hours. On this same scale—a scale which reckons the past of civilization at about seven or eight hours—the period during which our planet may be expected to remain habitable by man is about one hundred thousand years. Civilization, therefore, has considerable time in which to develop.

The question which we have to consider is, therefore, in what way our remote descendants will occupy themselves. The suggestion of a possible answer will be found in the picture of the Ancients in Shaw's "Back to Methuselah." The Ancients have achieved an almost complete emancipation from bodily needs and limitations. They no longer sleep or eat, they do not make love, and they have outgrown the need for amusement. Art is discarded by the age of four, on the ground that it presents us only with the images of the real, and nobody will stay for the image who can contemplate the original. They have no desire to speak, and have forgotten the use of language. Their power over the matter of which their bodies are composed enables them to change their bodily structure at will. Experimenting with the use of these powers, they play tricks with their bodies and make themselves into fantastic monsters: they walk upon a dozen legs, work with twenty hands and a hundred fingers, look to the quarters of the compass with eight eyes out of four heads. Barring accidents, they can maintain life indefinitely, but, so long as they retain the body, their lives are subject to any accident that can destroy the body. All the things with which human beings have amused themselves, images and pictures, love and science, have one by one been superseded, and nothing remains beautiful or interesting except thought. The body, they say, is the

last doll to be discarded. When this final emancipation is achieved there will be no people, only thought. Thus life becomes a whirlpool in pure intelligence which in the beginning was a whirlpool in pure force.

The prospect is impressive but not entertaining, and is unlikely to be acclaimed with enthusiasm by our contemporaries. But we have no right to judge the pursuits of the future by the tastes of the present; the lemurs from whom we are descended would probably find little to applaud in our habit of shutting ourselves in the dark in cinemas or watching baseball matches. Nor are there wanting signposts pointing in the direction indicated. Life, as it has manifested itself up to the present, has been characterized by a two-fold relation to matter. It knows or is aware of matter and is dependent upon it. Both characteristics are modified by evolution; as life evolves, its power over matter increases and its need to know matter grows less. By increase of power over matter I mean in the first place our growing mastery over the forces of nature. For example, by the construction of appropriate machines we have made not only gravitation our slave, but also electricity and magnetism, atomic attraction, repulsion, polarization, and so forth. We can utilize these forces to transcend our limitations by making for ourselves new limbs to supplement our original bodily inheritance, cranes and elevators to do the work of arms, and trains and motors to take the place of legs. We have learned to fly and supply ourselves with wings in the shape of aëroplanes. In the second place, we attain to an increasing mastery over the matter which constitutes our own bodies. We have changed and continue to change the structure of our bodies by the use to which we put them. Within the comparatively brief period studied by anatomy we have learned to dispense with tails, and we are progressively eliminating organs such as the appendix, and growths such as the toe-nails, for which we have no further use. The urge to think has caused us to achieve an unprecedented growth in brain structure, and the increasing size of the human head adds to the difficulties and dangers of childbirth.

Our growing mastery over matter brings with it a diminution of interest in matter and a lessening of dependence upon it. The object of applied science is, indeed, rightly interpreted to effect a progressive diminution in the necessity of life to have intercourse with matter, by inventing contrivances outside ourselves to do the work which previously fell to our bodies. Already we do less with our hands than our ancestors; we do not carry weights about, defend ourselves from attack, or develop great muscular strength. Compared with primitive man, we make but little use of material, physical objects. So true is this that the ordinary clerk or professional man can, broadly speaking, go through the day without using his hands at all except to dress and feed himself and to write. Our senses decay as the need for awareness of material objects grows less; the savage can hear noises to which we are deaf, and our sense of smell grows duller with each generation. As the attention of life comes to be directed less and less upon material objects, the question arises, what is to happen to the vital energy thus released?

The universe contains a number of things besides matter; it contains objects of thought; it also contains ideal objects. The analysis of thinking belongs to the technical side of philosophy, and I cannot go into it here. It is clear, however, that whatever is in front of my mind when I am thinking, as opposed to experiencing things through my senses, is not a piece of matter. If, for example, I think of Cæsar, it is clear that my attention is not occupied with the physical personage who was Cæsar, since Cæsar as a physical personage no longer exists. Yet Cæsar is clearly something, since a thought of Cæsar is different from a thought of Alexander. Similarly, when I do arithmetic, it is clear that my mind is

not occupied with material objects. The proposition that two plus two equals four is not a proposition about material objects, and it is not necessary that there should be any such objects in order that it may be true.

Thus, whatever it is that my mind knows or is aware of when it thinks, it is not matter. Since this is not a treatise on philosophy, we will say non-committally that it is aware of objects of thought, these objects being neither mental nor material. In addition to objects of thought the universe contains ideal objects. Ideal objects are entities like truth, goodness, and beauty, and possibly include the deity. Like objects of thought, they are immaterial, but they differ from them in possessing value. Value is that which arouses in us certain kinds of unique emotion: beauty arouses æsthetic emotion, goodness ethical emotion, the deity religious emotion. It is in our experience of art that we come most directly into contact with ideal objects. A piece of music which arouses in us æsthetic emotion does so by virtue of the fact that it represents or manifests the ideal object which we call beauty. (The relationship between ideal objects and the material medium in which they are manifested raises a number of difficult questions into which I cannot enter. It is obvious, however, that the symphony which thrills us to ecstasy cannot be adequately described merely as a series of vibrations in the ether impinging upon our ear drums.)

Now the evolution of life may be described as a development which, beginning with the awareness of material objects, ascends via the knowledge of objects of thought to the awareness of the world of ideal objects. Plants know only material objects; it is possible that animals do rudimentary thinking, in which case they are intermittently aware of objects of thought; in men life has evolved at a level at which the awareness of objects of thought is not only normal, but is coming, as I have tried to show, gradually to supersede the awareness of material objects. In some of us, moreover, noticeably in the mystic and the artist, the comprehension of objects on a higher level is beginning for the first time to be possible. The artist's perception of beauty, the mystic's intimation of God may be analyzed into life's awareness of objects of a new type, which I have called ideal objects. But these experiences, like thinking among animals, are as yet rare; they are the privilege of evolutionary sports, such as the artist and the mystic, the precocious children of evolution.

If this brief analysis of vital activity as manifested in living creatures has any validity, it is evident that mankind, if its evolution is to continue, must abandon its absorption with matter and take increasingly to contemplation and thinking. At present we cling pathetically to the material world. We have attained power over matter, but, instead of using it to dispense with the need to know matter, we continue to cultivate its acquaintance. We beat round bits of matter called balls with long ones called sticks, and, because evolution has reached a stage at which concentration upon matter is becoming an anachronism, we find that we get bored and restless. It is not by hitting balls that we shall sublimate the impulses that make for war, but by ceasing to be aware of matter and occupying our attention with objects of thought, that is, by occupying ourselves with art and science and mathematics.

Strange as this doctrine may sound, it is not fundamentally different from the commonplaces of human wisdom. In all civilizations those who have had the combined energy and opportunity to try every kind of life have been almost unanimous in asserting that the only thing which can give permanent satisfaction is the exercise of our best faculties at their highest pitch of intensity, alternating with the recreation of the mind in conversation and art and literature. That it will take centuries of boredom to convince men of this fact is undoubtedly true; the danger is that they will destroy themselves before they learn it.

THE VESTAL

A STORY

BY MARY LISPENARD COOPER

HER nickname was The Vestal Virgin. It amused visitors that from a thousand or more unmarried girls and members of the faculty we called one woman Virgin; they understood well enough when once they had seen her cross the campus with that close-kneed gait and her head back as if she were proud and terrified at once. But I always held that she was beautiful. There were small high bones in her cheeks and temples, with the color racing if you talked anything but counterpoint to her. A year ago I stayed up for the night before Founder's Day to typewrite my long theme for her because it was overdue. It was about Lawes's music to "Comus"; and partly because I was so tired, partly because of the theme of the poem, partly because the paper was for Miss Mather, I kept seeing her behind my mind all night. Sometimes she was herself, ashamed in her long slender dress when wind was blowing against her; and sometimes she was Una; but she always had a sort of militant purity. I felt—you know I hadn't slept—that the flame to make that purity had been some kind of terror. Her head had a quick turn. Sometimes she couldn't look at you and tried hard to change a subject that seemed interesting and innocent enough. Only a tenth of my mind was needed to type, and I suppose I thought too much about Miss Mather. A smell of new lilac leaves waved through the window all night long.

I finished the typing about eight in the morning and I knew that no one else would be awake by that time on Founder's Day. So I went alone off campus to breakfast. When I left, the lawns were gray and dewy and quiet. I took my paper along to correct while I was waiting for breakfast; but there was no one else in the place and I had the corner table by the couch, so that of course I fell asleep. They knew me and did not wake me until nine. Then it was nearly ten before I went back to leave the paper in Miss Mather's room.

You know the unreal soundless way one seems to move after illness; that morning everything seemed to me just so silent and unsteady. The day was a sort of dumb, beating wait. By that hour the lawns were full of girls calling and singing, but I felt their voices as streams of color and shade, flashes of spring-green and scarlet. A purple flame of song came from the girls beyond the wood, practicing a Latin epithalamion to be given later in the day:

> "Now let the loveless learn to love
> And all the love-learned love again."

As I moved through the crowd of my friends on that tense day of lifting spring I knew at last what the straight girls in white and the bright gardens on the lawn were waiting for. I wanted to hurry indoors where the windows were shut to the spring wind and the Latin song.

The hall where Miss Mather lived was not far off by then. At the top of the steps I stopped to laugh: when I had spent a night of worry about her embarrass-

ments and martial virginity, a spring morning had made me blush and run. But on my way to her room in the empty building I thought again, what does this morning mean to her? How does she move among these singers, endure these dancers at a Maypole?—and I could not remember having seen her on other Founder's Days. I could not see her at the rowdy graceful games. Perhaps she went away, though that was not legal before evening. No, Miss Mather would not break a law. Of course knocking at her door was only a matter of form. No one would be inside the hall to-day. I would go in and leave the manuscript on her table beside the blue tea things. I knocked in a faint sloppy way and turned the knob at once. But the door was locked. I stood a moment wondering what to do. Three floors below the janitor was whistling "The Prisoner's Song." It wailed up the soapy stairs and down the corridor. But there was a little sound from Miss Mather's room—the tiny creak and rustle of someone sitting up on a couch—and a whisper of checked tears. The Vestal was locked in her room that morning.

And I would not go away. She would hate me to see her crying; but in my not-quite-waking state it seemed that the night-long consciousness I had of her gave us a kind of intimacy, with a right for me to know and try to comfort her condition. It seemed to me too that I did know her trouble, in the largest sense at least. Whatever concerned her so much must relate to what gave her the name she bore. That was why I knocked again. I had to hear another indrawn, whispering breath and then her steps to the door.

She barely opened it; but Miss Mather could not be rude, and I pushed in miserably enough. I held out the paper.

"My 'Comus' piece," I said.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mather, "thank you."

She was glad to have something besides my eyes to look at.

"I'm sorry it's late," I said, "but I've been up all night typing it."

"It wouldn't have mattered. Aren't you very sleepy?"

"No." I shut the door behind me as I faced her. "Miss Mather, you haven't been sleeping either."

The paper wavered in her hands.

"A headache."

"No. (I would not go.) It's not that. Please, I think about you so much."

She gave me a long look. I think it began with sparkling fury—but then she stepped toward me and put her hand on my shoulder in a queer light way.

"You think about me? . . ."

She put the paper on her desk.

"Sit down," she said. "One of us has to face the window. I can't. This is such a fertile morning."

She sat down on the window seat, and I was opposite her on a chair covered with dark-blue chintz. The window was shut.

"I know what you mean about the morning," I said.

She looked at me. I went on. "It made me run indoors."

"Then it's not only I. Anyone might want to stay indoors with the earth bursting and all the girls in close white dresses." She drew a deep breath. "You see, I'm not unusual," she said.

But I wouldn't let her slide away.

"My feeling this way is only from staying up all night," I said.

Her tears had begun again by now—a silent helpless stream. I went to her and put my hand on her knee. She quivered.

"All spring is dreadful," she said, "but Founder's Day is the worst."

"It's the peak of spring, I know."

"Yes. It's always the peak of spring—time to forget yourself—but later you remember."

After one slow sob she dried her eyes and spoke, at first with a voice that rang a little with the undernote of tears, but afterwards for a while containedly enough:

"The day was this same fecund time," she said, "and fifteen years ago. I was

not very different, not much less awkward. The country high school was thick upon me, really, after finishing college and teaching here for a year."

I remember noticing how she did not mention her age, at that time; this member of the faculty kept what reserve she could in our amazing intimacy. Then I swept my mind back to the important moment.

She was saying, "I was envious of the careless way the other faculty members and even the students talked and worked or amused themselves with men who were teaching here or came to lecture. At school such things were snickered at and labored. Later I could not talk to men because I was tied to the memory of red-faced boys who did not want me to talk to them. I think that sometimes people tried to make me comfortable and casual. In the dining room or at receptions they placed me beside gentle old professors who were happy if you only put in a question here and there which might start their anecdotes, or beside one of those young men who will argue fiercely with you over what kind of day it is and how much nicer the days are in Cyprus or Sumbawa. But I never seemed to know the right questions to ask the old men and I could never remember at the time that the young men's fierceness was only over a friendly interest; nor had I ever been in Sumbawa. After a few months of watching men grow silent and uncertain-eyed before my silence I kept away from parties where I knew they would be.

"Everyone must have known this about me; but either because they wanted to be kind or because they were too busy themselves rehearsing in the faculty play, the department asked me to take care of a lecturer for the evening before Founder's Day, to meet him at the station, show him around the college, and take him to dinner off-campus. He had begged off a reception.

"There was not much time to think beforehand or I should have pretended I was ill or forced to go away."

She stopped speaking for a moment and looked at me exactly. "No," she said, "that's not true. I washed my hair before I went to meet him. Sometimes it curls a little when it has been washed."

I had noticed that myself in class on alternate Mondays.

"Did it curl that time?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "on both sides."

It pleased me that she should remember.

"What time had you to meet him?" I said.

"At five. I've said what a day it was." She would not use her original word again. "Even in town the streets were blurred and sweet. The shop windows were full of silky things that clung to one another in folds. It was warm enough for pale people to have a mist of color in their faces.

"On the station platform there was a light wind smelling of damp ferns from the forests across the river. I had to sit down while I was waiting for the train.

"It was not hard to find our guest among the passengers. I was to look for a man not too tall, with blue eyes—and he has long blue eyes—the color skies have after a clear sunset in winter sometimes. He stands badly or he would almost be tall. His mouth has a very definite shape, really pointed at the corners because the upper lip is full in a Roman way, and the corners try to keep it down."

Someone told me once that people often notice each other's eyes or hands, but never their mouths until they begin to wonder. . . . I thought of that at the time.

Miss Mather went on:

"As soon as I saw him I stopped feeling faint and at once I had an unknown sort of strength as if I wanted to lift and move and clasp something stronger than myself. He took my hand and I said, 'I'm so glad you've come.' He smiled more than you would have expected him to and looked later-Roman than before. It is curious that I cannot

remember more of my first real talk with a man."

I loved her for the decent female pride she showed by saying "first" rather than "only," because I'm sure that would have been true.

"But I can only recall that although we hardly talked there was no need for thinking what to say. Sometimes the words came so fast that I would begin talking before he stopped. Sometimes, indeed, I only needed to laugh. Laughing was pleasant and an excuse to look at him, to see the little struggle at the corners of his mouth before his smile began —and to wonder—I'm not sure what I wondered.

"At dinner in the inn there were not enough waiters, and he drew out my chair for me. It seemed to me I was sliding into his arms; and when he said good-by to me temporarily before he went to dress for the lecture he took my hand again, with his struggling smile, and his hand seemed to draw me closer than I meant to come. Then I went to dress. It was the first time I had known where clothes should cling and where flow. I wanted my shoulders to be bare, though no dress of mine was made in such a way, and I think I adjusted my blue voile a little.

"There was no time to speak to him before the lecture. He was my old Chief's young friend, and she made the most of it in public.

"The subject of his lecture was 'Folk Songs of the Balearic Islands.'"

When she said that she might have been reading a newspaper notice.

"After the lecture there was a small informal party in my Chief's house. We all went there together, and it was not surprising that our guest talked hardly at all to me. He had news to catch up with, clever things to say about it; and I watched him, but I think no one noticed me.

"When the party was over I was the only person going on-campus. Of course he asked to take me back. If the day had been misty and sweet, the night was warm and rising. There was a faint light from the stars; just as last night, the lilac leaves had a more searching scent than the trees. I felt as I did before I met him in the station. I thought I should have no strength at all when he would leave me at my door."

She had begun remembering his words again. "But almost at once he said, 'Must you go in?'

"'No,' I said, and then I became so strong that I was breathless afterwards. I told him, 'We can walk in the woods behind the college.'

"'You are a darling,' he told me, 'to walk with me in the woods—too much of a darling for these clever old ladies. Why do you immure yourself here?'

"It had, at that time, never occurred to me that my profession was anything but a privilege—the matter has come up since, but I have not yet taken steps about it."

Perhaps that's the most important thing she said. She seems to have taken the only step she could think of now.

"When he said that I recalled that he was not married and that 'darling' is an endearing term.

"'I'm not a darling, really,' I said. 'It's only that I like to walk with you.'

"For a while he held my arm so near that I thought he must know how hard my heart beat.

"'You are so young,' he told me.

"'Not very young. The students wouldn't think so.' I heard his laugh. We had come to a bank where even in the starlight you knew there were scented violets run wild. He sat down and drew me beside him. 'Come here,' he said, 'and I will show you how young you are.'

"When we were close he kissed me. That queer fighting strength rushed through me which I had felt at the railway station; I suppose I clung to him. After a moment he lifted my face and said, 'I can see that you are crimson. You are young enough to blush at kisses.'

"It was not the last time he kissed me, but presently I heard the chapel clock

strike twelve and remembered he must take an early train. We went down the hill and when we said good-by shaking hands would have been so formal that we only spoke.

"He said, 'Good-by, young darling.' I could not think what to say except 'Good-by.'

"I fell asleep, dressed, with my head on the sill of the open window. I had been staring out at the woods on the hill and thinking about the bank where the violets grew in the starlight.

"I went through the next day or so with a high head. 'This won't last,' I said if students were restless or the talk at our table got acidulous; and I would think how careful and proud I should be of him when we were married and I could watch his laugh as boldly as I liked.

"On the second day I looked for a letter, perhaps to date our wedding. By the fourth day I would have written him myself if I had known his address. There was no notice in the papers of his death or illness. But after a week a group of us were in the department office, and my Chief was reading something to the people round her. I was not hearing much those days and was going slowly to a pile of themes. But she raised her voice and said:

"'Here, Miss Mather, I have a message for you from our distinguished guest. "My regards," he says, "to the little Vestal. She took the very best care of me."'

"Enough effort went into my voice for a shout; but the sound seemed to come from someone else. 'It is kind of him to remember me,' I said.

"'He is a charming young man,' said my Chief, 'and puts things in such an original way. "The little Vestal!" Who could that be but you?'

"'Yes,' I said. 'They are the right words for me.' And then I think I went to a class—but it does not matter."

All traces of tears had gone out of her voice and face. But I was more frightened than I had been before. I could not bear the dryness of her voice.

"Oh," I said, "you mustn't feel that way—not now—it was so long ago, you must forget it—please."

She smiled at my misunderstanding.

"You can't forget a thing like that," she said—"an utterly charming man making love to you, even though he did not mean it—even though he went away."

I stood up in a fury. I would make her see him and forget him.

"Charming?" I said. "Floppy-mouthed! You said it yourself! And he got you to kiss him by old cheap flattery. And then he made fun of you to your Chief. You've got to forget him. He's *slimy*."

I couldn't make her angry. But the color her long story had drained away streamed back, and her lashes fluttered over tears as she looked at me.

"That's how it looks to you?" she said. "To a girl who has known some young men?"

I saw she had taken it in.

"Yes," I said, "that's how it looks to me."

She turned toward the window for the first time and answered without looking at me.

"I hadn't thought of it just that way before," she said. "It seemed almost beautiful to me—but then, I'm not experienced."

In the little silence that came after that I got up to go. I thought I had said enough.

She clasped my hand in a quick way, but the old academic wall was growing thick between us, and she said:

"You will be late for the song contest, Miss Connor."

There was a dry terror in her eyes, and I knew she was sorry for what she had told me.

"I hope my paper will do," I said at the door.

"I am sure it will be adequate," she said, and then before the wall was quite up, she added in a low voice, "I have to find my students' papers adequate."

A day after that a note came on the President's thin paper in his own writing.

Would I come to his study at once? I dropped my books and ran. I think I knew then why he wanted me.

I had not noticed that his study has windows on three sides, over lilac bushes and flagged walks.

"Lois," he said, "Miss Mather died last night."

And I knew why. "Died?" I said.

"She killed herself," the President went on.

Tears were aching in my throat, and my head beat with shame and pity.

"Prexy, I . . ."

He let me cry, watching me quietly with his clear-brown look, and I knew he saw I was sorry.

"We're all concerned in it, I'm afraid," he said. "In a place like this everyone has to see to it that other people want to live. But we thought you might know the special trouble since you are a rather perceptive student. And you were the last person to talk to her so far as we can find. Do you know about her, Lois?"

"Yes," I said, "I know."

Then I saw what it would be for her if I told him the story, with her lover's floppy mouth, his pitiful flattery, and his little joke at the end; and I couldn't tell him my own thick cruelty without those details.

He was looking at me squarely.

"She told me she loved a man once—a charming person with blue eyes," I said. "He left her, and yesterday was the anniversary of his going away."

He spoke quickly, to let me know he was not waiting for more. "I understand," he said. Then looking even more intently, he added, "She was quite well?"

"No," I said, "She told me that she had a headache."

"Thank you," said the President.

But as I was going he said, "Lois, I don't think you could have stopped her even if you had persuaded her he was not worth remembering, she might have decided it was not worth living only to think about him."

I wanted to tell him without saying what had happened, and at the hand clasp, I said:

"Prexy, she might have thought that, I know."

That was a year ago, and I have graduated since then. But by the College paper I saw that the Founder's Day speaker this year had long eyes and a Late Roman mouth. He spoke on "North-African Music in Relation to the Folk Songs of the Balearics." I wondered at the time who showed him around the campus this spring.

NOT QUITE STANDARDIZED YET

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

ON a pleasant June evening I found myself traveling through Kansas. Friends gifted in sociological reproaches had informed me that the state was the power house of modern American standardization. Now, in half an hour of uninterrupted twilight ratiocination it was easy to see why.

With every whistle the train buried itself deeper in the strictly uniform prairies. Right and left beyond each car window, fields of the same shade of green and the same sleepily rich clover scents heaved in regular swells. At equal intervals the same frame farmhouse careened by, on varying arcs of distance, manifesting, whether from a treeless hill or from its clump of creek-fed willows, the same angular aversion to beauty.

Each dozen miles the same little town crashed down about us with the same roar of sidings and corral fences, the same electric sunbursts summoning attention from the charms of the deepening dusk to those of "The City Hotel," "The People's Store," and "The Palace Theater." Along the highways motor headlights began pricking the dark with slender cones of light—all, it seemed, of the same depth, color, and intensity. The very farm horse whom our train clatter frightened now and then from his track-side grazing seemed in the gloom always of the same shade of brown.

Might not mere scenic repetition, I reasoned, explain the Kansas passion for re-molding society in Kansan images? How expect a people exposed to the life-long hypnosis of such a landscape to believe that variation from their cheerful complacent average was possible in themselves or desirable in others? Why should they not come to feel that sharing with one another the same prejudices, pleasures, enthusiasms, and inhibitions, the same types of friends, enemies, gossip, and theology was a positive virtue, while the appreciation of anything outside their range of habitual experience was a dangerous and probably criminal vice? When their comfortable world was so obviously made up of one similarity after another, how could they help believing that it was the salvation of all non-Kansan worlds to come, and pattern themselves upon Kansan perfection? Why, when others temporized or resisted, should they not believe that it was the mission of Kansans to pass a law about it, making conformity compulsory?

Their very wit, one reflected—the justly famous banter of a few Kansas editorial pages—partook of this well-meaning leveling quality. Its "line" consisted mainly of stripping ideas, the arts, and persons of all foreign affectations on the theory that a non-Kansas viewpoint *must* be an affectation, and raising a laugh by proving the outside world's humorous identity with themselves. Obviously, whether by ridicule, prohibition pioneering, anti-cigarette laws, small-town dress-reform ordinances, or evangelically fierce codes of private respectability, Kansas had dedicated itself to the sanctified labor of making the human race as alike as two prairie swells.

Across the aisle two young business men, who had got on at a station a hundred miles back, droned into the theme like a chorus. One praised the standardizing efficacy of the high-pressure salesmanship of low-priced automobiles—a process with which he evidently had some important inspirational connection.

"Of course, our agents say we overload 'em with cars and bullyrag 'em until they have to pull in customers by the ears," he was saying. "But what of it? The average American family is happier and healthier for having a good little car even if the old man was bluffed into buying it. As I see it, our company's just helping these folks enjoy life the way folks ought to enjoy it."

"The idea exactly," the other man seconded. "Now I sell home refrigerating plants." And fervently he hoped that soon his company would insure the swifter progress of domestic comfort in Kansas by putting in an agent-bully-ragging system of its own.

Plainly, even a Pullman traversing Kansas might become automatically a kind of temple of standardization in which the most innocent over-the-toothpicks gossip of lay worshippers might prove a weaving of priestly spells. Even now it seems incredible that on such an evening anything heterodox could have existed nearer than the Santa Fe art colony or Jim Reed's Missouri.

But the porter broke in upon their conversation to give me the standardized Pullman brushing. The train ground its brakes in a broader sprawl of light, and a higher circle of buildings betokening a five-county metropolis. The man with whom I had come to talk about a curious phase of Western history was waiting for me on the platform.

Knowing that he was Kansas-bred and an expert on dry farming, I half dreaded that he would blame the West for using irrigation or the East for not needing it. Instead, when we reached his house he commanded without preliminaries, "You may think this is a fool idea, but you come from the cow country, and I've got to catch you fellows on the fly. Now sit down and whistle or sing or play me the air of every cowboy ballad you know."

He grinned at his wife for encouragement. "There's no use making any bones about it, is there, May?" he explained. "I'm just a dusty-footed farm hand, but at night when we're being ourselves we're trying to write the frontier opera. And I want just a bushel and a half of this cowboy stuff for refrains. Come on now, tune up."

II

I have no idea of how good or how bad the opera was. The passages they played on an exceptionally well-tuned grand piano bore the properly cadenced energy of galloping cowboys and Indian tom toms welded into recognizably correct technical composition. But they fell upon uncritical ears. I do know, though, that between my chantings, whistlings, and stumbling one-finger exercises on the piano we produced something resembling the scores of "Oh Bury Me Not," "Sam Bass Was Born in Indiana," and the unprintably pastoral "Little Black Bull" for a Kansas musical note book. The standardization menace, I observed, as I sought bed long after the traditional Kansas curfew, was failing to standardize.

I made all the excuses possible for an impression so disarming to a student of standardization menaces. Home opera-composition was so rare and private a vice that even the worst harpies of Kansas conformity might not have thought to frame a fiat against it, or my host might have made it a rule never to confess his aberration except to æsthetically vouched-for strangers.

But no. He had already confided in me that his banker and the Presbyterian minister and one or two other obvious pillars of the town's conventions were among his most helpful critics. When by all the books—especially the novels—

of the standardization baiters he should have been a secretive and frustrated æsthete ready to console himself with bank robbery or an elopement to Paris with his best friend's wife, here he was openly and cheerfully juggling with opera themes and ingenuously telling the world about it. Plainly, the way to probe the Kansanization menace was to specialize still further in eavesdropping on high-pressure salesmen.

But although the Kansas excursion was one which opened up for me a year of coast-to-coast travels, it was not practicable to be so exclusive. My journeys have been made in search of information on subjects not involving salesmanship, or even the conventional virtues and repressions. So while they have led me to communities revered and reprehended alike for being the very foci of intolerance and standardization, while standardization has been cooed and thundered at me in its various degrees of seduction and violence across dining-car tables and Pullman aisles, in the intimacies of family living rooms, and in the dim cathedral light of our most pompous hotel lobbies, I have also been unable to escape the equally impressive evidence of the republic's casual but effective resistance to standardization.

No sane traveler, of course, could come home from such a trip doubting that standardization still flourishes. The swarms of constructive thinkers whose chief civic passion is to make their home towns as nearly as possible indistinguishable from Cleveland have not abated appreciably since they were first discovered by alarmed post-war sociologists. Not even a recluse could entirely escape contact with the large class of staunch and aggressive Americans who genuinely believe that all who question their ideas on theology, the marriage relation, musical comedy, or national-defense programs are guilty of intellectual poses and villainous social subversiveness, if not of secret bonds with communism.

I myself, for the bad judgment of being dragged into a prohibition argument by an enthusiastic dry demanding, "Don't you admit I'm right?" was sentenced, in February, 1928, to permanent exile in Russia by an informal moot court of Texans on a train approaching Houston. In a Long Island suburban gathering, all suavity and cocktails, I have learned what it is to be attacked for my Al Smith preferences by ladies and gentlemen murmuring reproachfully, "But he's not of your class." And on a loftier, if less personal plane, the D. A. R.'s defense of its blacklist suggests that our best people's attachment to the idea that whatever is different is dangerous may be still as impassioned as it was at Dayton.

Nevertheless, I beg leave to report that, except in a few small and persecutingly homogeneous communities it makes no difference. My fellow-citizens who enjoy standardization continue to standardize themselves according to one another's patterns with such unction of self-approval as their souls demand. For their further pleasure they continue to clap the more obstreperous rebels against their codes and prescriptions harmlessly, and with occasional publicity advantages, into their black books. No doubt, Hebrews who at the Exodus chose to remain behind to enjoy the sophisticated pleasures of Egyptian city life were punished by not being mentioned in the Old Testament; and medieval scoffers who jeered at the Crusades as picnics of sentimentalists wanting a change from home cooking, were put into the black books or tapestries of the Daughters of the Wars of the Robber Barons. In any case, America's nonconformists of 1928, whether or not profitably advertised by the enemy, seem to be successfully and almost universally foiling the standardization menace by the simple expedient of going about their business.

They may be indifferent to the standardizing codes, they may be seriously and constructively in opposition to them on specific issues. They may be merely

engaged in practicing a new and more or less standardized conduct of their own, like the "arty" colonies of our metropolises and the wild, wild coeds of the conventional newspaper spreads, in order to shock the standardizers. Or, like my Kansan operatic agriculturist, they may be so unconscious of the standardization menace surging around them that when one mentions it they imagine it has to do only with prohibition. Whatever their methods and motives, they are leading their own lives in the United States of Calvin Coolidge by the light of such originality and individuality as God gave them, and without, so far as the naked eye can judge, suffering legalized tortures for it, or even any unendurable stings from neighborhood criticism. It seems, in fact, appropriate to suggest that standardization as the great American social menace was never weaker than in the present era of America's greatest intellectual outcry against it.

III

Take, for example, another famous power house of standardization—Tennessee. I rode into Nashville on a balmy April morning some three years after Mr. John Thomas Scopes had agreed with his cronies in a Dayton drugstore to test the malicious qualities of the state's new anti-evolution law. The law had been pronounced constitutional and had ended Mr. Scopes's career as a Tennessee teacher. Hence, according to the visions of all specialists in standardization horrors, Tennessee was a place where a serious professional interest in evolution led to prosecution, where a polite dilettante interest led to ostracism, and where a mere flippant reference to fundamentalist doctrine and legislation might lead to a ride on a rail or a fight. Here standardization had already established itself as a legalized theocracy and was half way to an inquisition.

Yet I approached Nashville amid a small volley of wise-cracks on the forbidden subject from a smoking-compartment assemblage whose members prior to 1925 might conceivably have imagined that Darwin was the name of an English motor car. "No monkeys allowed; park your ancestors outside," was the burden of these witticisms. But a comfortably stout Tennesseean replied by reminding them without rancor that boys coming to see the sights of lively cities like Nashville usually had a better time when they left their grandparents at home.

In the city and surrounded by Tennessee standardizers presumably of the deepest dye, I found the frowning bastion of religious intolerance a good deal of a joke even to its ostensible defenders. With cheerful grins which insinuated that their mischievous little by-play was over, fundamentalists admitted that the law would probably never produce another prosecution. They struck the pose of all properly sophisticated Americans and boasted that they now saw through its politics. The law had gone through, not on the wings of pious ecstasy at the state house, but because certain canny Democratic leaders wished to "sell" themselves to the church vote. It had been signed by a governor who probably did not believe in it, in order to jam through his pet appropriations for schools and highways. Tennessee might never repeal it, since to do so would seem to be letting down the oldtime religion. But the fact was—they stated this a little more indirectly since they evidently did not care to face facts too objectively—that the law didn't mean much.

It naturally meant even less to those who detested it on principle, I found. The deluge of orders and requests for evolutionary works at Tennessee bookshops and public libraries is only now beginning to decline, three years after the Scopes cataclysm. Apparently rumors of faculty bootlegging of evolution in high schools and the state's higher institutions have been exaggerated.

But there are plenty of Tennessee teachers willing and competent to guide the outside reading in evolution of students who are interested.

The situation has even brought about its currents of counter-standardization. Undergraduates defending the Bryan position openly, I was told by a high official of Vanderbilt University, have suffered so much from campus humor that it has become one of the things which are "simply not done." "I have seen signs," a Nashville lawyer and devout modernist church member told me with a smile, "that some of our young people going out of the state to college have been put under an almost irresistible temptation to establish themselves as the campus atheists in order to take the curse off."

Moreover, the very challenge of the law seems to have stimulated all other brands of latent liberalism. Fundamentalists and their opponents both boast that Protestants and Catholics, whites and negroes get along better in Tennessee than elsewhere in the South, that the state quickly took the measure of the Ku Klux Klan's political effort several years ago as a bit of village horseplay. "Just let theology alone," I was told at least a dozen times daily during my stay there, "and there's no state in the union where you can come nearer to doing and saying as you please than right here."

As yet no visitor seems to have tested this by advocating a communist revolution from the pedestal of the Andrew Jackson monument; but supporting symptoms of a subtler sort are in evidence without resort to coarse heroics. The fugitive group of poets and prose stylists has flourished in Nashville both before and since the anti-evolution outbreak without being sniffed at by the police for an occasional frankly erotic production and without being made to feel that the young Vanderbilt instructors and bond salesmen who compose it have lost caste by declining to become Kiwanis pep stirrers. When the city's leaders of taste convinced the community several years ago that a charming Greek portico would provide a rare æsthetic value to the state capitol annex, and that a literal and exquisite duplication of the Parthenon would be a fitting ornament for Nashville's chief public park, nobody protested that Greek art should be outlawed because pagan, or that it was the duty of Tennessee architects to be one hundred per cent American in design and specifications.

And not only is variation from the orthodox tolerated but it is actually praised. A Nashville newspaper columnist, in a recent black hour, manhandled the four horsemen of Southern backwardness, which he described as timid lawyer politicians, timid newspaper proprietors, one-crop cotton bankers, and the fundamentalist clergy. To Nashville's amusement, his syndicate contributions were thenceforth banished from the less venturous *Atlanta Constitution*, but from Tennessee he received hundreds of letters, most of them approving, and from his own office neither a discharge nor a caution.

The time is coming when even politicians may treat the sacred "monkey law" with the lese majesty of deprecatory humor. The present governor did this, a little gingerly, at a 1928 Nashville gathering, admitting besides that it had won for the state an undue share of undesirable publicity. A few weeks earlier, before the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a supreme court judge, who had recently pronounced for the law's constitutionality, treated it with scarcely merciful sarcasm.

See how liberal we are—the Tennesseeans eagerly justify themselves to the presumably critical stranger. And as final testimony to the state's almost idyllic tolerance I was informed on several occasions—I do not know how accurately—that side by side with the anti-evolution crusade the state authorities had virtually abandoned all

efforts to enforce prohibition, leaving this duty, while Tennessee's freedom increases, to the quite ineffective resources of the federal agents. It was almost as though my hosts had said "Those Eastern fellows who got so excited about our intolerance ought to realize that New York hasn't got any thing on us."

Before I left I heard the anti-evolution law defended on the ground that it is in its way a wholesome protest against standardization itself. The young university instructor who took this surprising stand has made a name for himself in American letters already, and he loved the law neither for its own sake nor for the theology it sought to protect. But the country's real refuge from a dreary social sameness, he declared, was not in sophisticated fads and individualistic poses, but in a healthy and cherished provincialism. Southern provincialism, though it might have its blind spots and archaic intolerance, was on the whole glamorous and worth preserving. "Monkey laws" were Tennessee's crude and ineffective but, nevertheless, wholesomely abused efforts to preserve it. So long as they remained largely ineffective little harm was done, and that little might in time be repaired. They were, he insisted, far less dangerous to variety of taste and custom than the crusade of a group of Tennessee educators to have their charges, native born white and colored public-school pupils, taught a nondescript cosmopolitan accent in place of the gracious elisions and charming soil-sprung phrases of the oldtime Southern brogue.

He was promptly jumped on by others in the group—Tennesseeans all—and informed that provincialism must be growing too feeble to be worth saving when it has to pass a law to keep itself alive; and that self-conscious provincialism, as represented in the professional Southerner, was no less a pose than the advertised promiscuities of the wilder art colonies. But while he sadly admitted all this, it was easy to see that neither his argument nor its rebuttal was standardized. Whatever mystical triumph the anti-evolution law may represent to Tennessee's "kiver to kiver" religionists, it was not functioning as a strait-jacket for free Tennessee minds.

IV

But in measuring resistance to standardization it is desirable to know what type of standardization one has in mind. The Kansas type seems mainly concerned with preserving small-town taste and customs in private conduct. By its own legal admission, the Tennessee brand busies itself chiefly with belief.

But the other brands are practically numberless. Park Avenue and Epworth League standards, Greenwich Village and lodge-joiner standards, speedy young married set, Catholic-shunning, extravert, Yale-and-Harvard, Country Club, introvert standards, and scores of others pass and re-pass one another daily on parade in nearly every American city large enough to support three national banks and a racing season. The confusions created by their mutual scorn and jostlings may bewilder the investigator, but scarcely interfere with the average citizen's freedom to choose which type of standardization he prefers; or, for that matter, with the eccentric citizen's freedom to stand apart in Thoreauvian aloofness from the turmoil, publicly wishing a plague on all their standards.

This morning, for instance, the Grandopolis Ministerial Alliance may have passed a resolution demanding fines for feminine knee exposures, chaperons for parking parties, life-imprisonment for Mann Act violations, and the extinction of speak-easies by the firing squad. But none of these pronouncements will keep the young wastrels of the Grandopolis Pandemonium Club this evening from staging a revel which would interest, if not scandalize, the court of Charles the Second.

Each group is pursuing pleasure as it sees it and each, no doubt, is hopelessly standardized. But, being unable either to convert or exterminate its opposite, neither succeeds in creating a standardized world. On the contrary, their very stalemate helps American society to get along on a reasonably effective let-alone basis. It may still be difficult to practice avowed companionate marriage in rural Alabama or to stop the neighbors' gin-drinking in New York. But from evangelical atheism to oriental mysticism, practically everything else in 1928 America goes.

Moreover, even in most of the standardized groups certain individuals manage to live by their own views and consciences without suffering ostracism, reproach, or even loss of standing.

One assumes, for instance, that when the prospering American reaches a certain stage of traveled sophistication and worldly outlook he and his family abandon the ancestral Sabbath restrictions in favor of Sunday golf. Yet in a certain Southern metropolis I encountered a circle within the larger circle of gay Babbittry whose birth, breeding, and affluence would have entitled them to practice any fashionable diversion gracefully but who, nevertheless, did their golfing on week days. On the Sabbath they went to church and offered their guests magnificent, old-fashioned Sunday dinners. Later, over excellent but illicit cordials and between snatches of repartee about last week's bridge luck, they would discuss the sermon with the relish their more standardized friends might have bestowed on the latest Will Rogers wise-crack.

They did this, apparently, without the slightest ill-will toward their friends who were busy on the golf links or the slightest feeling that these were hell bound. They merely expected outsiders to accept it tacitly as their own choice of the way to act.

For a long Sunday afternoon I wondered whether they were conscious of their well-bred singularity. Then a middle-aged matron with a persistent whimsical inflection related how on a recent New York visit she and her husband had vainly struggled to create in themselves the frame of mind that would sanction just one Sunday theater attendance.

"My dear," she explained with a definitely mischievous accent, "I know it was simply ante-bellum of me and it almost broke me up because it was our last day. But it just couldn't be done." And suddenly I gathered from her mild self-ridicule that the standardization pressure in a pleasure-loving generation could make piety itself seem slightly rakish.

Again, is it the theory of standardization-menace experts that Americans no longer can converse understandingly or profitably with one another across grooves of antipathetic standardized thought? Yet I have charming recollections of a cheerfully contentious evening last summer with a woman evangelist —not Mrs. MacPherson!—in a Pacific coast city, when for four hours her emotional necessity of faith was pitted in honorable sword play against my intellectual agnosticism; while our host, an excommunicated Roman Catholic, tried vainly to break in with his favorite theory that all effective religious leadership proceeds from frustrated nymphomania.

Or, side by side with the conservative folk belief that the wild young generations are standardizing the world to perdition, must we believe the bathetic legend of the novelists that young rebel genius is being daily stultified, at the rate, say, of six muted Miltons per year per Main Street, by the austere conformity demands of small-town Philistines? In rebuttal, I summon as witness a studio party of the spring of this year in another Southern city's five-year-old art quarter.

The festivities had reached the point when the young woman who simply could not express her personal rhythm with shoes on had gone barefoot. Then someone called out, "Where's Jane?"

Jane, it appeared, had gone to a country club dinner dance with her lawyer. This in itself was scarcely a blow at the conventions; but Jane, it further developed, had given her lawyer this "date," hoping the slight condescension might help her to get her divorce cheaper. And in order to please the lawyer while pleasing was important, she had broken an engagement to attend our party with her husband. Incidentally, the description of her strategy was received with a general burst of indulgent laughter, including that of the young man Jane was divorcing her husband to marry.

Now Jane's being twenty-three and a regional minor poet may explain many things. Even so, her conduct suggests that she suffered no really crushing repressions through having lived twenty of her years in a Gulf Coast village where the chief social forces were the Baptist and Methodist churches.

It is possible, however, to find standardization resisted with less Bohemian emphasis. Take, for instance, the assumption of the "menace" exponents that all conventionally minded Americans consider all æsthetic impulses "cockeyed." Yet after a dinner in—of all hopelessly American places—Brooklyn, I have seen with my own eyes the middle-aged and highly efficient woman secretary of a national civic organization—a veritable corps commandress of standardizers, so to speak—lure a Middle-Western manufacturer and his wife away from the bridge tables for a walk across Brooklyn Bridge to see the Manhattan towers under a full moon.

Nor, as a recent instance at a college-class reunion shows, does the magic of prosperity always keep a man in his groove. A stout and shamelessly contented-appearing alumnus arrived to meet a barrage of questions on how the "old bank" was getting along in Omaha.

"All right, I guess," he admitted; "but I suppose you know I'm just finishing my third year at medical college."

The family bank, it appeared, was something his relatives had persuaded him to go into at graduation against his better judgment. Now, having banked long and successfully enough to acquire a competence, he was stolidly taking up the profession he had wanted to enter all along.

Finally, as I discovered in Los Angeles, one may even see the thriving modern cult of standardized loose-speaking thwarted. Lunching with an old friend of the city's pre-Hollywood aristocracy, I found him evidently disturbed.

Eventually with some circumlocution the cause of his annoyance came out. He did not hanker for the role of a male gossip, so he would not mention the name of a certain motion-picture actress who, though probably unknown to me socially, I should certainly recognize as a personage. Anyway, at a ball the night before, he had danced with this nameless hussy and, right after their introduction she had treated him to a mildly off-color jest which nine-tenths of the country club circles of the land might have received with guffaws.

But my friend was still indignant about it. "I don't care who belongs to it," he raged, "I am through with any group when its wit grows swinish."

I asked him, perhaps maliciously, what he proposed to do about it and whether he thought Hollywood could bear its punishment.

"Do?" he exclaimed. "I can retire to circles where women still expect their men to expect them to be ladies. And I know where to find them."

I have no doubt that, even in a world about to be standardized out of its once standard conversational inhibitions, he does.

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So, I suspect, the standardization menace may for the present be laughed into the limbo of ancient perils along with its predecessors, the Masonic and the white-slavery menaces. Perhaps

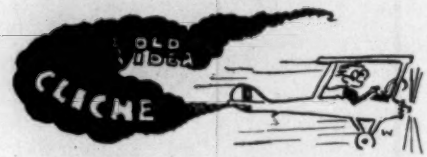
for brief periods of mob emotional outburst, as during wars and their aftermath, the accompanying deluges of patriotic oratory and pulpit billingsgate may render it mildly dangerous to professional rebels with a martyr complex. But in calmer times the plain people, even including the standardized, tend to dismiss the persecuting urge for the delights of indolence. When companionate marriages are proposed in the neighborhood or novels attacking their favorite brands of ecclesiastical verities are brought to their attention they may disapprove. But they are much too occupied with their own concerns—including the rather difficult maintenance of proprieties in their own lives—to bother with passing laws against the heretics or with enforcing them when they do.

So when the discontented citizen resists by the force of such individualism as fate inspires him with, he is likely to find resistance rather easy. After all, when the market for works of eccentricity and protest in the arts, literature, and opinion was never better, it is difficult to support the charge that American standardization is murdering talent. When university education and the society of emancipated spirits is practically free in every minor regional metropolis, it can hardly be said that standardization, even in our Bible Belts of greatest infamy, is fatal to the individual development of young men and women with ambition enough to buy Fords and leave home. On the contrary, if less romantically, may it not be suggested that the young man, with nascent poetical talents, who becomes a "realtor" and Kiwanian in order to avoid a row with father, and the young woman of vague agnostic sympathies who teaches a Sunday school class because "mother could never understand her viewpoint" are earning their frustration, such as it is, by spinelessness? For though the standardization impulse goes on and continues to content its devotees, it is rarely strong enough to extinguish those its own size.

That it does go on seems, furthermore, quite as it should be. Its presence insures a comfortable place in society for the enormous class of highly useful citizens who are type-conforming, rather than atypical, by nature. In their own element they can set up their little standards and please themselves by conforming to them, doing meanwhile a negligible amount of harm to working nonconformists. Meanwhile, also, the very temptations to conformity which they set up form an excellent device for separating the dilettantes of individualism and originality from the genuine practitioners. Finally, in a properly contentious society, originality and individualism perhaps need stout wooden flag poles of conformity all about them to keep their claws whetted for the action rightly expected of them.

Indeed, the standardized republic with plenty of the antitoxins of resistance in its social body is, I suspect, vastly to be preferred to a society whose members in all classes were constantly and praiseworthily occupied in stimulating and admiring their neighbors' atypicalness. Such Utopias of individualism may furnish profitable daydreams for literature. But as a practical mode of social organization the risk of converting the republic into a one-hundred-and-fifty-million-strong Greenwich Village and the entire voting population into posturing asses would be too terrible to take.

The Lion's Mouth



A DEFENSE OF THE CLICHÉ

BY THOMAS T. READ

THAT little world of sublimated intelligences which finds its chief medium of expression in the book-review supplements of the metropolitan press has, in its unwearying search for novel means of expression, seized upon the word cliché as its deadliest weapon for critical onslaught. The cliché has always been with us but, like the man who had always talked prose and did not know it (note the cliché), we had no convenient name for it. Just when the word was shanghaied from its native France to be overworked in America I do not recall, but it was not very long ago. Now no book review, except of those few books the reviewer extravagantly admires, is complete without it. A mild criticism is to say that the author has not altogether succeeded in avoiding the cliché; but if you wish to overwhelm, crush, and utterly erase him you say that he plunges from cliché to cliché as an ibex leaps from crag to crag. So are book reviews made.

Now this cliché, which is as much feared by the cognoscenti as the pestilence used to be feared in medieval Europe, is, of course, only a much used form of expression for an idea; and the implication that it is something to be avoided is predicated on the assumption that the expression of ideas in ordinary ways is common and unworthy of respect, while the expression of an idea in a novel way is precious and admirable. Schoolboys who have a passion for collecting the pasteboard covers of packs of matches have a similar standard of judgment; the matches (which are capable of starting a conflagration) are of no importance to them; they are interested only in their container, and if they can find a new one they are enraptured by it.

Ideas are like kisses in being a source of pleasure only when exchanged, a solitary idea is as unsatisfying as a dream of a kiss. But to exchange an idea you must first have it. Superficial thinkers are led astray by the realization that except about new things, like the cinema and radio, there are very few new ideas. Birth control is now much discussed, but Aristotle also discussed it, and so did the Semitic thinkers whose ideas about the right way of living were codified in the book of Leviticus. The same observation might be made about many current topics of discussion. What is overlooked is that the fact that an idea was adequately or even perfectly expressed by someone, either five years or five millenniums ago, does not, by itself, greatly matter to Montmorency Maugham, or Gloria Swigg, who were born in 1908. The idea is not theirs until it has somehow become a part of their mental furnishings, and that involves what may be a long and difficult process. It is a pleasurable process, however, for much of it is done in discussions about ideas and things.

Now the easiest way to get an idea is, of course, the accustomed way, just as the easiest way to help yourself to food at the dinner table is the accustomed way. If a maid in a one-piece bathing suit brought around the roast lamb in a galvanized iron bucket it might be an

interesting novelty but it would not be an improvement, from any reasonable standpoint, on the clichéd method of passing the lamb. The lamb is the thing, the method of passing it does not much matter, and the less obtrusive it is the better. In the world of ideas it is the ideas that count; if the method of expressing them is neat and efficient, the less obtrusive it is the better.

Music as a means of conveying ideas and emotions is an admirable example of the sound use of the cliché. Not only the music itself and the instruments by which it is rendered are stereotyped, but even the very tempo is clichéd. To vary anything beyond the nuances is sacrilege. The unerring precision of the effect of music is almost uncanny; both "Dixie" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" can be counted on to bring an audience to their feet without fail, and even the way in which they will arise can be predicted.

It seems evident that when music is really good enough in its appeal people prefer to have it performed in a stereotyped way. When ideas are really good the most efficient mechanism of exchange is the accustomed way. On the other hand, if the ideas are not very good a novel means of expression may be quite effective as a smoke-screen for their mediocrity, just as cooks in countries where ice boxes are not available serve their meats with piquant sauces that divert attention from the meat, no longer so good as it once was.

This gives the clue to a rational evaluation of the neo-Baltimore critical method. Ideas which are not good enough to stand reiteration may be helped out by novelty of expression until in time method of expression comes to seem more important than ideas. And just as the village medicine man produces quite a fearsome thing out of an ordinary log by carving it into a sufficiently grotesque image and calling it a totem, so the literary cabinet-makers of the present time can, with the exercise of sufficient skill in their rhetorical architecture, produce a much-talked-of book out of quite ordinary ideas. I have read a number of books in recent years that differed only in superior literary technic from the talk that went on among the "hired men" behind the barn on my father's farm. But the totem pole is only a log, after all, and so a book or an essay bulks no larger in the world of ideas than its cerebral content. This may be effectively expressed in a typical cliché, "Fine feathers do not make fine birds."

THE BUNCOMBE OF THE BRIDGE TABLE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

SOME days ago I took a solemn oath—never to touch a playing card again in my life, except, of course, as I might be called on to pick out the ace of spades for some amateur conjuror. Mumbledepeg, skipping the rope, squat tag, and such fine old field sports I shall continue to enjoy, and occasionally in the evening I may relax with a few fast hands of lotto or halma, but anything that depends on the accidental conjunction of a queen and a jack is out of my life for once and forever.

I do not mean to say that I shall actually *snub* card players when I meet them or that when a hostess brings forth the mahogany box of chips I shall put on my hat and walk out in pious dudgeon. I merely mean that when groups of my friends have finished their pleasant coffee and liqueurs and have sat down to snap at one another I shall retire into a corner with *The Life and Letters of Constantine, King of the Greeks*, or from time to time I may stroll and look idly over their shoulders with the amused detachment of one who watches an ant hill.

About such an oath, I realize, there is nothing novel. Coming, we will say,

from a broker's clerk, intrusted habitually with large sums of money, it might connote a picture of a white face, a grieving wife, a smoke-filled room, and a forged note at five o'clock in the morning. Coming, however, from an author, whose profession numbers probably the worst card players in the world —unless they can be found among theological students—the oath will tend only to raise a smile. It will imply nothing more than the hint that on Saturday night I must have been rooked even worse than usual.

As a matter of fact, if either of these things were the truth my simple oath would not be worth recording, for the only oath of any possible interest to history is one that has a good chance of being kept, and among the millions of men who have taken this vow I am, I believe, one of the very few who have had a reasonable chance of success. I am not, in brief, swearing off cards because I have been ruined, because family hands are pulling at my coat tails, or because I have devoted to the green table time and thought that should have been devoted to the book of the year. I am swearing off cards simply and solely because I loathe cards, because I have always loathed cards, because I have never entered a game without a feeling of distaste and depression, and because for a quarter of a century the whole stupid business has bored me to tears.

Why, then, have I ever played or, having decided to stop, do I make all this fuss about it? Nice questions to ask in this year of grace 1928! All the social forces that in 1858 would have been brought against a man who *did* play cards are in 1928 brought against a man who *doesn't*. In 1858 if I had refused to play cards books would have been written about me and distributed to school libraries; leading bankers would have offered me junior clerkships, and my wife would have had me photographed with her hand on my shoulder. In 1928, if I do not play cards, I am a prig, a highbrow, a grouch, affected or unsocial, while as for my wife, poor soul, all that I get from her is a dirty look when she sees that I am on the point of refusing. In other words, a man who does not play cards to-day is one step lower than a man who doesn't drink. I, for one, cannot say that he isn't, but what I do object to is the common willingness to credit any reason for my refusal to play except the real one.

The most frequent belief is, of course, that I am a poor player and the most charitable is that I cannot afford it. Strangely I seldom lose much at card games if I really care to "play" them, that is to say, if I deliberately take out of them all elements of play and merely treat them like any other dismal little task I may encounter. In this I find that I am sustained by the highest authority, for the post of minor magistrate has brought me for several years into a humorous intimacy with a professional gambler. This man has never had any occupation in his life but card playing; he has saved money and bought real estate from his winnings, but he has, nevertheless, a widespread reputation for honesty, one of his favorite gestures being to play for an hour or all night without once taking the deal. Occasionally he acts as bondsman for some turbulent townsman, and one day when this errand had caused us both to linger in the empty courtroom, I asked him frankly for the rudiments of successful gambling.

His answer was as prompt and as dull as the rudiments of pawnbroking. "Time and the pickings" it was in effect; never overestimate even a good hand and, if you haven't a good hand, "drop," "pass," or "by." "Ten dollars here and ten dollars there is the thing that does it. What man like me is going to risk a night's work in a single throw?"

It was an observation that the dullest amateur could have made if he had given half the common sense to cards which he would give to a cucumber bed; but even so I still had a faint hope that from this master craftsman, this cold-

blooded artisan, I might get some secret tip, some professional dodge that would enable me to mop up the tables and crow with triumph the next time I was called on to fill in. I asked this directly, and my friend the gambler gave me a pitying smile.

"Judge," he replied, "no rule that I could give you would be any use in the crowd that you play with. There can't be any such thing as real card playing when everybody at the table can afford to lose anything that's likely to be played for. They may not like to lose it but it doesn't pinch 'em enough so's to teach 'em real play. Think it over and you'll see what I mean. One takes a flier, and at least half the table will follow and follow all the way. *Somebody* will 'see' anything. In a game like that hands don't have any real value. All it amounts to is a series of showdowns and they might just as well play them 'cold.' The man to whom a ten-dollar bill means the least will shoot the most often and so he will probably have the most money at the end of the game. Set that same bunch to playing for a week's income or a month's income, the way the boys do down at my place, and you'd see some card playing; but over a question of eighteen or twenty dollars an evening no man of that sort is really going to use his brains."

"But how about bridge?" I asked him. "Did you ever play bridge?"

"Sure, I've played bridge. You bid in bridge, don't you, where you bet in poker? What I'm telling you is good for any game where the player makes the running and there isn't any bank. A damn fool with the cards and the money to back them can beat the best bridge player that ever lived. The only reason he's a damn fool is that he doesn't always wait until he's got the cards."

So much for cards as a test of the intellect or financial genius, but how about the social element, about cards as a sport? The Mexicans, I believe, have bug races and every now and then in a shop window you will see a chance to win a motor car by guessing the correct number of units in a barrel of beans. For those who might regard it as keen fun to sit on the front steps and count the rain drops, I will admit that cards might be a legitimate sport, but the real tests of a sport are two, which are not as frequently emphasized as they might be.

The first test is this: A true sport must be one in which, at the crucial moment, skill, courage, will power, or wit can change the issue. In other words, it must be one that offers the player a chance to rise above his apparent fate. A blinded and beaten boxer *can* drag himself from the floor and with one last fling of his manhood knock out his unscarred opponent; but when cards come to their final issue no will power, no courage, no deftness, no spirituality, nor even any luck, can vitalize the value of a king and make it beat an ace. I realize all the reservations that can be made to this reasoning but, in strict logic, when the cards have been dealt on the table the possibilities of the game are over and the ultimate has been fixed.

The second test is that a true sport must be one which leaves both winner and loser with something of the same glow. From this aspect tennis is a true sport, and so are charades if you are not over ten years old. Golf is only half a sport, for although it passes the first test with flying colors, it fails in the second. Baseball, as a rule, seems to pass both tests, and so does rowing; but football, under the second, is doubtful. Fox hunting is a perfect sport, if you don't mind the fox, and so is fishing, except for the fish. And in this connection, it might be noted that Englishmen, the world's truest sportsmen, are notable for sports which pass this second test. Indoors, billiards passes both tests and so, I am sorry to say, does a drinking bout, but card playing is the only pastime I can think of that fails miserably in both. If you believe that the bridge table leaves any glow in the loser and especially in the loser's partner —but why continue with the obvious?

Let us, rather, tell the truth and the whole truth that underlies the practice of modern card playing. Card playing in social gatherings (which is the only place where I am now considering it) is based on the tacit assumption that, out of ten persons asked to a dinner or for an evening, at least four will be individuals so near the line of total idiocy that they cannot be kept awake unless they are given something to do with their fingers. They cannot talk, they cannot banter within the limits of propriety (or, nowadays, outside of it), they cannot enjoy friendly silence in front of a fireplace, and they cannot listen to music. They are given playing cards as babies are given rattles and as prisoners are given hemp.

But why, again, if this is my opinion of cards, don't I just simply stop and say nothing? Why must I borrow the very spirit of cards and swear off with bombast and flourish? Because an imbecile oath of that kind is the only refusal that the card-playing mentality will ever understand. If at a dinner I said that I did not care for creamed onions, that would be the end of it. The lovers of onions would not begin to coax, jeer, threaten, and be offended until I had eaten onions or, at the least, insist that I "cut in" and eat half an onion.

On the other hand, to get rid of cards I cannot say that I do not like cards. I must intimate that I am so lost to cards that only by swearing to the gods in heaven can I keep from making myself a pig over them. My oath will satisfy card players because it will flatter card players. It will make them believe that I was once such as they but that, on one side or the other, I have failed where they have succeeded. The hell-bent, day-and-night players will believe that I was a dub who could not stand their pace and so fell by the wayside. The ordinary, casual players will assume that I was such an arch gambler that only by checking myself on the brink of perdition did I survive for my home and my country.

On the whole, I believe that in the end this will become the general tradition and that, quite by itself, my oath will give me the only amusement I shall ever have had from the card table. Deep questions of bridge and poker will be put to me as one of the big men of yesterday. Undoubtedly I shall be called on to cut, deal, and perform other operations calling for the wisdom of a spirited neutral. I shall probably frighten young players when I stand at their shoulders, and veterans will cast me a humorous look when someone else plays the jack instead of the joker. It may even be that, looking in from the outside only, I shall learn to like cards, as the Romans liked murder from the grandstand. Very well. I have no objection to that. The only thing I will *not* do with cards is play them.

BODIES, BEES, AND POLITICS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE English medium who lately reported a series of messages said to emanate from an American who had come to be famous in his Earth life represented him as expressing great satisfaction in having got rid of his body. He had not had a very good body. His mind, which had been active and powerful, had been considerably impeded by his body's incapacity to keep up with it. But now, he said, with no body to hinder him, he was really having a good time in pursuit of knowledge and like employments, and his present state was a very great improvement on the one he had left. Indeed, his object in communicating was to put across to Earth-dwelling people the fact that the next phase of life, which he was enjoying, was for him a great improvement on the one he had left, and should be so, he thought, for everyone who had made reasonably good preparations for the change.

It is true about bodies, that they are an awful bother, particularly when they begin to wear out. Some people don't start with good ones and are always half invalided; others use their bodies up prematurely; but almost everyone finally comes to a consciousness of defect in some of his parts and is lucky if, like the One Hoss Shay, he can keep the road until his whole apparatus goes to pieces at once.

Is it reasonable that our minds and our souls and whatever else we have, should be housed in dwellings so prone to dilapidation and that so constantly call for repairs—that we should be garbed in raiment subject to moths, tears, and spots, and sure in due time to wear out?

Whether it is fair or not, that is our condition. The best we can hope for from our bodies is that we may remain unconscious of them, or so nearly so as to keep most of our minds on something else. If we did not have bodies we should not need houses which, as the case is, make much the same sort of demands on us for repairs and attention that our bodies do. The discarnate person above quoted pointed out what may not be news to everybody—that the morals and rules of Earth life were in the main related to bodies and to property and that, when we transferred out of that life, we left both of these impediments behind, graduating into a realm in which the mental and the spiritual qualities were the whole story. In that abode we could think, we could work, we could love; we could apparently acquire and exercise new powers, but we had no need to make a living in the terrestrial sense—no grocer, no landlord to pay; no children to feed, clothe, and send to school—but could devote all of our talents and energies to activities under the rules of the domain to which we had been transferred.

A prospect certainly not without engaging features! Meanwhile we see going on in the incarnate world a remarkable and continuing process to make the condition of people who still

inhabit their bodies more like the state of these fortunate beings who, after judicious preparation, have shed them. We see the work of the world being more and more performed by machines, and men and women more and more released from the grosser bondage of labor. We see also an immense amount of time and money spent for the increase of understanding of human bodies so that they will make less trouble for the minds and the souls that inhabit them. As long as we have bodies at all it is a great convenience and advantage to us to keep them healthy. That fact is fully appreciated. There seems no end to the money that can be raised, especially in this country, to improve the public health.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* recently there was an extraordinary tale of a Congregational minister who from his boyhood was interested in insects, and especially in bees. He studied bees in season and out. His health was variable, and when he had to lay off his other employments he had all the more time to study bees. He studied not only their habits but their psychology. He concluded that on their job as producers of honey they were far from being as efficient as they might be. He concluded also that their methods might be improved and he set about to do it. He thought they devoted far too much time and strength and honey to making wax. He thought their habit of swarming was very disturbing to industry and that they raised far too many drones. He set about curing these defects in the methods of bees and, most extraordinary to tell, he did it. As the result of his studies and his thought he made boxes from which the honey could be removed without disturbing the bees and without destroying the combs, and which were contrived with such knowledge and precision that they actually regulated the habits of the bees, diminished and controlled the number of drones, and made it possible to avoid the age-long practice of swarming. This remarkable man, Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth, discovered that bees would accept suggestions if properly conveyed to them. By his hives, which are now used by bee-keepers all over the world, the production of honey per bee has been greatly increased.

Langstroth never made any important amount of money out of his studies and his bee boxes. He patented his boxes but was too poor to fight for his patent rights. He died far on in years and infirm, in the act of making discourse as a Congregational minister. His fame is negligible. Who has heard of him except some bee-keepers? Yet a man who was able to teach efficiency to bees and to get important practical results in the increase of their product seems to have done an exploit of something like the first magnitude. The story of what he did and how he did it is highly encouraging to all who hope for improvement in human beings. If it is possible to put new habits over on the bees, deportment and efficiency may yet be taught even to human creatures. Burbank taught the plants to grow. This modest Langstroth taught the bees how to make more honey. Evidently duration of habit is nothing when the clock strikes to change it and a mind comes along that can show how.

ONE of our country's needs is to give more attention than usual this summer to a political Langstroth who will do something about the farmers. The miners also need attention, need it very much, but there are not so many of them as there are of farmers. When we had Indian troubles after the Civil War, someone, General Sherman perhaps, made the suggestion that the cheapest way to solve the problem of the Indians was to board them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel (which was at that time the leading hotel in the country). That idea might be used for the surplus miners, but there are too many dissatisfied farmers to be dealt with on that basis. We seem to need a Langstroth to teach the farmers how to live more profitably on farms.

At the Democratic Convention Mr. Bowers, the historian, made an eloquent keynote speech in which he accused the Republicans of being Hamiltonians and argued for Jeffersonian principles, especially in their relation to farmers. Mr. Bowers seemed to feel that it was the mission of the Democrats to bring back Jeffersonian conditions of life. With sympathy for his feelings about that, one was still left speculating as to how far any such resuscitation is possible or even desirable.

This age we live in is obviously a machine age. A paragraph in the newspapers says that machinery, as we know it, does something equivalent to providing every person with one hundred and seventy-five slaves. This is not so bad a start to have on the journey of life if only we can use it rightly. Who is the prophet of these times? Is it still Jefferson, or is it, maybe, Henry Ford? Farming, like everything else, has been invaded by machinery. The job of the farmers is to raise our food. We have to have it and we have got to pay them in the end whatever it costs; but if it can be raised by machinery so much more cheaply than it used to be raised by man and horse labor, then the farmers are simply in a scrape something like that of the British spinners when factories started in England. Great mechanical improvements or inventions always throw a lot of people out of work. They make trouble, hardship, and complaint of course; but what can you do? Perhaps we shall discover when we get a new President.

The Jeffersonians seem prone to forget that Jefferson was a great progressive, ahead of the date in his time and would have been ahead of the date in our time if he had lived in it. He was far from being a theorist who would neglect existing facts, far from being a man who would have applied to the United States of 1928 the remedies that might have suited it in 1808. A good deal the same is true of Washington. Compared with Jefferson he was a conservative, but he was never a mossback. He was a leader in a momentous political change and one that must have run in many particulars wrongly against his traditions and sympathies. Falkland said, "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." Washington, by no means a restless person, would have agreed with him. Not any the less, when it was necessary to change he was for change. The isolationists have used him as the oracle of isolation. Nonsense! His advice against entangling alliances was perfectly good for his time and in a degree, of course, it is good for our time; but the application the isolationists have made of it imputes to Washington a timidity of thought that never for a moment was his.

ABOUT the time this number of the MAGAZINE comes out the campaign for President will doubtless have begun to gather real headway. Presidential summers usually divide into two months for digestion of the candidates and the issues, and organization of the campaign, and then two months of active campaigning.

There ought to be plenty of that this year. We have excellent candidates, men whom everybody knows and first-class representatives of what they represent.

Mr. Hoover must be regarded as of such an understanding of this world at this time and of such skill in the direction of practical concerns of great importance as to make him a powerful candidate. He is an engineer, and we have great domestic engineering projects on our hands in which our government is deeply concerned. He knows the world, including large parts of Asia, by actual inspection. He has been to Europe and worked there with resounding credit and, indeed, derived from that continent the beginnings of his reputation as a public character. By knowledge, experience, and reputation Mr. Hoover seems highly qualified to be President.

Senator Reed makes objection to him

that he has lived too much abroad and especially in England; but Senator Reed is an objector by profession, and after all to know "abroad" and to have lived there may be as useful in the next four years as to have lived in and known Missouri.

As for Governor Smith, when the Almighty in the Bible story gave to King Solomon an understanding heart He did not use up the whole supply He had in stock. There seems to have been enough left over to outfit others since Solomon's time—and now, in our day, Alfred Smith. For that seems to be the Governor's chief asset—that he has an understanding heart, and that when he is allowed, or allows himself, to follow its dictates, he can talk to all sorts of people so that they can understand him, get the points he makes, and be persuaded to acquiesce in his purposes.

Besides that, he has a first-rate mind, stored with accurate knowledge of the concerns of the State of New York, which, involving problems that arise also in many other states, have given him a much more comprehensive political experience than is usually appreciated. He is far from being an uneducated man; he has had lots of education, has applied himself intensively to get it, and is able to hold what he gets in a mind that is quite phenomenally retentive. He seems not only to understand men and to know politics, but also the facts of fiscal and economic situations, and of the relations of men to them, and of the relation of government to human life. Probably he does not know all history; probably he is not much familiar with European diplomacy or anybody's diplomacy except his own. There is a vast amount of so-called knowledge that able and diligent men spend years of their life acquiring and which fits them when they have got it only for secondary jobs, if indeed for them. A great executive must use the knowledge of others. Governor Smith is not encyclopædic except about the business of the State of New York, but he knows facts enough already on many subjects to think straight about them, and he can rapidly acquire such facts on other subjects as his mind needs to work with. That is a faculty of able and skillful lawyers, who are used to turn from one case to another and seize what is necessary to understanding of each new one as they go along. Such lawyers use the wits and diligence of other people, younger men especially, as much as they can; and Governor Smith can doubtless do that. He works hard but not as a drudge. He works to give proper weight to his words, proper direction to his actions, and proper reasons for them.

So let us be thankful that we have this year presidential candidates eminently worthy of our respect and attention and both competent and inclined to discuss fundamental issues. At this writing a truly illuminating campaign is in prospect. But whoever would have guessed even fifty years ago that in 1928 a Quaker would be running against a Catholic for President!

Personal and Otherwise

IT is two years since ***James Harvey Robinson's*** name has appeared on the cover of HARPER'S; it was in the summer of 1926 that he contributed those two impressive articles, "How Did We Get That Way?" and "The Drift of Human Affairs." Now once more he surveys the trend of our times through a historian's eyes, turning his attention to the changing position and conceptions of religion in a world transformed by new knowledge and new ideas. Thousands of HARPER readers must have studied Dr. Robinson's *Introduction to the History of Western Europe* in school or college, and still more are probably acquainted with his more recent books, *The Mind in the Making* and *The Ordeal of Civilization*. His present article, like that of his friend and fellow-historian, Charles A. Beard, in our August issue, is to appear shortly in extended form as a chapter of *Whither Mankind?*, a book edited by Professor Beard which is to be published by Longmans, Green & Company.

We printed ***Bernard DeVoto's*** "Farewell to Pedagogy" shortly after he had left his assistant professorship in English at Northwestern University to move to Massachusetts and give all his time to writing. But Mr. DeVoto has not forgotten the academic scene, as his present story shows. His novels include *The Crooked Mile*, *The Chariot of Fire*, and *The House of Sun Goes Down;* among his recent HARPER articles, aside from his "Farewell to Pedagogy," are "Footnote on the West" (November, 1927); "The Co-ed: The Hope of Liberal Education" (September, 1927), and "College and the Exceptional Man" (January, 1927). We published another short story of his, "In Search of Bergamot," in August of last year.

Silas Bent's indictment of the American press as a mischief-maker in our foreign relations comes from no outsider unfamiliar with the special conditions of newspaper work. Mr. Bent, a Kentuckian, served his journalistic apprenticeship on Louisville and St. Louis papers, later worked on the *New York Times* and other metropolitan papers, has done publicity work for the National Citizens' League and the Democratic National Committee, and recently—having turned free-lance writer—has summed up his observations of the daily journalism of our time in a book, *Ballyhoo*.

Now and again the downtrodden sex is permitted to raise its plaintive voice in the columns of this Magazine; this time its spokesman is ***Frederic F. Van de Water.*** This is his first appearance in our pages, but many readers must be familiar either with his contributions to the New York *Tribune* in the days when he was a columnist and signed his column F.F.V., or with his work as a staff contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or with his stories about the New York State Police, of which he is the only civilian member. Incidentally, he is the son of Virginia Terhune Van de Water, grandson of Mary Virginia Terhune ("Marion Harland"), and nephew of Albert Payson Terhune; literature seems to run in the family.

As we stated in these columns last month when the first article by ***Dr. G. V. Hamilton*** and ***Kenneth Macgowan*** appeared, the investigation from which the material for both "Marriage and Love Affairs" and "Marriage and Money" was drawn, was a scientific research undertaken, under the auspices of one of the great foundations, to find definite facts regarding some of the human relations.

It is a good many years since a young girl from Warm Springs, Virginia, took the reading public by storm with *Prisoners of Hope* and *To Have and To Hold*, but throughout those years ***Mary Johnston*** has maintained and added to her distinguished reputation

with many a fine romance. It is a pleasure to have her once more among our contributors.

Few men could be as well qualified as ***Brigadier-General John McA. Palmer*** to estimate the value of Baron Von Steuben's work as a general staff officer and his extraordinary contribution to American military organization. For during his long service in the Army, General Palmer has served several times on our General Staff. In 1911–1923 he was member of a General Staff committee appointed by Secretary of War Stimson to reorganize the land forces of the United States. In 1916 he returned to the General Staff and served on its "War Plans Committee" until May, 1917, when he went to France with General Pershing as Assistant Chief of Staff of the A.E.F. Later he commanded the 58th Infantry Brigade in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. In 1919–1920 he was the official adviser of the Senate Military Committee while the National Defense Act was in preparation. Since his recent retirement, General Palmer has been writing on our military institutions and history. His book *Statesmanship or War* was published recently by Doubleday, Doran & Company.

As this issue goes to press ***Olive Gilbreath,*** a trained observer of foreign conditions who writes for HARPER'S from time to time, is on her way back from Peking to the United States by way of Siberia and Russia. Her article describes a migration of astonishing proportions; she tells us that this migration is the all-absorbing topic of to-day in Northern China.

To have a keen eye for the educational follies of 1928 a man needs both inside knowledge and perspective. ***William Bennett Munro*** is professor of municipal government and chairman of the division of history, government and economics at Harvard; he is also a trustee of Claremont College; and among the by-products of his academic work are a number of books on politics and administration, the most recent of which, *The Invisible Government*, appeared last spring. And as director and trustee of two banks, head of a charitable institution in Cambridge, and holder of many other business and public offices, he has had far more opportunity than the average college professor to gain perspective on college life by taking active part in the world outside the academic walls.

Joseph F. Hook is a day laborer in Tacoma; he has been employed at various times in lumber camps, mines, and factories in the Northwest. In his first HARPER contribution he sets down the plain story of one of the great experiences of his life, when he was entombed in a copper mine in Butte.

Author of *The Babbitt Warren* and a number of other books, ***C. E. M. Joad*** is one of the most brilliant of the younger English writers. He had an article on "The End of Ethics" in our August, 1927, issue.

In our Intercollegiate Literary Contest two years ago one of the prize winners was ***Mary Lispenard Cooper*** of Vassar College. Since her graduation Miss Cooper has been teaching school in Baltimore and has written two more stories for us, "Green Shutters" and "The Punch and Judy Show."

There is no more determined opponent of the standardizing tendency in American life than ***Duncan Aikman,*** editorial writer on the staff of the El Paso *Morning Times*, author of *The Home Town Mind* and *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wild Cats.*

The poets are ***Lizette Woodworth Reese,*** who retired several years ago from her teaching position at the Western High School in Baltimore, but has not, we are glad to say, given up the writing of those fine lyrics which lovers of the best American poetry rate so highly; and ***Margaret Widdemer,*** author of many a volume of verse and of two novels, who divided with Carl Sandburg the Pulitzer Poetry Prize for 1919.

The Lion welcomes a newcomer, ***Thomas T. Read,*** former official of the federal Bureau of Mines, who now commutes from Scarsdale to his business in New York; and an old friend, ***Philip Curtiss,*** of Norfolk, Connecticut, whose most recent offering was a disquisition on the middle-class smell which appeared last April.

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Whether he was painting prize fighters or —as in the picture reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue—little girls, ***George Bellows*** perfectly adapted his great gifts to

his subject. He died in 1925 at the age of forty-two. Before his death he had won applause from the few; since his death the pyramiding prices commanded by his canvases and lithographs have testified to his recognition by the many. It is worth mentioning once more that his talent was wholly native: he never studied abroad, he never even went abroad.

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A rejoinder by C. A. Norman of Columbus, Ohio, to the pessimism of the recent article forecasting the cultural future of America:

In your June number you print in your series on "The Future of America" a cultural forecast by an anonymous writer.

I have no idea who this writer is; but to judge by his article, he must be either a man of leisure or a man making his living professionally out of being cultured. There are many of us who take a certain measure of culture most seriously, and especially neglect no opportunity to enjoy great art; but I am sure very few of us will ever have opportunity or means enough to check up on the fact that "Hoffmann" is played better in Brussels than in Paris, or even that Brussels outshines all other European cities in musical production.

It had been well, it seems to me, if the gentleman had begun by defining a little more closely what he means by that "culture" for which he sees so little hope in America. If he means by it human or humane civilization in the broadest sense of the word, that development which lifts men over cruelty and barbarism and enables them to dominate their environment without becoming enfeebled and effeminate, then his forecast would be a very gloomy one indeed, and we all ought to sit up and take notice. But if he means merely that surface froth of pseudo-refinement which appears on some national bodies approaching decay, then God save us from any of his culture now or at any other time. . . .

I have lived long enough in the Old World and know enough of history to know that much of what there passes for culture and refinement is really a surface polish that does not improve the heart and does not strengthen the moral stamina and the survival power of a nation. I say this with full appreciation of the fascination of much of this culture. Undoubtedly there were at the court of Louis the Fifteenth a great many ladies and gentlemen of leisure whose wide knowledge and intellectual brilliance rendered their society a dazzlingly fascinating one. Yet history has passed judgment on them and has decreed that the world was better off without them. Much the same can be said of the cultured classes of Greece shortly before its decline; of those in Rome during the empire, and so forth.

A ruder civilization, with more power of achievement, with more hope, with more strength to endure and progress, is better than theirs.

In fact, if there is anything we have to dread in America to-day—and I do not deny that there is something—it is that in progressing steadily toward more refinement and more material comfort the people are selling their birthright as free, self-determining men and women, selling their political heritage, in other words, for a mess of pottage. The word *prosperity* has become so magic that under its spell the people are willing to let a plutocracy gradually engulf the government, until perchance the nation will lose its power to stand up for its rights and demand that human dignity rule instead of the dollar.

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Miss Mattie Lawrence McMorris of Washington appears to be our champion Constant Reader. For she reports that she has read every volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE from 1850 to 1928—not by living as long as that feat would seem to imply, but by assiduous study of the bound volumes in the public library. "The only articles I skipped," she testifies, "were those written by Dr. Henry McCook on bugs and other crawling creatures. Do you remember them? They were illustrated and, oh horrors! the crawling things were magnified."

Miss McMorris makes a positively inspired suggestion:

I have always wanted to be a contributor to HARPER'S. When I was a child and silly relatives would ask me what I was going to be when I grew up, I invariably answered "a contributor to HARPER'S." I thought "contributor" sounded so much better than "to write for" or "to sell to." I still cherish my youthful ambition. So I propose that you have a contest for the best short story written by the person who has read the largest number of the volumes of HARPER'S. I would easily win that contest. I have read the largest number of the volumes of HARPER'S and my short story is very good. Every time I read it I weep loudly and noisily. It has merit for it is short and you have never printed a story like it. You see I speak with authority for I have read every short

story you have printed. Let me tell you that is more than a great many of the readers on your official staff can say. I have my story all ready, so bring on your contest.

* * *

John W. Vandercook, author of "Black Majesty," and "The Fools' Parade," has departed with his wife to explore the upper Congo and Central Africa. A letter from Mrs. Vandercook, written to her family, describes their approach to their destination:

DEAR "FOLKS":

This is the last bit of our sea trip. In four days we will be in Duala. For the last week we have been "doing" the little ports of the Gold Coast—filled with mementos of old slave-trading days in the form of "castles," really fortresses with embattled towers and cannon still in place. Now they are used for government offices. The ship anchors about a mile off shore and the natives in big surf boats paddle out, ten to a boat, get the cargo which is lowered down to them, paddle it a mile back, shoot over the big breakers, dump the cargo, and come back for more. They do this continually for from eight to fifteen hours, with no stops for lunch. They eat a few bits of food while waiting in turn at the ship's side for cargo. Never, anywhere, have I seen such superbly beautiful people as these are.

Jack and I ride in with them on top of piles of crates or gin boxes. They sing as they paddle and go like the dickens. Generally they ride the surf to a shallow spot and then a large black heathen grabs one unceremoniously around the knees and deposits one high and more or less dry on shore. But to-day as J. and I rode in on the cargo the crew were gazing at us with great curiosity—white people being scarce, especially females who ride in on the cargo—and a huge wave gave us a smack and broke over our heads. I was so soaked I didn't bother to be carried ashore but picked up my wet rags and waded through the sea, shoes, stockings and all, with water pouring down my back from my sun helmet. J. was all glued to a thin pongee suit and looked killing. Anyhow we walked up the beach into "Main Street" and the sun dried us from the outside while we started soaking our clothes with perspiration from the inside. This town is Winneba, an English Gold Coast town. I don't know how many white people there are here, perhaps one hundred. We saw only three all morning. We saw the whole town—markets, shops (mostly out in the street), houses all built at various angles, church (the most impressive building in town and made of stone), English trading firm with a very decent tropical house, and finally came back to another part of the beach where we were immediately surrounded by fifty naked children who stayed with us through thick and thin and made a deafening din chattering and probably discussing us. The fishing fleet came in, about thirty-five canoes with big sails up on three poles, in a long line from the horizon right to the beach. Imagine all this on a beautiful breezy blue day with glaring sun and palms along the beach giving a lovely, if spotty, shade. People bathe and swim all the time and polish themselves with sand. It's a lovely life on the seashore, but anyone who doesn't think these people work ought to watch them and see the muscles they've got. The kind that can't be made in a gymnasium.

We're now en route for Lagos and have taken fifty deck passengers. They are Mohammedan Haussa tribesmen, tall and with long, thin faces and tiny pointed beards. Their wives and babies are also with us and the whole bunch live and sleep on the hatch cover. They have a tarpaulin over their heads, and bring along everything else they need—food, stoves, mats to sleep on, pails to wash in, dishes, all pell-mell on a square hatch about thirty feet on a side.

Just at present Jack is in the bathroom developing films and incidentally asphyxiating himself with formaldehyde fumes. It has been stifling since this afternoon and I think a storm is brewing. The other night we passed through a beauty. It is what West Africans call a tornado but Americans would call a "whole gale." The sea looked as if it were boiling and even in the movies I've never seen more water fall from the sky. These storms can gather and break in three minutes, but they don't last many hours. They're chiefly hard on deck passengers who get soaked and sit around dismally like wet crows.

I expect we will spend some time in Duala before going on. We met P. B. in Freetown. He had just come from Duala and told us the best place to live is with the missionaries, but I think we'd rather camp in the street than do that. He said, "Of course on Sundays you can't sew or *read* or *write!*" Can you imagine J. and me refraining from all those vices at the same time?

Must stop and help with the films.

MARGARET.

COMMUNITY & INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

DEVELOPING COMMUNITIES THROUGH UTILITIES

Do We Understand How Important Our Utilities Are in Developing America?

WE could not live without the utilities in the larger cities. People who live in the smaller cities and in the country do not want to live without them.

The demand for the services offered by the utilities is becoming so urgent that experts tell us that millions of dollars will be required to meet the ever-growing requirements. Without adequate public utility service, no community is a successful, advertisable community, possibly in the same sense that food without flavor is not a successfully advertised commodity. If the utilities are "the allies of industry," they are likewise agencies around which communities are built, because commerce, industry, the social background, are developed and built around them and cannot function properly without them.

We have probably never looked at the situation through the eyes of a public utility man, who says that as a community's public utility service is good or bad, in like degree is that community a comfortable, convenient, and satisfactory — or the contrary — place in which to live and do business.

Because public utility service contributes materially to the impression which the outsider gathers about a community, the nature of the service should concern the leaders of the community in initiating their advertising program. If the local utilities are a liability, they should be converted into an asset as quickly as possible. Inefficient utilities are in no way different from a public dump or any other eyesore that should be eliminated before advertising is done. In improving utilities, however, we obtain a sort of cooperation which is utterly impossible in cleaning up the public eyesore.

Now that communities are advertising their assets and correcting local liabilities through internal advertising campaigns, community leaders cannot overlook the fact that their utilities must be included in such programs if substantial progress is to be obtained.

Too many communities have been slow to recognize that the people, more than two million of them, are direct owners of utility bonds. Too many do not understand the enormous amount of capital required in utility operation. About 20 billion dollars is the total capital investment in public utilities. There are 33 million patrons all over the country. There are about 840 street railway companies, 1,000 gas companies, 3,600 light and power companies, and there are said to be 10,000 telephone companies, many of them small.

Do our communities that are advertising cooperate with these utilities? If not, why not? Perhaps the companies are not entirely at fault. Perhaps community leaders have not recognized the tie-up here for team-work in community development. It is a fact that only about 300 of the street railway companies buy space. About 25 per cent of the gas companies advertise. Only 10 per cent of the light and power companies advertise nationally. Only 5 per cent of the telephone companies advertise regularly.

It is customary for the utilities that are advertising to adopt a policy of continuous educational publicity, designed to tell their customers, and the public at large, all there is to know about themselves, their problems, and their policies. This plan does not go far enough.

If our utilities would couple up their advertising so that it would be a definite asset to the community or communities it serves, a decidedly profitable policy would have been adopted. A

(Continued on second page following)

Important Places

THE little towns have served faithfully as trading centers for fully half of America's population. Now they have still a greater destiny, as industry looks beyond the limits of the big city for factory sites.

In the small community industry finds relief from metropolitan congestion, which exacts a high toll in fatigue and expense. It finds wholesome living conditions and moderate living costs for workers. Here, too, it finds less expensive land, lower costs, breathing space and room for expansion. And the people employed in industry discover a broader life than the congested metropolis offers them—homes of their own, health for families and a higher status as citizens.

So there is a new spirit and a greater activity along Main Street, for the little towns are important places in the new and enlightened industrial scheme. And prominent among the causes is the widespread distribution of electric power. The transmission lines of the Middle West Utilities Company's subsidiaries reach more than three thousand small and medium-sized communities, providing an ample and economical electric power supply on which to build an enduring industrial development.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

SERVING 3585 COMMUNITIES IN 30 STATES

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

DEVELOPING COMMUNITIES THROUGH UTILITIES

(*Continued from second preceding page*)

power and light company in a Southern city spent $30,000 to advertise its city in one year. The result was that the next year the citizens raised a budget of $300,000 to be expended over a period of three years. It would not take many years of advertising of this sort to eliminate the necessity of re-educating the rising generation to a proper appreciation of good utility service, because there would have been engendered a feeling that the utility was actually doing much to promote the community.

While some may contend that communities expand because of the expansion of public utilities, quite the reverse is held to be true by many others. Inasmuch as there is room for argument, it would seem advisable to encourage public utilities to give careful heed to public sentiment, public expressions, and public or community advertising, in order that public utility efforts may take advantage of every possible means of gaining in strength and in usefulness.

When a community is advertising for industries, the question of rates for power comes up. If the utility has had a hard time to attain its local objectives, rates may not be what they ought to be. Consequently, there may be an unfavorable local situation which tends to prevent expansion. The utility recognizes this situation, often before the people of the community recognize it. When a community is progressive and plans for growth and expansion, the utility must actually plan five or more years ahead of the town's planning because the utility must be ready with service when it is wanted. The utility cannot wait until the development has taken place. It must provide in advance. This advance provision makes it necessary to tie up capital for a period when there is little or no income.

The country is just beginning to recognize the efforts which are being put forth to develop power for the farm. This farm power development makes for cheaper power all over the country. Agriculture is an industry which the utility interests often recognize more clearly than do city dwellers. Engineering on the farm is destined to play its part in the development of the power industry.

They understand the economics of the situation in Georgia, for example. Henry M. Atkinson, chairman of the Georgia Power Company, and active in the work of the Georgia Association, said in a recent address:

"The power industry has been given considerable attention in my address because the decentralization of industry and the rehabilitation of agriculture both depend upon it. The Georgia Power Company is bending every energy at its command to bring about the location of new industries throughout Georgia. Speaking generally, the smaller towns and rural districts of Georgia are in a position to offer to new industries coming to the state many comparative advantages over those offered by the larger cities. This will bring to the rural districts the benefits of decentralized industry, such as increased opportunity for employment, larger home markets for the products of the farm, opportunity for more diversified farming, increased profits for the farm itself, and better farm living conditions."

Mr. Atkinson points out that fifteen years ago the business of his company did not extend outside the limits of Atlanta and its immediate suburbs. To-day the company is serving approximately two-thirds of the state, or over 30,000 square miles.

Many utilities are making industrial surveys to help the communities — if the communities take the trouble to find out about this work. An article dealing with this subject would take more space than could be allowed here. Do enterprising communities realize fully the value of the utilities in the formation of advertising programs? Do the utilities, on the other hand, all of them, value this contact to its fullest degree?

Advertising by public utilities, with community background, can revolutionize our communities and the industry itself. Both parties to the understanding must get together.

To-morrow will see changes in the advertising copy of many communities. Utilities will be featured. And what is more, our utilities will feature their communities, because it is good business to do so.

It has been said that there are four kinds of advertising that are necessary for the public utility company: (1) service advertising; (2) merchandise and appliance advertising; (3) financial advertising to sell securities; and (4) institutional advertising to lend background and support to the other three. It has been discovered that community advertising has become necessary to make more secure these four forms of advertising now employed by advertising men in our public utilities. Because community advertising is becoming so important, growing by leaps and bounds, advertising itself is becoming a major item of utility organization operation and of legitimate operating expense.

Invest today for their tomorrow

Good securities are among the surest and the least troublesome income-producers you can possibly leave to your dependents. Their income will supplement your own personal earnings while you live. When you go, their income-producing qualities will continue unimpaired.

"They should inherit a dependable income"

Let us help you build an investment program which will expand as your business and income expand. At National City offices in over fifty American cities and in important foreign centers you will find experienced bond men ready to analyze your personal investment needs and make suitable recommendations. They have contact with investment conditions throughout the world, and enjoy an institutional heritage of over 115 years of financial experience.

Our current list contains a wide choice of investigated issues. It will be sent on request.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices or representatives in the principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, China, Japan, India, Australia, South America, Central America and the West Indies.

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Utilities and the Public

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THE public utility industry has, in the space of a comparatively few years, grown from a baby enterprise to a veritable giant among businesses. The bigger a thing is the more conspicuous it becomes; and it was almost inevitable that an industry of this size should sooner or later become a target for those who think that because a thing is big it is necessarily a menace. The great Standard Oil Corporation was attacked, largely because of its size; so were the Steel Corporation, the so-called Harvester Trust, and certain of our railroads, to mention only a few large American industries. It is not surprising, therefore, that the public utilities should in the natural course of events have become the subject of a governmental inquiry, directed not only against alleged evils in the conduct of its affairs, but towards the eventual absorption and operation of the industry by the government itself.

IT may be interesting—possibly it will be profitable—to review some of the charges made against the utilities, to try to arrive at an estimate of their reasonableness, and to consider whether the public would be better off under private or government ownership.

ONE spokesman for government ownership makes the statement that within the next ten years every home in the United States, every railroad, and every industry should be electrically operated, and that "they will be if our enormous potential water power resources are developed and the power sold at such cost as to place it within reach of the people's purse." If this should come to pass it would undoubtedly be a fine thing for the country, but does this gentleman appreciate the difficulties in the way? In the first place, water power is not available to all sections of the country, and it is particularly scarce east of the Mississippi, where our largest industries are located and population is most dense. In the second place, hydro-electric plants are usually very costly to install, and the size of the original investment, as everyone should know, must have a direct bearing upon the cost of service. Some localities, moreover, are more favored

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by nature than others, and what would be expensive service in one place might be very cheap indeed in some others. Every business must sell its product at a profit if it is going to continue in existence and render proper service.

IT would be very nice if utility service could be sold "at such cost as to place it within reach of the people's purse," and possibly under government operation it would be; on the other hand, this might easily mean that expenses would be larger than revenues, and who but "the people" would make up the deficit? It is a pretty definitely established fact that in cities where the public utilities are municipally owned taxes are higher than where they are owned by private capital and operated by private initiative.

THE statement is made that what is called the "Electric Power Trust" is charging exorbitant prices for electric current. If this is so it is the fault of the various public utility commissions whose province it is to fix the rates which the public utility corporations charge their customers. The United States Supreme Court has ruled that the utilities are entitled to a fair rate of return upon their invested capital; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the commissions allow rates which they consider fair. These commissions, it should be remembered, are agencies of government, and if they do not do their work well that is the fault of the government which appoints them, not of the public utility corporations. And if the commissions appointed by the government do not do their work well—the only implication to be drawn from statements made by certain government spokesmen—is it to be supposed that if people were appointed by the government to manage and operate

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the utilities they would do well either? As a matter of fact, those who know most about the functioning of these various commissions are of the opinion that they do very well indeed, and that rates are almost always perfectly fair.

THE utilities are criticized because many of them have consolidated and made a comparatively few large corporations out of what were formerly numerous small companies. The truth of the matter is that these consolidations have linked up isolated plants earning little and rendering mediocre service into great inter-connected systems which have cut down overhead expenses, improved service, earned dividends for millions of customer owners, and at the same time reduced rates.

THOSE who favor government ownership of the utilities assert that municipally owned plants can produce electricity much cheaper than privately owned plants, and frequently they quote the plants at Tacoma and Seattle in support of this assertion. In the first place, these two cities are favored by nature in their locations; and in the second place, there is no proof present to show that private operation of these plants would not result in still further benefits to the dwellers in those cities. Those who think that government operation of business is preferable to private ownership might investigate our government's venture into the shipping industry, or they might look back over the history of our railroads under government control. Those people who travel abroad might have something to say about the efficiency and service of government-operated railroads compared with our own privately owned systems. Would the situation be any different with government-owned util-

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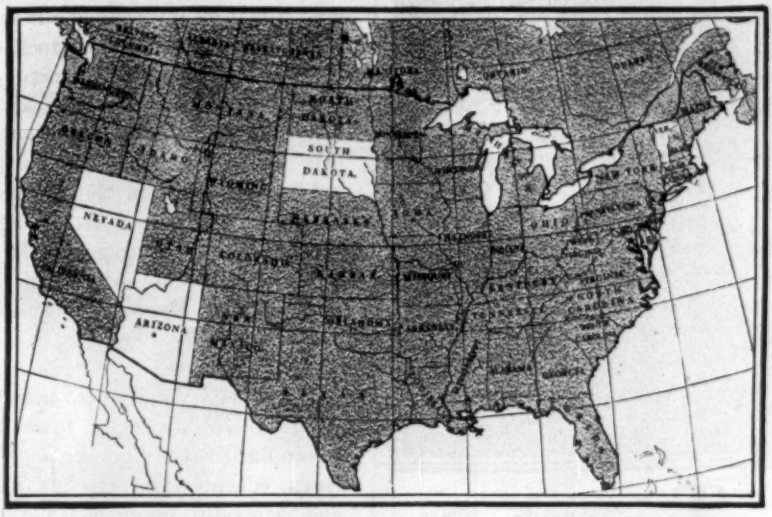

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ities? Nor should it be forgotten that when the term "privately owned" is used it may be misleading; our corporations are owned by the stockholders, by the citizens of this country—the *public*, in other words, who are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. Our utility corporations already are publicly owned; and this public must be considered when questions affecting the utilities are considered. It is not a few people only who share in the prosperity of these corporations, but millions, literally.

PRIVATELY, that is, individually owned utilities pay taxes to the government and thus help to build roads, educate the taxpayers' children, and generally improve conditions of living for the whole citizenry. Municipal plants pay no taxes, and governmental receipts, therefore, are not only that much smaller, but only too often taxes are required to make up for losses in operation. Is that good business for the public?

IT is well known that in the past few years the most amazing and important improvements have been made in the methods of creating and dispensing power and light. How many of these improvements have come from municipally owned plants compared with those privately owned? Private ownership encourages initiative, and government ownership kills it. Anyone who doubts this need do no more than walk into the office of a government enterprise and compare the attitude of the staff of employees with that of a successful private business. Government and "red tape" are terms that are associated in all minds; red tape has no place in a private business for the simple reason that it is not compatible with profits or service. Take profits

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out of any business and the business—and its stockholders, the public—suffer; take service out of any business and the public suffers again. Public utilities, as the name implies, are operated in the interests of the public.

EVERYONE has heard of Muscle Shoals. For ten years a project for the erection and operation of a government-owned super-power plant on that site has been before Congress, and so far one unit has been completed. The gentleman whom we quoted in the third paragraph of this article claims that the "Power Trust" has blocked further development. He, of course, is for the government's going ahead, and he claims that "private enterprise never will develop some of the power sites on the Tennessee River." If this is so it is probably for the very good reason that some of these sites are not commercially suitable for development; and private enterprise does not spend money unless the expenditure is justified. Are we to imply that the government would spend the taxpayers' money regardless of return? This same gentleman says that the "'Power Trust' . . . never expends a cent that it does not expect to get back." No more does any other soundly run business, and were it otherwise would not faith be broken with the stockholders, the real owners?

THE charge is made that the utilities control the owners and publishers of magazines and newspapers, and by the dissemination of "literature" and the maintenance of lobbies at the state capitols and in Washington seek to create a public sentiment in favor of private ownership and operation of "the people's property." On this par-

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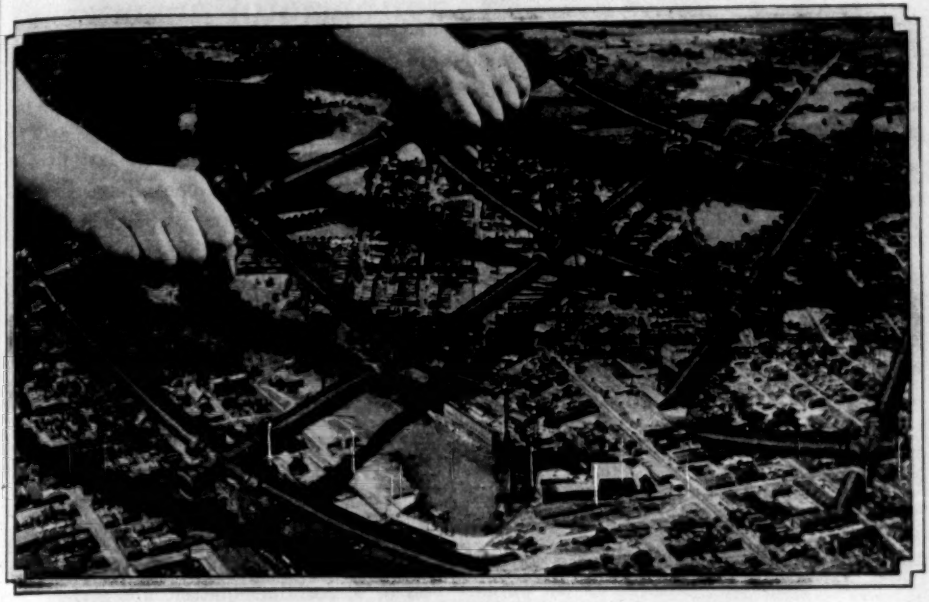
ticular point we should like to quote the following paragraph from the financial page of one of the New York newspapers:

The heavy frontal attacks being made by certain interests in Washington on the utility industry have not affected the market for public utility issues, and the reason is not far in the background. The truth of the matter is that the utility industry has not carried its educational campaign to any further lengths than any other organization in these days of heavy advertising. If the industry had sustained a "black eye," with a consequent loss of confidence on the part of the public, as a near-sighted person might suppose, the effect would be immediately noticeable on the stock market. The utilities have not issued any more propaganda than have the private ownership interests, nor can the university scholarships established by utility interests be regarded in any different light than research scholarships established by anyone interested in any particular subject. If there have been abuses within the industry, however, it is futile to load the blame on this enterprise solely. It seems sounder to drag out the old scapegoat, human nature, and level the accusatory digit.

WHAT comment could be more reasonable and sensible? And if, as is implied, the utilities maintain lobbies which influence legislatures in their favor, is it illogical to ask whether men who can be influenced are qualified to take charge of a huge industry like that of the utilities? Would the executive positions always go to men best suited to fill them, or would they sometimes be apportioned among the deserving workers of the party in power? Such things have happened.

WHEN reference is made to the utilities as the "people's property" what is meant by that? Of course the utilities are the people's property and for the very simple reason that the people



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own the stock. If the government should take over this industry would they not be taking the people's property away from them? Would it, for instance, be to the advantage of the people if the government should take the American Telephone and Telegraph Company away from its more than four hundred and twenty thousand stockholders? Ask those stockholders what they think about that, and remember that, with an average of five people to every family, these stockholders represent more than two million of our citizens. This great company—and in spite of all that may be said, utilities generally have the same principles—accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust; it is a fundamental of its policy that all earnings, after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security are deducted, be used to give more and better service to the public. Last year four million telephones were either put in or moved, and during the last five years there have been one billion eight hundred million dollars ($1,800,000,000) spent on additions and improvements of its plant. It has not missed paying a regular dividend since it was incorporated in 1885. Is that a private business operated in the interests of a few and against the interests of the public?

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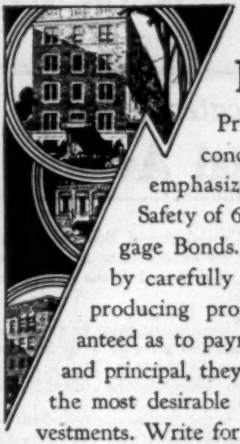

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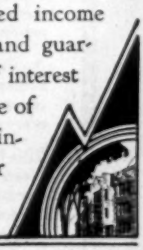

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factory service to its customers, however, and the mere fact that so many customers have become owners testifies to their satisfaction. If utilities are virtual monopolies (under government supervision), that is because of the special nature of their business, and because anything else would mean duplication of effort, waste, lowered efficiency, and increased cost to the consumer. And while we are on the matter of cost, a dollar will—unlike anything else we can think of offhand—buy one-third more electricity than it would fifteen years ago. Does this look as if the public were really suffering at the hands of the utilities?

IN all this modern world there is nothing more important to the public welfare than the service rendered by the utilities. It may not be perfect service as now rendered, but it is constantly being improved, and we question whether any other class of corporations offers one as good. And more and more the people of the country are buying the bonds and stocks of the utilities and acquiring a financial stake in their welfare. It seems improbable that the present arrangement of operating the utilities—private initiative, under intelligent government regulation—can be improved. Any change would affect millions of customer-owners all over the country and should be entered into only after the most thorough weighing of all the facts, and unbiased consideration. As a matter of fact, it is safe to say that the public which owns the utilities is so well content with present conditions that it would not submit to any others.

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By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

OLD PIETER STUYVESANT

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON'S *Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant* is in the well-known Van Loon manner. The author simplifies the narrative, removes all trace of mystery from the past, and refuses to regard the work of historian and biographer as an excuse for becoming pompous. This, then, is a book easy to read and to assimilate. The reader unconsciously becomes converted to Mr. van Loon's point of view. And that does not shed much glory on the Dutch history of New York. Pieter Stuyvesant comes off better, for he was a hardy old Dutchman, a harsh master, perhaps, but a just one. But the Dutch were in no position to become the founders of colonies. Mr. van Loon deals contemptuously with the directors of the West India Company, "the commercially trained Gentlemen XIX," as he calls them, the various committees and consistories in Holland which demanded much of the settlements without giving adequate support or wise counsel. Greed had much to do with the collapse of the Dutch settlements, and inefficiency probably even more. Altogether Pieter Stuyvesant, who was the last governor of the Dutch in the new world, had rather a hard time of it. Between internal quarrels and external attacks—the Indians, says Mr. van Loon, were goaded to reprisals because the settlers cheated them and shot them down—Pieter could do little more than hold his own. But when the English appeared to take charge of "what belonged by right to the British crown" Pieter sent an insulting note to the commander and put up a bold front. His fellow townsmen refused to stand behind him, and so on September 8, 1664, New Amsterdam and New Netherlands fell to the English, and Pieter of the wooden leg hobbled out of his fort, prepared to sail for Holland. But before he left—which was some months afterward—the city of New Yorcke feted him and declared that he was in no wise to blame for the failure of the Dutch colony, so that when he faced the directors in Amsterdam later in that year he had a defense. After the peace he came back to New Yorcke and lived out his years on the farm which is now in the heart of Manhattan Island, and was buried there. His body to-day lies in the Church of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, which was built from the legacy left by his wife.

Mr. van Loon says that little is known about Pieter—at least nothing beyond what he tells. He gives a fairly complete but not romantic account of New Amsterdam. He shares no love for the trading company or the early Dutchmen. Moreover there is no glory for Hendrik Hudson in his story of the latter's voyage for the Dutch company in the *Half Moon*. Hendrik seems to have played his employers false and to have done pretty much what he pleased. He was a severe taskmaster, and Mr. van Loon wastes no sympathy on him. The recital of political conditions in Holland gives the reader a fairly good background for the inefficiency of the Dutch colony, and explains why it failed. Mr. van Loon writes entertainingly, although often like a schoolmaster, but he wastes no

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Transcribed by ANDREW FARRELL

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John Cameron—Sailor

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time on glorifications. It would be pleasant, he says, to picture Dutch life on Manhattan Island and supply anecdotes of the old families exchanging gossip on their doorsteps, but unfortunately the documents for such historical romancing do not exist and we have to stick to the facts. And the facts, as Mr. van Loon sees them, are rather a sorry chronicle, but, no doubt, a truthful one. (Henry Holt & Co.)

HEINE AND JANE AUSTEN

Luxurious reminders of a romantic age are contained in the drawings which Felix de Gray has made for *Florentine Nights*, by Heinrich Heine, an adaptation from the translation by Charles Godfrey Leland, made years ago. Women in billowing dresses; men in coats of purple velvet and satin waistcoats of pink, mauve, and blue, the tall hats covering the long wavy hair of the thirties; roses, vistas, the suggestion of music of violins—all this accompanies the sentimental melancholy of Heine. A rich-looking book, imported by E. P. Dutton & Co. This firm has also just reissued two familiar books with C. E. Brock's illustrations, issued long, long ago—in this instance *Sense and Sensibility* and *Mansfield Park*. Unfortunately the binding of the earlier issues has been changed to a less successful maroon and black. Speaking of Heine, mention should be made of the publication in rich Italian colors of *Italian Travel Sketches* by Brentano's. The illustrations, separately inserted, are from water colors by H. D. Cobbett.

ALFRED NEUMANN'S "THE DEVIL"

In *The Devil* Alfred Neumann weaves a spell of sinister enchantment. There is magic in his pages. A tale out of Flanders and France of the days of Louis XI, of the house of Valois, it is no mere historical novel. The author is a psychologist of clairvoyant powers. He sees into the emotions and thoughts of Louis XI, the selfish, lustful, almost satanic king, who holds his power by craft and intrigue. But in reality the book is the tale of Oliver Necker, who does the king's business in Flanders, although known to the people of Ghent as a master barber. When Necker becomes the king's most intimate counsellor, virtually the guardian of his throne, their relationship becomes a subtle study for the psychologist. Neumann has described it at the moment when their association began: "Theirs was such a swift and powerful welding of souls that, when separated, each one bore the imprint of the other. Each knew the other through himself and through his own vision. The king saw his intellectual power and the demoniacal versatility of his own political energy reflected in the servant. He knew that the latter strained every nerve to be of service, not only surrendering his capacity and intelligence but also devoting his spiritual gifts, which the monarch regarded as greater and more profound than his own, entirely to him. Oliver, for his part, knew the significance of every word, every glance, every smile and gesture of the king. At times he even read his thoughts and could always feel his sympathy or lack of it in the inmost core of his being. His joy in serving him was unparalleled, but both the joy and the service were only the outcome of a peculiar lust of possession. Oliver's very love for the king was, as it were, an invasion of a kindred soul which was at once royal and admirable. And while the king, thinking he possessed Oliver, was quietly possessed by him, Necker, imagining he knew how deeply he had penetrated the king's being, knew not how completely he had surrendered his own soul." It is this strange relationship which is the burden of this book. A third character plays

University Presses

The scholarly books of University Presses have long been enjoyed by a learned few, but with the growth of discrimination among book-buyers these distinctive publications are being discovered by the intelligent public at large.

Mr. Hansen writes, in this section, of the idealism with which the presses of great universities conduct their publishing ventures.

AUTUMN BOOKS

THIS MAN ADAMS, THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED

By *Samuel McCoy*

Did John Adams die, as it was commonly reported, in 1826? His present biographer flatly denies that he did in this mischievous biography where the author presents the fiery, frosty, bitter-tongued, lovable, passionate Puritan as an eligible candidate for his second term as President. ($3.50)

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Translated by G. G. Rambaud, M. D.

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a part—Anne, the wife of Oliver, coveted by the king and beloved of Oliver. The prose has a rhythm which is easily carried over from the German into the English. The style of Neumann has sinister overtones; every sentence spoken by the king and Necker is freighted with hidden meaning—this is not actual dialogue, but the artistic use of subtleties which mark the accomplished author. Though the king and Necker never spoke in this fashion, the tale becomes more than the average for that very reason. *The Devil* is recommended to all those who prefer a work of the imagination that convinces. Read of an evening it will keep you awake, which may and may not be a fitting testimonial. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

WALLACE IRWIN
Author of "Lew Taylor and the Ladies"

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

John Brown's Body by Stephen Vincent Benet (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) is a fine, vigorous narrative poem. It is rich in vitality, color, ecstasy and melodious lines. It views the Civil War from the standpoint of our modern age, so that it rises above petty argument and contemplates the struggle with a feeling of inevitability and regret. The men of that day died for various causes, hopes, and—as a poet has the right to point out—illusions. The major note is that of John Brown, attempting to free the slaves, a worker for liberty and righteousness, but numerous minor issues get attention, and through the individuals who fought in the war, big and little, we find what animated them. Lincoln and Davis are here, but the poem does not make use of them to carry the story—the best passages deal with lesser men, from Clay Wingate of Wingate Hall to Jack Ellyat, the Connecticut Yankee, and Luke Breckinridge, the mountaineer. Moreover the poet exercises his own discretion in giving emphasis to this and making less of that episode; thus some of the battles are mere summaries when compared with the narrative of John Brown's fight at Harper's Ferry, while the galloping lines that tell of Sally Dupre and Wingate Hall have a wholly different effect. The poet varies his rhythms and meters to suit the theme, which adds to the variety in his pattern. Grave and stately lines alternate with short, sharply accented measures. This glimpse of Abraham Lincoln, done in another manner, will show the author's method:

Lincoln, six feet one in his stocking feet,
The lank man, knotty and tough as a hickory rail,
Whose hands were always too big for white kid gloves,
Whose wit was as a coon-skin sack of dry, tall tales,
Whose weathered face was homely as a plowed field—
Abraham Lincoln, who padded up and down
The sacred White House in night shirt and carpet slippers,
And yet could strike young hero-worshipping Hay
As dignified past any neat, balanced, fine
Plutarchan sentences carved in a Latin bronze;
The low clown out of the prairies, the ape-buffoon,
The small-town lawyer, the crude, small-time politician,
State character but comparative failure at forty
In spite of ambition enough for twenty Cæsars,
Honesty as rare as a man without self-pity,
Kindness as large and plain as a prairie wind,
And a self-confidence like an iron bar—

* * *

Lincoln shambled in to the Cabinet meeting
And sat, ungainly and awkward.

ANOTHER SIDE OF CHICAGO

The artistic attitude toward Chicago is changing, and *Diversey*, by Mackinlay Kantor, proves it. This novel of newspaper life, in which the story moves forward by rapid-fire dialogue, discloses the Chicago of the rooming-house district north of the river, of bootleggers and gunmen. Running through the tale is the hero's admiration for a columnist, J. R. P., beloved by the younger poets and writing folk, a veteran of many wars, who

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This idyll of young love and adventure has won an audience of 60,000 readers and is being praised by Sherwood Anderson, Julia Peterkin, Robert Hillyer, Walter Prichard Eaton, Carl Van Doren, booksellers and critics throughout the country. "Don't be surprised", says Bruce Gould in *The New York Evening Post*, "if *The Happy Mountain* is our next Pulitzer Prize novel. We doubt if it will be possible to find another novel as stirring and beautiful as Mrs. Chapman's within the year." Chosen by the Literary Guild of America. $2.50

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now takes life as it comes with a nonchalant air. Mr. Kantor depicts this new Chicago through the eyes of Marshall Javlyn, who has been a reporter in a small Iowa town and now comes to Chicago to get on the big time. Marry's adventures deal mostly with love and liquor, for his earliest contacts in the rooming house are with a bootlegger who gets killed in a feud, while a procession of girls passes his door, of whom Josephine Ruska, who loved a good time better than dwelling in chaste isolation, made the deepest impression on him. Although the story is filled with talk that gets nowhere it has the ring of truth in it, and several dramatic passages demonstrate the author's possibilities. His novel has a great deal of vitality behind it. This book is published by Coward-McCann, a new house which entered the field this season.

THEDA KENYON
Author of
"Jeanne," the love story of the
Maid of Orleans

ANOTHER USEFUL LIBRARY

The Appleton Dollar Library has lately received some interesting additions. Among them are *A History of Modern English Literature* and *The Beginnings of Art*, the first by Sir Edmund Gosse and the second by Ernest Grosse. Then the Herndon and Weik *Abraham Lincoln* has been reprinted in two volumes. Many readers will be glad to know that there are available in this series such fine books as *The Reds of the Midi* by Felix Gras, which D. Appleton & Co. published originally in 1896, and *The Terror* by the same author, who was one of that interesting group of Provençals known as the Félibres.

This series includes also *Ariel* by André Maurois, *Evelyn Innes* by George Moore, and *A History of Ancient Greek Literature* by Gilbert Murray. We are always glad to record the reprinting of well-known books at reasonable prices, for some readers are always on the lookout and ready to welcome them.

"HILL COUNTRY"

Hill Country, by Ramsey Benson, has many pleasing qualities. It is described as a biographical novel, but that depends solely on what one calls biography. It is more sociography than anything else. It was submitted in a contest conducted by the *Forum Magazine* and the Frederick A. Stokes Company and was awarded a $7,500 prize. It is supposed to be the story of James J. Hill, and it suggests his power and ability by his works. As a matter of fact Hill never appears in person. We hear of him through the settlers who arrived in the little town of Gumbo, Minnesota, in the Eighties. First came the Americans who sought better and cheaper land; then the immigrants from Sweden. The two influences clashed and gradually worked out a typical Western community. Two characters carry the burden of this readjustment: Louise Overturf, the daughter of American settlers, and Sven Opsahl, who comes from Sweden. Although the two take the same path at the end of the story this is hardly a love story in the conventional manner. Sven gets into public affairs and, although he makes rather a sorry figure in the legislature, he is real. Louise seems to act as a prod; she stings his sensibilities with her ironic comment; Sven winces, but recognizes the interest of a friend. Best of all is the way the author has explained the influence of James J. Hill without presenting him in the flesh. The farmers consider him both a giant and an ogre. Old Jim Hill is always in the background; he develops the railroad, gives the farmers advice on raising stock and wheat, argues for diversified farming, donates money for the school library, rescues a bank from failure. Men suspect his motives, and accept his suggestions. Mr. Benson's novel is most readable;

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Story of Philosophy	66
Trader Horn	1436
Show Girl	265
Bambi	1169

SECOND WEEK OF PUBLICATION

Story of Philosophy	944
Trader Horn	759
Show Girl	4688
Bambi	1389

THIRD WEEK OF PUBLICATION

Story of Philosophy	276
Trader Horn	1330
Show Girl	2158
Bambi	3502

TOTAL IN FIRST THREE WEEKS

Story of Philosophy	1286
Trader Horn	3525
Show Girl	7111
Bambi	6060

THE figures on this page are taken from our own records. They do not prove that "Bambi" will eventually be more popular than the other books, but are printed for those who are interested in the private life of a best seller.

For the first three weeks of its published life "Bambi" has outsold "The Story of Philosophy" and "Trader Horn," but not "Show Girl." Since it is the type of book whose popularity will increase with months, we believe that it may possibly, in the long run, catch up with "The Story of Philosophy" and "Trader Horn."

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—Huntington (W. Va.) *Advertiser*

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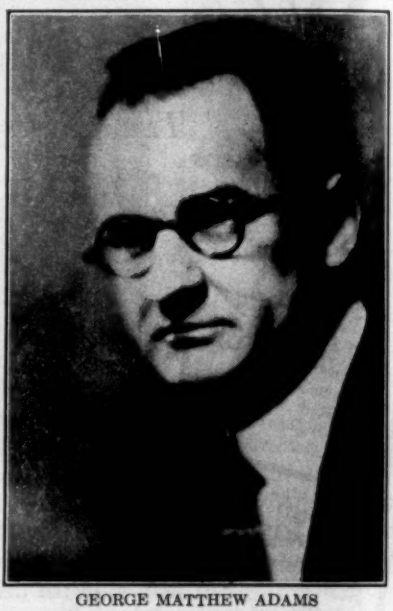
MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S NEW BOOK

Morley Callaghan is one of the new writers who is expected to do important work. I first read his short stories in *Transition* (of Paris). More recently he has found the doors of the regular magazines open to him. His new book, *Strange Fugitive* (Scribner) may be called a robust story. A Canadian, he places his story in Montreal and pictures



GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS
Author of "Just Among Friends"

the "live ones" of the bootleg and dance hall atmosphere, with much characteristic dialogue reminding the reader of Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Callaghan writes naturally, without a semblance of artifice, so that the melodramatic atmosphere seems much like everyday reality. A murder and a funeral, a dance hall brawl, hijacking, the fights between rival bootleggers belong in the picture. The tale deals with the desire for power in the breast of Harry Trotter, a lumber-yard foreman who gets into bootlegging. He is pictured among his kind, and in his relations with two women: Vera, his wife, from whom he runs always with the desire to return, and Anna, his creature. The tale makes no

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The publications of University Presses have long been recognized as under the guidance of a friendly star. Most of them are issued by organizations that have a direct or indirect connection with learned institutions, and for that reason do not exist solely to pay their owners a specific dividend on the investment. My first association with the making of books was in one of them —the University of Chicago Press, nearly twenty years ago—which went forward publishing works of scholarship (such as the first translation of the code of Hammurabi) with a bland disregard of the cost and complete unconcern toward the fact that these books would never be best sellers. Since that time even University Presses have published books that have found a wide circle of discriminating readers, and the multiplication of good books bearing their imprints testifies not only to their courage but to the growth of an intelligent audience, which recognizes values apart from timeliness.

Some people may ask, "Is it dignified for a university to engage in a business venture such as the publishing of books?" To these, I commend the words of Christopher Morley in *The Haunted Bookshop*:

"Books contain the thoughts and dreams of men, their hopes and strivings and all their immortal parts. It's in books that most of us learn how splendidly worth while life is. Books are the immortality of the race, the father and mother of most that is worth while cherishing in our hearts. To spread good books about, to sow them on fertile minds, to propagate understanding and a carefulness of life and beauty, isn't that high enough mission for a man?"

It is a mission that is on an equal footing with teaching. Great universities can be proud to enter the publishing business. Indeed they seem more fitted for it than do business men.

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search for nuggets that may have been overlooked in the rush and hurly-burly of general publishing.

Many fine works have come from the University Presses. The Yale University Press issued *The Chronicles of America* and is now issuing *The Pageant of America;* the Harvard University Press is famous for such laurel-crowned works as Updike's *Printing Types,* and *A Book of Old Maps;* the University of Chicago Press has lately found excellent manuscripts in the fields of biography and social science. The Stanford University Press of California recently published Boswell's *Hypochondriack,* edited by Margery Bailey. A new breeze is blowing from Chapel Hill, N. C., where the University of North Carolina Press is building up leadership; the University of Pennsylvania Press and the Princeton University Press are issuing important catalogues; Duke University Press is a new and lively institution; Columbia University Press of New York City has only recently issued *Pressure Politics,* the story of the Anti-Saloon League. Moreover, presses are maintained by New York University, the University of California, Clark, Johns Hopkins, Fordham, and others. The oldest are of English origin, and happily in the front rank, for the publications of the Cambridge University Press and the Oxford University Press have long served scholarship. Printing began in Oxford a year after Caxton set up his press in Westminster and the first Oxford book bears the date 1478; the numerous publications which bear the name Oxford, including the famous dictionary, testify to its activities. At Cambridge the first university printer flourished in 1521. In order that these two presses might remain free from commercial loss they have enjoyed, since 1629, the right to print the Book of Common Prayer and the Authorized and Revised Versions of the Bible. One generalization may be made of university presses—although they have been known to publish sketches of native life, and even poetry, they rarely publish fiction, reserving their efforts for comment on literature.

Among the new books which are being announced for 1928 by these organizations are the *Inter-American Historical Series,* projected by the University of North Carolina Press, which will consist of fifteen volumes and deal with studies of Hispanic-American countries, with the addition of an atlas.

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The importance of such an undertaking cannot be overemphasized. Authorities from many American universities will take part in its compilation. *The Romanesque Lyric*, by Howard Mumford Jones and Philip Schuyler Allen, is another new publication of this press. The University of Chicago Press has ready this fall two books bearing on the history of Chicago: *Carter Henry Harrison I* by Claudius O. Johnson and *The Life of President Harper* by T. W. Goodspeed. I have read the book on Harrison and find it an outstanding example of what a student of politics can do in the field of biography. The man is seen as part of his times; the analysis is often scientific; there is no attempt to hold interest in a character, or to depict a hero—this is biographical dissection, and the sort of judging which our political leaders must face in the future. Yet it is not iconoclasm, but scientific appraisal. Out of it comes an understanding of our times and our people. The fall announcement of Harvard University Press is very large; among other titles I notice a collection of 800 songs, *American Negro Folk-Songs*, by Prof. Newman I. White, and *The South Carolina Ballad*, by Reed Smith. Readers who are interested in the growth of printing will be interested in an article on "The First Printed Books" which may be found in the little almanac issued by the Princeton University Press in July—although whether or not copies are still available I do not know. Thirteen University Presses recently pooled their interests and issued a joint catalogue listing sixty-five of their most exciting books. It is entitled *Shelfward Ho!* and has a preface by Christopher Morley. Some of the presses may still have a few copies.

University Presses are playing an increasingly important part in American publishing. In fact, seven out of the forty notable American books selected this year by the American Library Association because of the importance of their contents were published by universities. These were: *The Nature of the World and of Man*, by Newman; *The Brains of Rats and Men*, by Herrick (Chicago); *The United States Oil Policy*, by Ise; *The Theory of the Gene*, by Morgan (Yale); *Acoma, The Sky City*, by Sedgwick (Harvard); *Genetic Studies of Genius*, by L. M. and C. M. Terman (Stanford); *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro*, by Puckett (North Carolina). Eight out of the fifty beautiful American books selected this year by the American Institute of Graphic Arts because

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Among the New Books

of the distinction of their design also came from University Presses. Three Harvard books were chosen: *Prunes and Prism*, by Grandgent; *Francesca Alexander*, by Alexander, and *Tottel's Miscellany*, edited by Rollins. Yale was accorded similar honor by the selection of *L'Aiglon*, by Rostand (translated by Davenport); *China and the Occident*, by Steiger, and *Italian Primitives at Yale University*, by Offner. Chicago contributed two books of beauty: *Chinese Painting*, by Ferguson, and *New Essays by Oliver Goldsmith*, edited by Crane.

With the growth of scholarship in the United States, the further expansion of University Presses is assured.

MORE BEST SHORT STORIES

Someone is always choosing the best short stories and putting them into a book. The latest editor is John Cournos, himself a novelist. He protests in his introduction that he is doing this at the request of an editor, who asked for fifteen stories. Mr. Cournos feels that the list might well become one hundred and fifty. "A short story is art or it is nothing," says he. "This should not be understood in any narrow sense; for, to be sure, there is no measuring stick for genius, if we mean by genius qualities of imagination, pity, and clear sight, and that sincerity which animates any chosen theme with a mood of reality. All the same, the short story is always art with a pretty rigid structure, and the nearer an approach is made to such a structure the greater the emotional power that will animate it." Of the stories in his book he says: "Each belongs to art which is 'a criticism of life' by reason of its art. Each has its own beauty which is truth by reason of that beauty. Art is concentrated life, and we have here abundance of life in small spaces."

Mr. Cournos considers "Boule de Suif" of Maupassant the greatest of all modern short stories—and often I have been inclined to agree with him, although the superlative makes one fear that the memory has perhaps overlooked another tale or two worthy of this distinction. And he adds: "The distance which separates 'Boule de Suif' from a story like Gorky's 'Twenty-six Men and One Girl' is not so great as one would suppose. Each shows an artist's conquest over his material; each is lyrical in spite of the sordid life it describes." What stories do you consider

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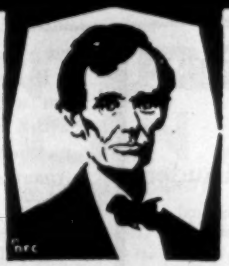
the finest? Here are the fifteen which Mr. Cournos reprints: "Boule de Suif," by Maupassant; "The Hidden Masterpiece," by Balzac; "The Procurator of Judea," by Anatole France; "The Overcoat," by Gogol; "Bontzye Shweig," by Isaac Loeb Perez; "The Tell-Tale Heart," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Torture by Hope," by Villiers de l'Isle Adam; "Twenty-six Men and One Girl," by Gorky; "Abyss," by Andreyev; "The Phantom Rickshaw," by Kipling; "The District Doctor," by Turgenev; "Four Days," by Garshin; "The Triumph of the Egg," by Sherwood Anderson; "The Funnel," by A. E. Coppard, and "A Lodging for the Night," by Stevenson. For myself, I should question a great many of Mr. Cournos's finest. Kipling's "They" is to me infinitely finer than "The Phantom Rickshaw," and I should scratch some of the Russians (without finding a Tartar) to make room for Conrad, Poe, and Paul Morand's "I Burn Moscow" in my first fifteen. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE WORLD'S BEST OF 1928

No doubt we should discuss next *The World's Best Short Stories of 1928*. This book contains sixteen stories selected by the editors of leading American magazines under the auspices of the New York *World*, with a foreword by Paul Palmer of that newspaper. (Minton, Balch & Co.) This is the fourth volume in the series. The editors of the publications represented nominated five stories as their best, and from this number Mr. Palmer chose one for each publication. The stories, therefore, were published in 1927—it is not a question of deciding on what were the best tales of 1928. The first is "Night Club" by Katharine Brush. It is my belief that this was the best story of its kind in 1927, worthy in every way of getting first place in the O. Henry award, where it ran second or third. It is the best in the book. The other stories permit certain generalizations; they are written with informality, sometimes they aim at breeziness; they depict life as it is lived more or less superficially—bars, golf clubs, the woods, the sea, these are among the settings; comedy and tragedy—not too comic and not too tragic, and often a love and a death. On the whole well-written stories, by Louis Bromfield, Elmer Davis, Irvin Cobb, Sophie Kerr, I. A. R. Wylie, Stewart Edward White, and others—most of them veterans of the magazine, which may account for the fact that the stories rarely rise above the formula in which entertainment is uppermost.



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UGO OJETTI'S REMINISCENCES

It is an immense relief to find a modern writing about the great of the past with a spirit of generosity. The iconoclastic method favored by many of the younger American commentators invariably hides a sneer. Ugo Ojetti, brilliant Italian journalist, has known innumerable leaders in art, music, the drama, and politics, and is able to appraise their personalities in a fascinating manner. His book, *As They Seemed to Me*, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., reveals much respect for the great, and gives us little inkling of the animosities they may have stirred up in their time. This is primarily because Ojetti estimates their talents, considers them with relation to their time and place in history, and fills his picture with intimate personal details. He can be critical—his picture of Papini is an accurate revelation of that writer's methods—but invariably he is able to understand what this man has in mind, and with understanding comes forgiveness. Ojetti has become editor of the Milan *Corriere della Sera* at the request of Mussolini. His first sketch is of Mussolini making a speech, largely pictorial, save for a sentence now and then about the man: "Another quality is a continual, peremptory, restful affirmation, in which the greater part can repose trustfully: no fogs, no greys, the whole world reduced to black and white. His doubts he keeps to himself." His close association with d'Annunzio is apparent in several sketches, and immediately follows a brief anecdote about Il Duce. The reader will enjoy best his sketches of Anatole France in Italy, especially the visit to Assisi with France and Madame de Caillavet, who related to Ojetti that "Monsignor Duchesne had confided to her that Anatole already possessed two of the three theological virtues, hope and charity; and that was a great deal, in these sad times of ours." A glimpse of Proust at the house of Madame de Caillavet comes properly into the picture; Ojetti describes him attentively listening to Anatole France in a discussion with Clemenceau and Hebrard, "two spry old men," on the subject of Jesus. France called on Proust to join the discussion, whereupon Proust replied quietly: "Master, in this discussion it is not Jesus who interests me, it is Anatole France." "In two words he had revealed the mind of all of us," remarks Ojetti. The

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reader may recall Brousson's tale of Madame de Caillavet's championship of Proust and the famous introduction to his book. The memoir of Rodin is in keeping with what Gsell and others have told us, and so we get glimpses more or less prolonged of Voronoff, Pirandello, Loti, Fortuny, Gorky, Mommsen, Verdi, Puccini, Valéry, Paul Adam, Maeterlinck, Barrès and others, showing how well Ojetti has used his opportunities. His sketch of Zola is almost a biography in itself; he catches the man by his characteristic words and gestures, and we need know no more about him. Zola came to Rome to gather material for his trilogy, and Ojetti was able to be of service to him; the author was particularly desirous of meeting a Roman prince and interviewing him, and Odescalchi proved a valuable host. Ojetti gives us glimpses of Zola's methods: "Zola had his working-programmes, his question forms and index cards all ready to fill in, just as any self-respecting explorer about to penetrate into darkest Africa has his geodetic and anthropometric instruments, his tables, case one, case two, at his finger-tips. . . . He photographed, with his eyes, the vast entry, the befrogged doorkeeper, the monumental courtyard, the red carpet on the stairs . . ." Ojetti took down notes for him, with Zola reminding him to number the sheets, and later discovered in the novel *Rome* comment that Odescalchi never uttered. The great Frenchman was unable to recall the names of his own characters. Ojetti calls him "the last of the great romantics." But not all the sketches deal with personalities. Several, notably "Two Cats," show the author's talents in another direction to great advantage.

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and their bosses rather than the people. He says that "there are certainly not more than 500,000 persons exercising their right to vote who are accurately informed, keenly and continuously interested in either national or state politics," in other words, "not more than one in sixty of those who go to the polls knows clearly what it is all about." Writing from this point of view Mr. Kent makes statements that often strike the reader as intended to be humorous, although in reality he is no doubt in deadly earnest. For instance, he declares that it does no harm to your opponent to denounce him as ignorant — "on the contrary, it helps him — and if you prove his ignorance it is almost sure to elect him." The idea is that most persons, being ignorant and conscious of the fact, will side with ignorant men. I believe his statements are often too general to be taken at full value, for history is full of exceptions, and good men are often elected to office for their ability, although the number of scoundrels in office seems almost to overshadow them. But when Mr. Kent remarks that even good men must go along with the machine to gain office, and that revolters are often defeated by the regulars, he says what has long been true in the United States. It is also true that the corporations are to-day extremely powerful because of the sympathy of the small investor who has a stake in the business. Mr. Kent points out that popular prejudice against big business has subsided because "we have become a nation of small stockholders and bond owners," that many voters are in this class, and that "it isn't action in government he wants any longer; it is inaction. That is one of the main reasons for the extraordinary Coolidge popularity." As for women, Mr. Kent considers them twice as conservative as men; with a $500 bond in a railroad company "moral issues and progressive appeals alike leave her cold." Much of this is founded on fact. But although Mr. Kent's book reflects the observations of a shrewd student of political life, it seems to be too sweeping in its condemnation of American government to permit complete acceptance. It should be read as a warning that housecleaning time is near in the land. An awakening to the magnitude of political crimes is needed and this book helps ring the alarm.

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for the soviet state is made clear in Valerie Marcu's biography, *Lenin: Thirty Years of Russia*, just published by the Macmillan Company. This describes Lenin against the background of tsarist oppression and shows how his whole life was devoted to preparing for that time when the workers should turn on their exploiters and rule. Lenin was always a Marxian, but when he came to power he proved himself a realist who was quick to grasp new viewpoints. These invariably were his own, for he was singularly convinced of his own effectiveness, and other men could not work with him unless they yielded. Marcu sketches Lenin's career from those days in 1887 when his brother was executed for helping plan the assassination of Tsar Alexander III. During all these years he was writing for the peasants and workmen, inciting them to organize, to throw off their rulers, and the pamphlet and editorial were to him effective methods of reaching the people. Marcu writes: "He assumed no knowledge in the reader. Free from vanity as Lenin was in life, he remained so at the writing-desk. He left his books as bare of efforts after style as he left himself. He wanted to tell of another world, another outlook, not in his own language, but in that of the multitude." In his personal habits he was frugal, and even after he came to the Kremlin he refused to change his methods. His clothes were always ill-fitting and he possessed very few. He seems to have had the ability to recognize essentials and to keep to his course. Often this led to direct clashes with men who had supported him. In such instances he went direct to the people and stated his case in their language. This helps explain why one man was able to carry Russia through the various crises that followed so quickly on the fall of the tsar—the German danger, the menace of allied troops in Siberia, the counter-revolutionary movements in the country itself, and the disputes among his own supporters. He sacrificed everything to his program, as other men sacrificed everything to their ambition. Of all the great leaders of men he had fewer heroics, fewer appeals to the gallery, than any. But he knew that his power rested with the peasants and the illiterates, rather than with other socialists and Marxians. That he held his own was obviously due in part to his tenacity, in part to the willingness of the Russian people to tolerate autocracy and obey orders, especially those that were harsh. Marcu's book is an indi-

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cation of the biography to come. It is largely favorable to Lenin, and it gives enough sidelights on the tsaristic regime to make that appear intolerable. The allied nations cut a sorry figure, but it must be recalled that the author is a German. Most of the direct quotations are taken from the writings of Lenin, Trotzky, and other leaders. The style reveals a sense of the dramatic, and the finale, with Lenin dying, is ably done.

BRIEFLY

Storming Heaven, by Ralph Fox, is a novel of the Russian revolution, which reproduces the changing viewpoints of Russia and the state of mind of its radicals and liberals. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) *Volpone* of Ben Jonson, in the version by Stefamn Zweig, which has been so successful as a play in New York City, may be had in book form. (Viking Press.) *Dostoevsky, the Man and His Work*, by Julius Meier-Graefe, has been translated and is published here by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Readers who enjoy an ironic portrait of the modish young woman who affects modernity and is waited upon hand and foot by her family should not miss *All Kneeling*, by Anne Parrish, a Harper book. Even Tamerlane, whose mighty story we all studied in college, is now in a biography: *Tamerlane, the Earth Shaker*, by Harold Lamb. (Robert N. McBride & Co.) People are still writing histories of English literature, vide *English Literature Through the Ages*, by Amy Cruse, which contains the stories of individual books. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) It stops with *Kidnapped. Cowboy* by Ross Santee is cowboy action told in the vernacular and illustrated by the author. (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

The announcement at the end of the second volume of *The Years Between*, by Paul Feval and M. Lassez, that the continuation of this story will be found in the book, *The Secret of the Bastille*, has brought us several similar requests. Strangely enough the persons writing to us are agreed that this book must be by Dumas. Both Frank Gerard of Bay Shore, N. Y., and Mrs. Robert Booth of Bangor, Me., ask us the publisher of this book and refer to it as an old Dumas title. *The Secret of the Bastille* continues the D'Artagnan romances as written by the two authors mentioned above. It will be published in English in January, 1929, by Longmans, Green & Co.,

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